OCTOBER 1972
PREMIER ISSUE

Saturday Review

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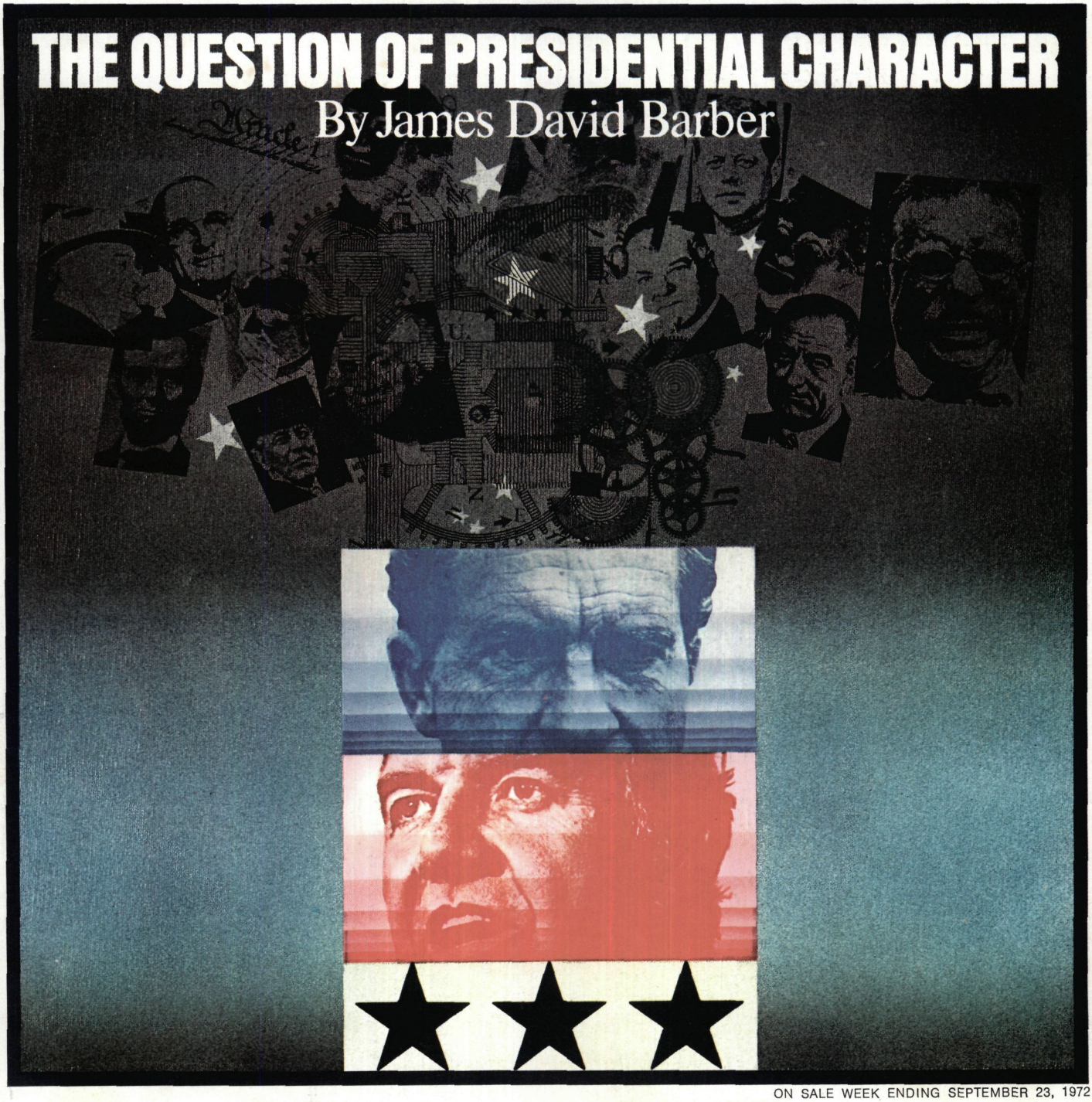
THE SOCIETY

The Double Standard of Aging by Susan Sontag

Kurt Waldheim: Embattled Peacemaker

THE QUESTION OF PRESIDENTIAL CHARACTER

By James David Barber



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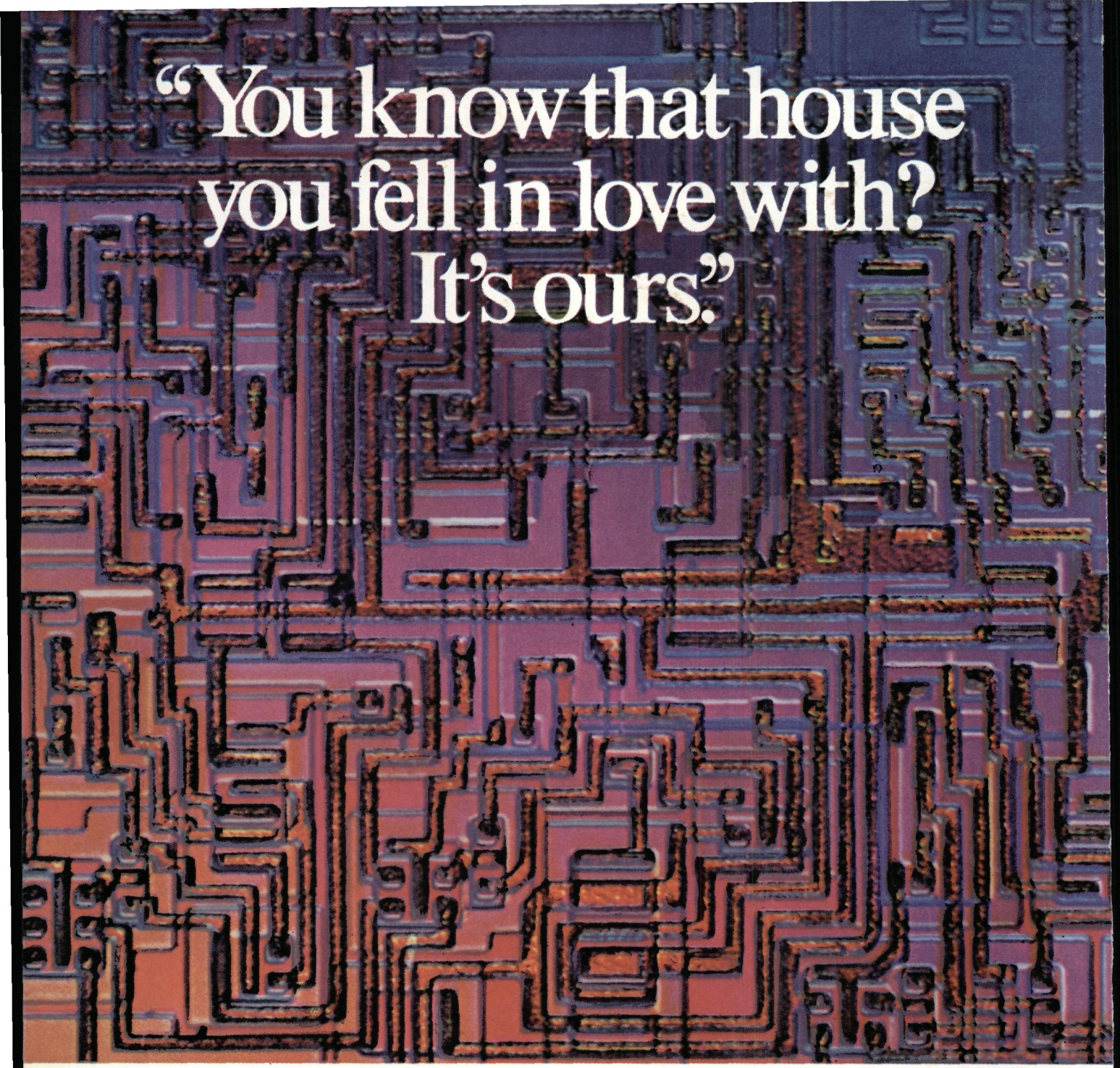

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INDEX

OCTOBER 1972 VOLUME LV, NUMBER 39

SR UP FRONT

7
The Class of '72, Prague-Style
By Alan Levy
What will happen to the newest group of purge victims? Czechoslovak history never quite repeats itself. But settling scores with old friends and enemies in the courtrooms and jails (even on the gallows) is nothing new in Czechoslovakia. Being imprisoned, in fact, makes one something of an aristocrat—if one survives.

14
How Busing Works in Britain
By Angus Deming
"The British version of busing—or 'dispersal,' as it is officially termed—has been attempted in one way or another ever since 1963. . . . But unlike its American counterpart . . . [it] could hardly qualify as a national political issue."

16
The Recent, Lamentable History of the Texas School Book Depository
By William Allen
Dallas city fathers would like to get rid of it, but the depository is the most famous building in town—and perhaps the most photographed in the world. Our author, who was in Dallas when John Kennedy was assassinated, records some of the strange things that have happened since the afternoon of November 22, 1963, to the nation's most notorious piece of real estate.

26
EDITORIALS: The Magazine of Social Change
By William H. Honan
A statement of purpose, together with a detailing of some editorial idiosyncrasies, for the new *SR/Society*.

27
Murder in Munich
By Ronald P. Kriss
What happened at the Olympics was barbarous, but it's safe to bet that in no time at all various apologists will be calling it a pardonable act.

28
LETTERS

THE SOCIETY

29
The Double Standard of Aging
By Susan Sontag
An instrument of oppression, says the author, is the social convention that aging enhances a man but progressively destroys a woman. Accordingly, to liberate themselves, women must "disobey the convention."

39
Kurt Waldheim: Embattled Peacemaker
By Milton Viorst
The United Nations' new Secretary General was chosen for the job because he seemed the model of diplomatic innocuousness, but he finds himself of late the target of Richard Nixon's scorn. The President's sharp criticism of the Secretary General is symptomatic of increasing disharmony between the United States and the twenty-seven-year-old world body.

45
Legal Insurance
By Thomas De Baggio
Want a title search on a house? Planning a divorce? Trying to unsnarl an income tax question? What you probably need and soon may be getting is legal insurance.

51
Mobile Homes: The New Ghettos
By Frank Trippett
The first reports of the "mobile home revolution" were romanticized, telling of the return of the spirit of the covered wagon. But now the phenomenon may be seen as a new form of ghettoization and as an indictment of America's failure to provide decent homes for low-income groups.

56
O Canada!
By Valerie Miner Johnson
Is our neighbor to the north becoming the Paris of the Twenties? Not exactly, says a young expatriate. Yet Canada is a good place to grow for those "who have lost hold of nationality."

62
The Question of Presidential Character
By James David Barber
Neither the war nor the economy is the key campaign issue, says a noted political scientist, but rather the character of the next President. The author examines the pasts of President Nixon and Senator McGovern to determine how well each would perform in office.

67
A Product-Injury Surveillance System
By Stanley Klein
A new computer-based communications network called the National Electronic Injury Surveillance System may spare you grief and bodily harm.

SR REVIEWS

69
BOOKS

69
Where the Wasteland Ends: Politics and Transcendence in Postindustrial Society
By Theodore Roszak
Reviewed by Leo Marx

71
Memoirs 1950–1963; Volume II
By George F. Kennan
Reviewed by Harrison E. Salisbury

72
The Politics of Heroin in Southeast Asia
By Alfred W. McCoy with Cathleen B. Read and Leonard P. Adams II
Reviewed by Edward Hymoff

76
Marriages and Infidelities
By Joyce Carol Oates
Reviewed by William Abrahams

80
The Breast
By Philip Roth
Reviewed by Eliot Fremont-Smith

84
FILMS: Swiss Miss
By Thomas Meehan

40
MUSIC: "Carmen" and "Susannah"
By Irving Kolodin

91
TRAVEL: Rhineland, Wineland
By William Clifford

GAMES

82
Literary Crypt

83
Wit Twister

96
Kingsley Double-Crostic No. 2007

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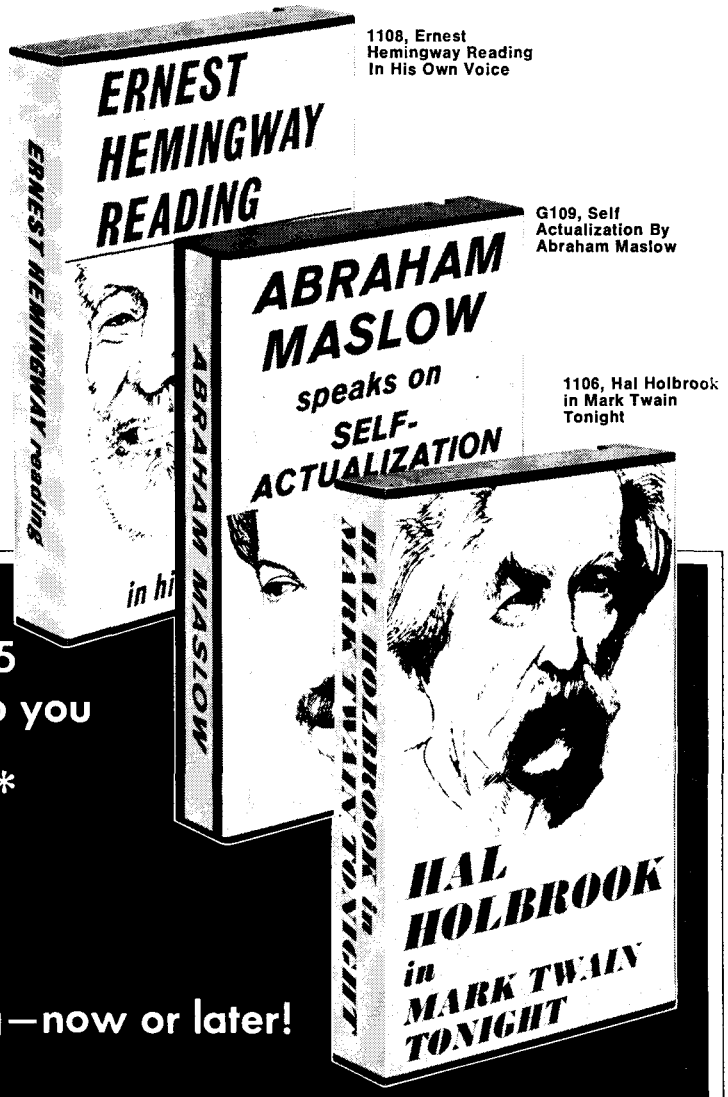

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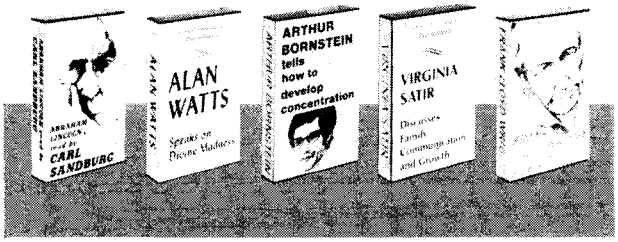

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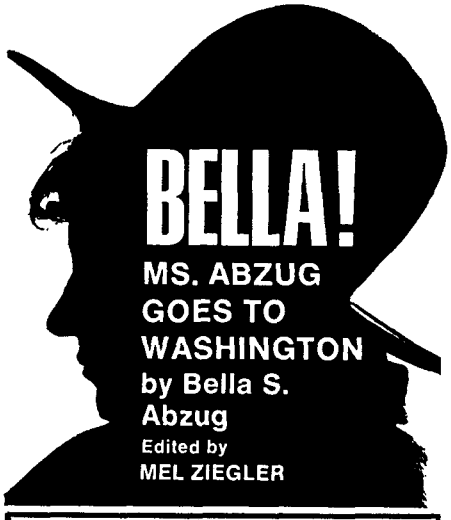

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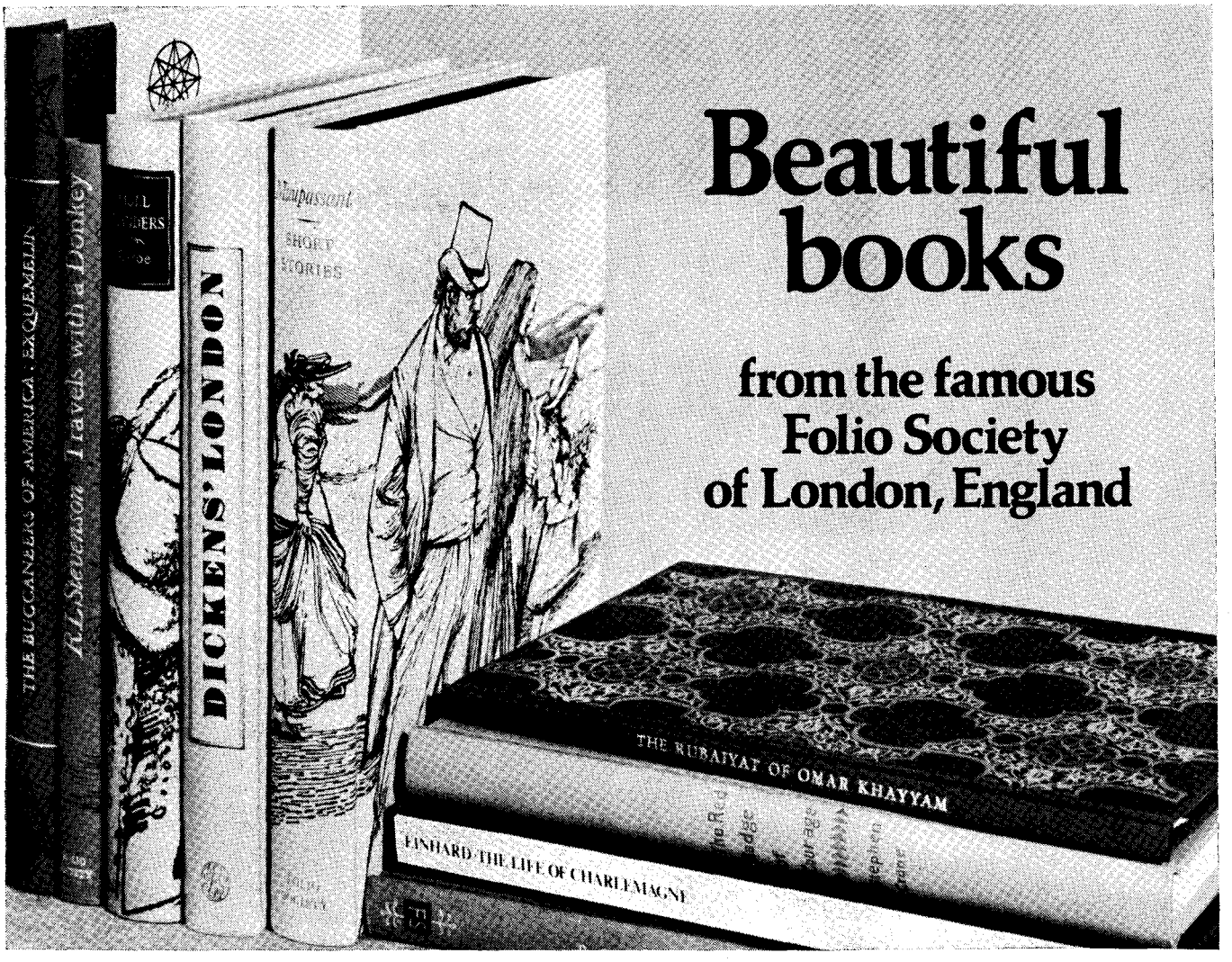
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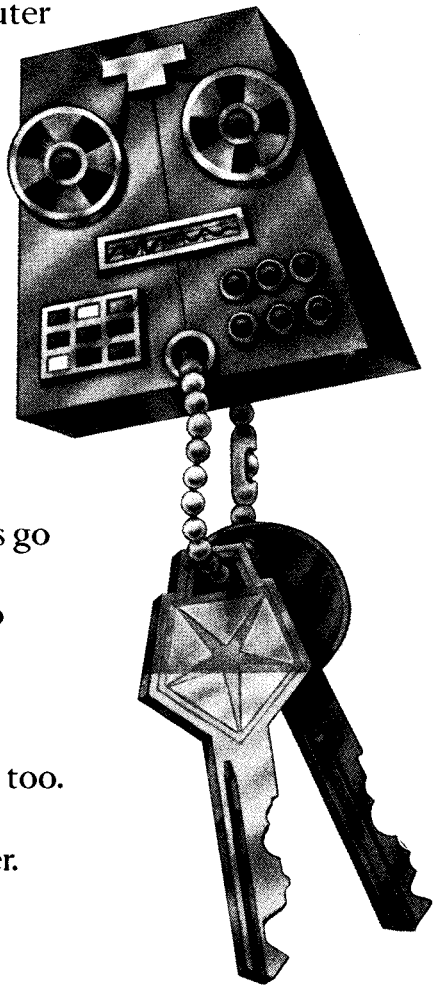

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SR UP FRONT

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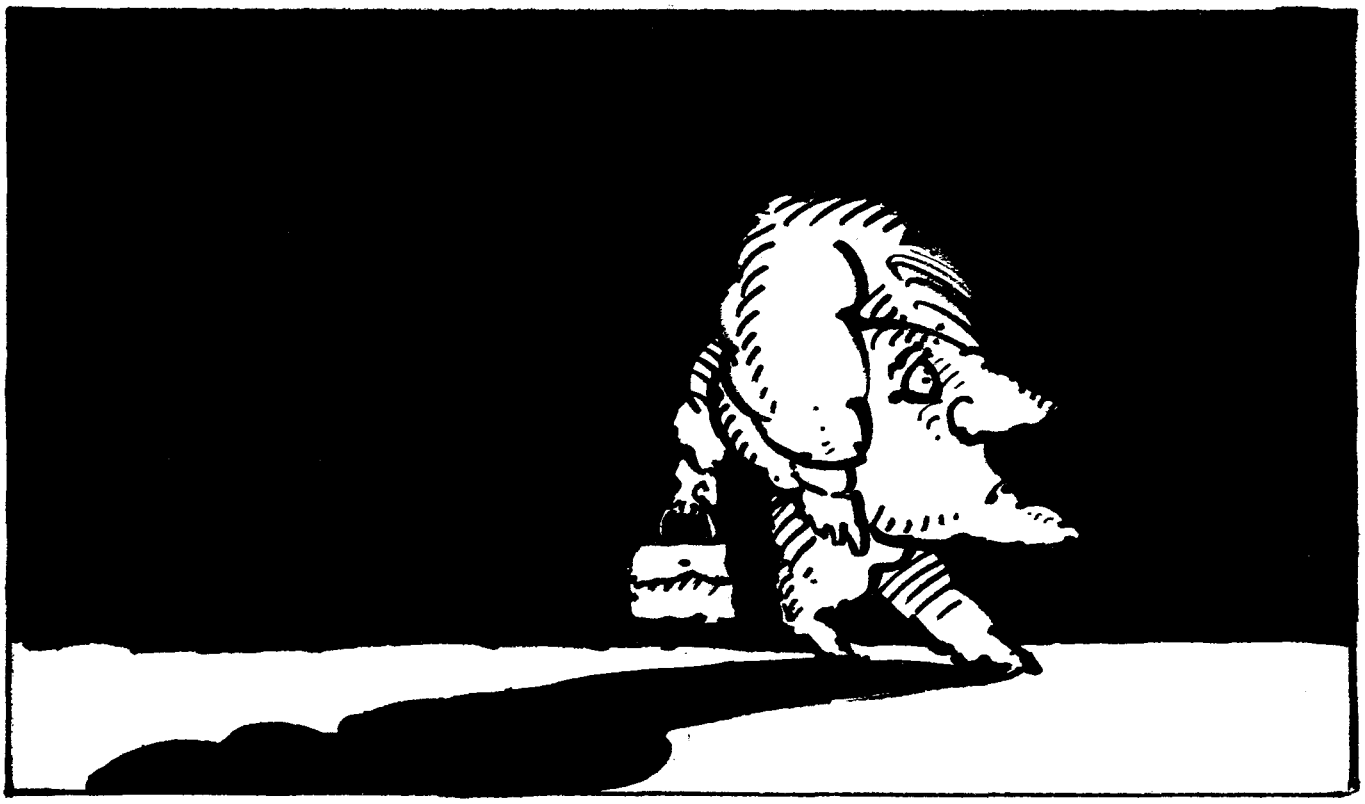

The Class of '72, Prague-Style

BY ALAN LEVY

VIENNA, Austria—All summer long you may have seen the statistics—or at least the headlines: "NINTH CZECH PURGE TRIAL OPENS" . . . "HISTORIAN GETS 6 YEARS" . . . "PASTOR ON TRIAL IN PRAGUE FOR SUBVERSION" . . . "PROFESSOR WHO REFUSED TO TESTIFY JAILED FOR 6½ YEARS" . . . "46 DUBCEK ADHERENTS SENTENCED IN 4 WEEKS." Perhaps you read them the way you scan the National Safety Council's holiday weekend traffic tolls: Something bad had happened to people you didn't know. For me, however, the news was painful, for I knew a number of the people caught up in these trials.

Officially, the "crime" of all forty-six defendants—most of whom had been in jail since last November's elections—was political pamphleteering: the dissemination of 72,000 leaflets reminding Czechs and Slovaks that they did not have to vote and could even cross out names on the rigged ballots. But at least two of the victims had good reason to regard their fates as the result of personal injustice rather than impersonal justice.

Dr. Milan Hübl, forty-six, was an old friend of the dictator who purged him in the name of "normalization," Dr. Gustav Husák. Husák himself had been jailed, from 1954 to 1960, as a result of the Stalinist purges that began two decades ago. Upon Husák's release, Hübl—then a young associate professor at the Communist Party College in Prague—spoke out publicly for Husák's innocence and campaigned for his rehabilitation. For so doing, Hübl was forced off the faculty and almost into prison. But in 1968, during the brief "Prague Spring" of Alexander Dubcek, Husák returned to power as a deputy premier, and Hübl became rector of the college he had

Alan Levy lived in Prague from 1967 to 1971, when he was expelled for writing his book Rowboat to Prague.

DRAWINGS BY KEN RINCIARI

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recently been forced to leave in disgrace.

After the Soviet invasion of August 1968, Dubcek went into gradual eclipse, and in the spring of 1969 Husák succeeded him as First Secretary of the Czechoslovak Communist party. A year later Rector Hübl and seventy-five members of his faculty were fired. That October Hübl's wife—by then the family breadwinner—was dismissed as an assistant professor of Russian linguistics by *her* university because it had "lost confidence" in her. She was also expelled from the Communist party because she "perseveres in the opinion that, in 1968, the Czechoslovak Socialist Republic had sufficient resources to handle our problems ourselves."

In May 1971 Hübl wrote his former comrade, now dictator Husák, a letter:

For ten months I've been without employment, without salary, without unemployment compensation, and I have been denied a literary fellowship I was entitled to. Simply, I am without an income. My search for employment is without success—not only in Prague, but also in Bratislava. This is not because employers wouldn't like to hire me. But I am blacklisted, and the heads of various institutions are afraid to hire me because my employment could be used against them. . . .

If a private employer had treated a twenty-year employee like me the way the party has, he would be pilloried as antisocial.

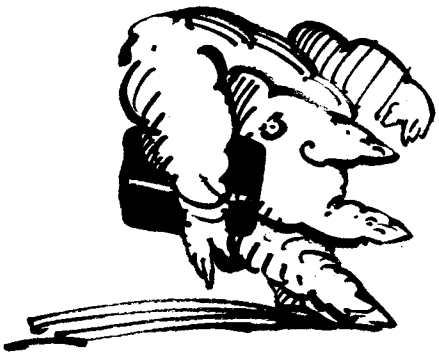
[My wife's and my own] outlook for employment being nil, what we have to look forward to is that, by the end of this year, we will have nothing to live on. And we have two children not only to feed but to bring up.

What has developed is an atmosphere of hopelessness in which more than one of us has become desperate. In a situation like this, it is easy to understand the protest of a poet who lost his will to live [and gassed himself] when the party trampled the ideals for which he joined it. People are being destroyed materially. People are being destroyed morally. We are enduring a state of affairs in which, contrary to existing guarantees, we are being robbed of all our rights—including the right to live and the right to defend our honor. We are the pariahs of this society. For us, everything is prohibited.

Then, as now, First Secretary Husák was proclaiming that "nobody will be persecuted for his politics of 1968 and 1969." Alluding to this pledge in his letter, nonperson Hübl went on to write prophetically:

You can take a look at your own declarations. . . . Either you're trying to fool yourself or else you're trying to fool domestic and foreign public opinion . . . . The party press and a national organ are preparing an atmosphere for a new round of political trials . . . .

Karel Kyncl, another victim of the trials, was a radio and television commentator who used to broadcast from



"What has developed is an atmosphere of hopelessness in which more than one of us has become desperate.... For us, everything is prohibited."

Washington. Kyncl was still on the Communist party's Central Committee in May 1969—a month after the Russian occupiers replaced the "idealistic" Dubcek with the "realistic" Husák. Kyncl was thus in the audience when Husák launched an attack upon Dr. Frantisek Kriegel, a Prague Spring hero who had voted against ratification of the postinvasion treaty "legalizing" the occupation. In the debate preceding Kriegel's inevitable expulsion from the Central Committee and the party itself, Husák—a dour man, whose half-rimmed glasses shield eyes as barren as potholes—made a pun on Kriegel's name. Speaking out in Kriegel's defense, Karel Kyncl pointed out in passing that "if my name were Husák [*husák* is both Czech and Slovak for "gander," the male goose], I would not make fun of another man's name."

His utterance made Kyncl a marked man—as, apparently, Milan Hübl's eloquent letter had done for Hübl. They were tried together behind closed doors. Kyncl, still suffering from stomach-ulcer surgery six months earlier (he had been arrested on his way out of the operating room and placed in solitary confinement), was awarded twenty months in jail. Hübl received top honors: a six-and-one-half-year sentence. Actually, Hübl shared the distinction of the longest sentence with Jaroslav Sabata, a political scientist from Brno, who refused to testify against Hübl and Kyncl in Prague. Professor Sabata, who used to be party chief in Brno, was working as a ditch-digger at the time of his arrest. Not only did Sabata draw six-and-a-half years, but—in a series of trials in Brno—one of his sons received two-and-a-half years; another son, two years; and his young daughter got three-and-a-half years for pamphleteering and for singing a song called "Ivan, Go Home" in a local youth club.

Settling scores with old friends and enemies in the courtrooms and jails—even on the gallows—is nothing new in Czechoslovakia. And going to prison does not carry the stigma it does elsewhere. It is the nation's disgrace, not one's own. Being imprisoned, in fact, makes one something of an aristocrat—if one survives.

In 1968 Jirí Hochman, an outspoken Prague journalist, wrote: "Among other things, it is the jails that reflect the cultural standards of a nation." In January of this year Hochman was arrested as part of the pamphleteering conspiracy. The real reason for Hochman's arrest, though, was his refusal to write a self-criticism or, at the very least, disavow having written that he felt like vomiting whenever he caught sight of Vasil Bil'ak and Alois Indra—two high party officials who betrayed Dubcek and their country to the Red Army on the night of August 20–21, 1968. Soon after the trials began in late July, however, Hochman—who has tuberculosis—was released from custody to enter a hospital. His wife, the mother of three young children, was offered work as a cleaning woman in an agricultural cooperative.

What will befall the prison Class of '72? Czechoslovak history never quite repeats itself. Thus, it isn't necessary to hark all the way back to the 1950s, when Husák and some 35,000 others were wrongly imprisoned—and, in a few hundred cases, executed. In the years since the 1968 invasion some 30,000 intellectuals have lost their jobs; 20,000 of them now work as unskilled manual laborers, while the rest are either unemployed or drifting from job to job. But known political arrests have numbered merely in the hundreds. Perhaps the only precedent worth heeding is the fate of the first

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Saturday Review is now a family of four monthly magazines.

Introducing a unique opportunity for you to satisfy your informational needs with a flexibility and selectivity you never had before.

Saturday Review has evolved into a family of four monthly magazines: SR/THE ARTS, SR/EDUCATION, SR/THE SOCIETY, and SR/SCIENCE.

These are edited in weekly rotation, so that *current* Saturday Review subscribers will continue to receive *all four monthlies*—one each week.

Each of the four magazines is available to *new* subscribers as an independent publication. Thus, new subscribers can choose one or two monthly magazines only—SR/EDUCATION, for example, and/or SR/THE SOCIETY.

It is also possible for new subscribers to receive *all four monthly magazines,* in which case they, too, will receive a magazine a week.

Why the change?

It is increasingly difficult for readers to keep track of changes in all of their areas of interest.

The changes are too complex and they are happening too fast.

The changes we've made in Saturday Review are designed to make information more accessible to the reader and easier to absorb.

By creating a family of four monthly magazines we are able to bring each area of interest into sharp focus (as opposed to narrow focus).

A natural evolution.

This process of editorial change has been a gradual, evolutionary one.

Over the years four basic supplements were introduced in Saturday Review: *Multi-Media, Education, Communications,* and *Environment (Science).*

These supplements enabled Saturday Review to give readers better—and better organized—coverage in these areas.

Multi-Media has been expanded to examine *all* the arts as they affect life—not just the professional arts (theater, music, dance, television, etc.) but the popular arts (like amateur photography and even gardening) as well. SR/THE ARTS takes the arts public and encourages *everybody* rather than a few people to enjoy and understand the arts.

Education has been expanded to focus on the life-long search for knowledge in all its forms. SR/EDUCATION explores how the process of learning can become a more significant part of the excitement of living before, during, and after so-called formal education.

Communications has been transformed into SR/THE SOCIETY, thus providing a broader, more comprehensive editorial focus. SR/THE SOCIETY's primary editorial thrust is to help readers cope with the dizzying change that has overtaken all of our social institutions in this age of discontinuity.

And *Environment (Science).* In an era in which men split the atom, walked on the moon, traced the delicate workings of the brain, and charted evolution through fossil finds, a huge communications gap has been opened between scientists and laymen. In fact, the scientist outside his own field is another scientist's layman. SR/SCIENCE seeks to make the relevance of all the sciences understandable to the layman.

Each of these monthly magazines retains a good measure of continuity. SR/Up Front appears in each of the four magazines offering four or five observers a chance to focus on a single person, phenomenon, or event in accordance with our conviction that great trends are often best understood when dealt with on a small, human scale. Each of the magazines also includes the regular Saturday Review features like editorials, comprehensive reviews (books, music, films, theater, and dance), a travel column, and puzzles.

To make one important magazine four important magazines.

We have doubled our investment in our most precious resource: people.

We've added 45 people to our editorial staff: editors, writers, researchers, and graphics experts.

We've drawn upon the editorial resources of the nation, attracting individuals from The New York Times, Newsweek, Time, Natural History Magazine, Horizon, and many other important publications. Now, we all face with excitement a major editorial challenge and opportunity: To make a great magazine greater.

Five separate editorial staffs have been created: one for each of our new magazines and one to maintain continuity and a family resemblance among them.

All the credentials of Saturday Review's editors would amount to little if they were not deeply committed men and women. Our editors' concerns, their passions, their involvement in the world of ideas are reflected on the pages of this family of magazines. They strive for truth and realize that truth may emerge from a balanced view of our times, but realize that "balance" must never dilute a compelling idea.

To reach our objectives we've increased the editorial pages in each issue of the family of monthlies by 40%.

Believing that graphics are a vital part of effective communication, we've also invested heavily in full-color photography and illustration.

How to subscribe selectively.

Each of our new magazines is available at a regular $12 annual Charter Price.

However, each of them is now being offered to new subscribers at a Half-Price Introductory Rate of $6 per year.

The newsstand price per issue is $1.

In addition, for those new subscribers who elect to subscribe to *all four* of our magazines (thus receiving a magazine a week), the regular combined price is $24 per year.

The two pages that follow describe our family of four monthlies in more detail.

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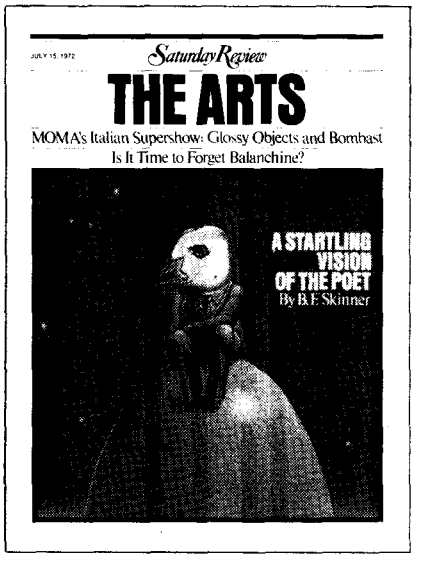
THE ARTS

Across the country there is more interest in the creative powers of our culture than ever before.

It isn't just a passive interest; people are discovering that in every one of us there lives an artist, a creator of some sort, and that "art" is no longer the special preserve of a few experts. New art forms, new art centers, and new concepts of what art should be are developing in joyful profusion.


Saturday Review
THE ARTS
MOMA's Italian Supershow: Glossy Objects and Bombast
Is It Time to Forget Balanchine?
A STARTLING VISION OF THE POET
By B.F. Skinner

SR-The Arts is designed to help you keep up with all these exciting developments.

It features eight regular departments: Cinema; Art; Theater and Dance; Entertainments; Writing; Architecture and Design; Music; and People and Ideas.

These departments spot trends, report on coming events, revisit forgotten masters, and put you in touch with the personalities behind art news.

But Saturday Review-The Arts does not confine itself to the traditional cultural categories. The magazine sets no artificial limits on its scope.

It looks at all the Arts.

Photography. Design. Dance. Sculpture. Architecture. Literature. Painting. Communications. Criticism. Opera. Music. Film. Theater. Poetry.

You'll get guides to European and American music festivals, thorough reviews of the latest recordings, reports on jazz, pop and rock, and articles on Broadway musicals. Sir Rudolf Bing will recall his twenty-two years as impresario of the Metropolitan Opera, and novelist Terry Southern will cover the Rolling Stones' American tour.

—You'll read a debate between two great men of letters, Francis Steegmuller and Alberto Moravia, that continues a modern controversy over a novel written more than a hundred years ago.

—You'll discover how an American firm is redesigning Sao Paulo's transportation system, how a famous lighting designer is constructing mobile theater units, how a woman artist is coming up wth new, humane concepts for buildings that startled and influenced established architects.

—You'll read John Hightower, former director of the Museum of Modern Art, on how tax dollars may revolutionize museums, changing them from private clubs for connoisseurs to vital public institutions. You'll see Claude Picasso's essay on the private collections of America's best-known modern artists.

In addition, The Arts carries features, puzzles, reviews, contests and editorials.

We invite you to become a Subscriber to Saturday Review-The Arts at the half-price charter introductory rate of $6.00 for one year.

EDUCATION

This magazine explores the world of learning, and raises fundamental questions about the existing educational system, and the new directions it might take.

It has several editorial departments, including Previews and Reviews, Life and Learning, Early Childhood, The Schools, Colleges and Universities, and People and Ideas.

It examines how we learn, where we learn, and what we learn, and relates it to the new requirements of our society.

It does not restrict its attention to schools, colleges and other formal institutions, because we are constantly learning outside the classroom.

All through your life, environmental influences are having a profound influence on your ability to cope.

In addition, basic education is undergoing significant change at all levels in our society.

The information explosion is partly responsible.

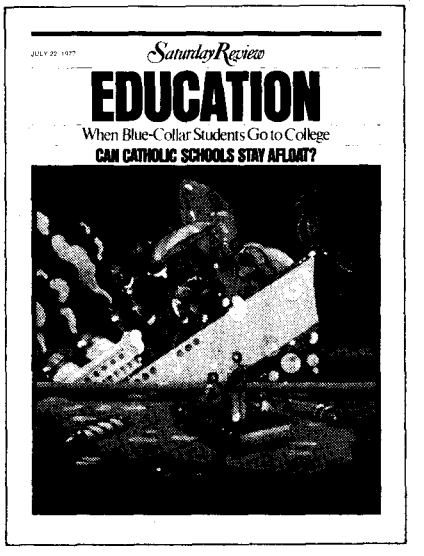
New technology plays its part.

And educators are learning more about how people learn, and what they retain.

But the major change occurring in education today may be due to the fact that teaching methods which worked in America during the industrial revolution and the immigrant waves will not be relevant in the 21st Century.

We are faced with education in the urban ghetto.

Retraining of workers who have been automated out of jobs.



Overcrowded, underfinanced school systems.

Continuing education beyond college, for people who need it, and for people who enjoy it.

SR-Education is intensely readable, relevant and exciting.

Here are some of the things you will read about in Education.

—Are "educational toys" really educational? Are they really necessary?

—Children's TV. A guide to the coming season that parents, and educators can really trust.

—The "blue-collar" colleges: as open admissions becomes policy in many colleges, what experience from the past will be significant?

—Do those "crash courses" for the College Boards really help?

—A head-start on Head Start: education begins in the home.

—Should schooling be compulsory? Direct reports from states where it is not.

We invite you to become a Charter Subscriber to Saturday Review-Education at the half-price introductory Charter Rate of $6 for 1 year.

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SCIENCE

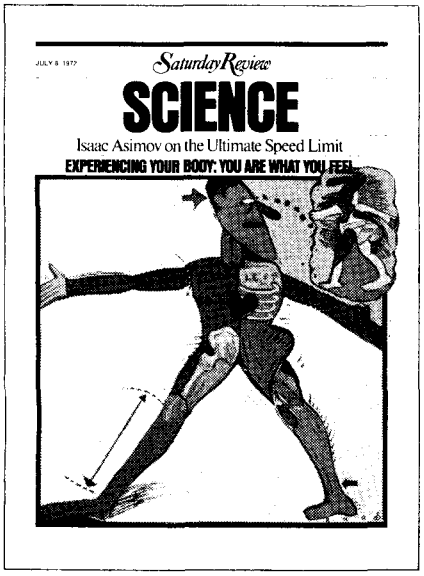
Science has become too important a part of our lives to be left to scientists.

Yet most magazines that deal with the subject of science are so technically oriented, they tend to be obscure to the non-professional.

So the editors of Saturday Review have created a monthly magazine to solve the problem.

It's called Saturday Review-Science, and it's written for you, the non-professional.

Which is not to say that it's simplistic.



In fact, many scientists thoroughly enjoy it. They read it to learn more about areas other than their own.

What we've done is to make the materials more relevant, and more digestible.

We've eliminated the statistical probability curve charts.

And the complicated three-paragraph chemical formulae.

We've left the fun in.

SR-Science covers science as it needs to be covered.

It keeps you abreast of developments in virtually every field of science.

Health and medicine. Psychology. Physics. Environment. Sociology. Anthropology. Biology. Chemistry. Computer sciences. Applied sciences. And the ideas and discoveries of the top men and women in the various fields of science.

Our approach is to clarify and communicate, rather than just to report.

After reading an article on the phenomena of lightning, you will actually *understand* the processes that produce them. In detail.

Some articles:

—The computer and civil liberties: the danger of a nation on file in a machine's memory.

—Lunar tides: how the attraction of the moon results in everything from mirth to madness.

—What's wrong with American agriculture.

—Weather modification: are raindrops as lethal as bombs?

—The psychology of foreign aid: is it really better to give than receive?

—The schedule of the human embryo: when does life really begin.

—The definition of death. When does life really end?

In addition, Science carries features, puzzles, reviews, contests and editorials.

You can get a Charter Member Subscription at the half-price rate of $6.00 for one year.

We invite you to take advantage of this offer today.

Layman or not.

THE SOCIETY

The new politics. Changing lifestyles. Business booms and busts. Freer relations between the sexes. Power, and how to get it. War, and how to stop it. Money, and how to make it. Things, and how not to let them get the better of you. Nature, and how not to muck it up.

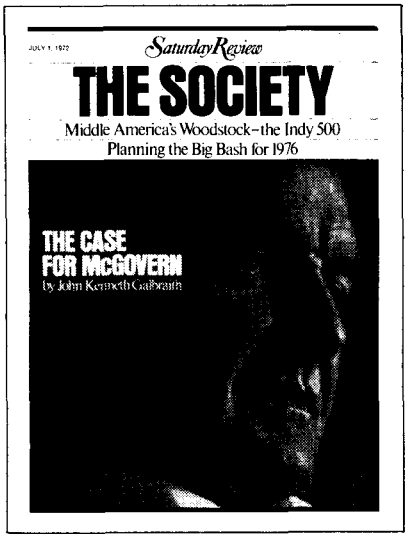
Newspapers and television do cover these topics, and that's why they're conversation pieces. But even the newspapers can't cover these subjects in depth.

Deadlines won't permit it.

So the editors of Saturday Review have created a new magazine that fills the need.

It's a monthly, so that we can have the luxury of research, re-examination, and reflection.

The result is articles that are meaty enough to give you something to talk about for a month. And think about for a lot longer.



In a way, it is an invaluable, practical aid to coping with and surviving in a society that is changing around us at a future-shock pace.

Its main fare is things you don't get to read about in the newspapers.

—Like John Kenneth Galbraith's witty and compelling statement of "The Case for George McGovern."

—Like a recent essay by Clark MacGregor (President Nixon's new campaign manager) entitled "The Coming Nixon Victory."

—Like "A Radical Guide to Wedlock"—in which the authors spell out the way (they think) a modern marriage contract ought to read.

—Like "Smart Bombs and Dumb Strategy"—an analysis of how the Vietcong and the North Vietnamese manage to go on shooting even after having been bombed harder than the Germans in World War II.

—Like the profile of the man who is called "The Ralph Nader of the Insurance Business."

—Like the psychoanalytic probe into the fad of skyjacking.

—Like a symposium of the nation's leading economists on the subject of tax reform.

—Like an analysis of the new "social responsibility" mutual funds.

Saturday Review-The Society is looking into the issues of society. Our corporation. Our unions. Prisons. Environmental protection groups. Community-run day-care centers. The economy. Leisure. Business. Communications. Politics. Advertising. Technology. Welfare. Jobs.

In short, the pulse of life.

We invite you to become a Charter Subscriber to Saturday Review-The Society at the half-price introductory rate of $6.00 for one year.

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wave of postinvasion arrests, the Class of '69.

Soon after riots marked the first anniversary of the August invasion, "Emergency Laws" were proclaimed suspending civil liberties and outlawing such ugly words as "invasion" and "occupation." (They were replaced with official euphemisms like "friendly assistance" and "the August befriendment.") Among the first victims of these 1969 "Emergency Laws," which are still in effect, were satirist Vladimír Skutina and chess grandmaster Ludek Pachman.

Though both were arrested by the end of August 1969, Skutina was not tried until 1971. He was convicted of "slandering the republic and approving of a criminal act" by writing an "Ode to Joy" about the sacking of Aeroflot's office on Wenceslas Square after a Czechoslovak hockey victory over the U.S.S.R. Skutina appealed his case to a higher court. On appeal the verdict was upheld, but the sentence was more than doubled—to four years and two months! One can now surmise that few, if any, Class of '72 defendants will appeal.

Pachman didn't come to trial until 1972. Between 1969 and 1972 he was in and out of custody—but mostly in. At one stage of incarceration Pachman was badly beaten and then released for hospital treatment of head injuries; the official version said that his assailant was a fellow criminal outraged by Pachman's lack of patriotism. During another siege in prison Pachman went on a four-week hunger strike and had to be force-fed.

Czechoslovakia's grandmaster finally had his day in court this spring, while the world was bracing for the confrontation between Bobby Fischer and Boris Spassky. (Nobody rooted harder, if more discreetly, for Fischer than the Prague man-in-the-street.) For "subverting and slandering the republic" and for "inciting and preparing a felony"—by giving a radio interview to Dutch TV and signing protest petitions—Pachman was sentenced to two years in prison. He was immediately released, however, thanks to his poor health and time already served.

Where will it end? When you ask this question in East Europe, all heads swivel toward Bratislava, Slovakia's chief city, situated on the Danube, some forty miles east of Vienna. In Bratislava Alexander Dubcek lives quietly with his family on Mouse Street, tending his garden and commuting to work at the Regional Forestry Administration, where he has a desk job and wears a green forester's uniform. At fifty this semisaintly *aparatchik*—who came up through the ranks of a system that no longer believed its own words and who illuminated the whole world with his vision of "socialism with a human face," only to see it extinguished by the system itself—remains the human face of the distant Prague Spring.

A while back *Life* published a poignant face-in-the-crowd photo of fellow citizens studiously ignoring Alexander Dubcek. ("Or were they trying to ignore the photographer?" one Slovak wondered.) Maybe the masses are bitter at the grief and grayness that this man's idealism brought down upon fourteen million of them. One now hears Czechs and Slovaks criticizing him for this privately, but respectfully—for they know that at least 95 per cent of them went along with him. So in their hearts the only quarrel is over tactics. More likely, though, the Slovaks in the *Life* photo were content to leave the man alone with his memories. No need to make trouble for the poor fellow—or themselves. For Dubcek is closely watched. . . .

There are those Kremlinologists who think that Dubcek, like Nikita Khrushchev, will be allowed to live out his natural life with reasonable dignity. But even they agree that it will be a long time before his nation—with 75,000 to 80,000 Soviet troops stationed on its soil—will be allowed the two-steps-forward-one-step-back economic and political progress to be found in Poland, Hungary, and Rumania.

Other experts subscribe to the "salami" school of thought. They see Husák and his Soviet masters digging into the vestiges of the Prague Spring until nothing is left but Dubcek's skin. "Then," says one, "he'll either hang or drop of his own weight." The timing of this year's trials—to precede the fourth anniversary of the August invasion—was clearly designed to intimidate any pro-Dubcek demonstrators or petitioners.

In either event, Dubcek's fate and the ultimate end of the trials seem to be out of Husák's hands. By late August 1968—when the Red Army had secured its military grip on the Czechoslovak Socialist Republic—it became clear that the Kremlin had presented the conquered satellite's party leadership with a bill for the Prague Spring. It could be paid in installments, but the public wasn't permitted to know the size of the debt.

The salami perspective sees Husák as the reluctant replacement brought forward by Dubcek himself to yield up as much of the Prague Spring as is necessary to meet each demand. One would not be surprised if one or two of Husák's 1972 trial victims went to jail saying or thinking what is still heard often in Prague: "I hate Husák, but I hope he holds on—for after him comes the deluge." By "deluge" is meant the highly placed traitors Bil'ak and Indra, whose maneuverings in the Central Committee seem designed to make Husák himself the next-to-last slice of the Stalinist salami.

To Milan Hübl, still "at liberty" in mid-1971 when he wrote in desperation to his old friend, Gustáv Husák was already back in chains. For Hübl's letter concluded:

Where are the people now who were agitating for your own return to political life? They are deprived of all possibility of public life, and they are damned. Perhaps this was done in the spirit of Machiavelli's prince—that he who helps others to gain power digs a grave for himself. . . . Where are those men now?

And where are those who falsely accused you, who interrogated you, who tried you, who sentenced you, who jailed you, and who eventually tried to prevent your political rehabilitation? You know better than anyone else in what functions you meet them and to what higher functions you were forced to name them.

You are in the snake's embrace of your former jailers. Despite this, I'd like to remind you of how you and I, not so long ago, agreed on the Marxist truism: "Revolution that, like Saturn, devours its own children has deviated from its proper path." □

How Busing Works in Britain

BY ANGUS DEMING

LONDON, England—It is a mild and sunny day in England (how often is it otherwise!), and in the borough of Ealing, a sprawling area of factories, shops, and low- to middle-income homes on the western outskirts of London, a familiar morning routine is taking place. On a dozen street corners, particularly in the densely populated Southall district of Ealing, neatly dressed children stand in little clusters, patiently awaiting the arrival of the school bus. There is a somewhat exotic air about this otherwise prosaic scene: Almost without exception the mothers, who

Angus Deming is on the staff of Newsweek's *London bureau.*

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stand serenely watching over their offspring, are dressed in silken jodhpurs and saris of a variety of bright pastel shades, and some wear ruby-red caste marks in the center of the forehead. They are Indians, Bengalis, and Pakistanis (save for the scattering of West Indians in their midst), and theirs are among the 10,000-odd immigrant children in Britain who are transported each day to schools outside their own neighborhoods in order to achieve a better racial balance in the classroom.

The British version of busing—or "dispersal," as it is officially termed—has been attempted in one way or another ever since 1963, primarily in those areas of London and the industrial Midlands in which immigrants from India and Pakistan have settled in large numbers over the past decade. But unlike its American counterpart, to which it bears superficial resemblances, busing in Britain could hardly qualify as a national political issue. Indeed, although certainly not without its critics, dispersal has been carried out in such typically low-key British fashion that many Britons quite probably are unaware that busing is no longer a uniquely American phenomenon.

Such controversy over busing as does make its rare way into print is most apt to be focused on the borough of Ealing, where busing was pioneered in Britain and where dispersal is still practiced on as large a scale as anywhere in this country. Every day some 2,200 children, most of them primary school pupils from Southall in the five-to-eleven-years-of-age bracket, are dispersed to schools all over the borough—entailing for some of them a bus ride of as much as six miles in each direction.

In Southall the jumping-off point for many dispersed children is a gloomy mass of red-brick Victoriana known as the Featherstone Infants School. At least a dozen bus loads of Asian and West Indian youngsters (in Britain they are all conveniently lumped together under the heading of "colored" children) leave from there at 8 a.m. each day, though by 7:30 a.m. —in fair weather or in foul—the school's courtyard is already overflowing with boys and girls waiting to clamber into buses chartered by the Borough of Ealing Education Authority.

The coach I boarded was, like the others parked along the sidewalk, a far cry from your friendly, neighborhood American school bus. No top-heavy crate in familiar yellow paint this, but a classic example of the stately British tour bus, complete with red-plush, tilt-back seats. My bus was designated "Route No. 1," the longest itinerary taken by any of the dispersed children in Ealing: a forty-five-minute ride, much of it through heavy commercial traffic, to the Acton Wells School some six miles distant.

I found myself seated beside a studious little Punjabi girl, with large, brown eyes, a radiant smile, and a bouquet of red roses, which she clutched in her lap . . . . Her sister, too, clutched a bouquet of roses.

I was prepared for a tedious journey with a bunch of boisterous, screeching kids. Instead, I found myself riding with forty very appealing, brown-skinned, black-haired boys and girls whose behavior was beyond reproach. "Now, no talking please, and sit back in your seats in case we have to stop suddenly," clucked the kindly, gray-haired Englishwoman who had come along in the mother-hen role of school bus "escort."

That was just as we were getting under way, and it proved to be the only time she felt called upon to raise her voice. Glancing about at my fellow passengers, I noticed two little girls engrossed in something called *The Humpty Dumpty Comic Book*. Several other children whispered quietly among themselves. Many simply gazed, somewhat sleepily, out the bus's picture windows. Not a pigtail was pulled; not a punch was traded; not once was the pop of bubble gum heard. Indian and Pakistani children, I was later told, are inclined to be serious and placid, but these youngsters seemed to be little paragons.

I found myself seated beside a studious little Punjabi girl with large, brown eyes, a radiant smile, and a bouquet of red roses, which she clutched in her lap. She told me that her name was Anita Sharma, that she was eleven years old, that her father was a schoolteacher in London, and that she was one of five children. Her younger sister, Parvin, aged five, sat beside the bus escort just across the aisle, and she, too, clutched a bouquet of roses. The flowers, Anita explained, were for her teacher at Acton Wells and had been picked that morning from her own garden.

"Did you vote Labor or Conservative in the 1970 general elections?" Anita suddenly asked me. Somewhat startled by her question, I explained that I was American and therefore could not vote in British elections. So she came right back with another one: "Then who would you rather have for your next President—Mr. Nixon or Mr. McGovern?" After that she wanted to know: "Is it true that Indians are still being persecuted in California? I mean *red* Indians, of course."

When it came to the subject of busing, Anita was surprisingly philosophical. "It *is* an inconvenience," she admitted in her impeccable English, "but the drivers of these buses are very nice; they are very good and very careful." She added: "Of course, they should really build more schools in Southall. Then they wouldn't have to put us on buses every morning. But that would mean knocking down lots of houses and parks to make room for the school buildings, and, if they did that, then nobody would come to live here anymore."

The fact that so many of those who *have* come to live in Southall are immigrants from a totally alien culture explains why busing was undertaken here in the first place. Indians and Pakistanis began congregating in Southall as far back as the mid-1950s, partly because of the natural tendency of an out-group plunged into a strange environment to flock together, partly because of the area's proximity to the industrial complex in which they found jobs, often of the most menial kinds, such as sweeping factory floors. By 1963 Southall had become such a high-density enclave of Indians and Pakistanis—the majority of them Sikhs from the predominantly rural Punjab —that the neighborhood's primary schools were becoming inundated with Asian immigrant children, a large percentage of whom spoke little, if any,

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English. "Native" English children in Southall were becoming increasingly a minority, vastly outnumbered by the offspring of former colonial subjects. To authorities and parents alike, the major preoccupation was, not that such an ironic twist had been given to the decline of Empire, but that teachers in Southall found themselves spending more and more time just teaching basic English. Everyone was being penalized: the white-skinned English pupils whose education was being retarded by an influx of Punjabi-speaking immigrant kids, the immigrant Asian children who were rapidly becoming ghettoized. Authorities in Southall thus began busing their surplus immigrant children to outlying schools. By doing so, they not only relieved some of the pressure on their own overburdened schools but also, they contended, helped the immigrant children themselves by placing them in an integrated (i.e., racially balanced) school environment within which they would learn English more rapidly and be more apt to learn to adjust to the strange new country to which they had come to live.

The basis of the operation was a somewhat arbitrary quota system: Not more than 30 per cent of any one school's enrollment—the figure soon had to be raised to a more realistic 40 per cent—should be immigrant children. (As defined by the Department of Education, these are children born abroad of foreign parents or children whose foreign-born parents have lived in Britain less than ten years.) Whenever a school's quota was exceeded, "surplus" immigrant children were to be dispersed to schools in other areas.

In 1965 the Department of Education, though by no means urging that it become standard policy, specifically suggested dispersal as one means of coping with the problems of educating increasingly large numbers of immigrant children. Some of the sixty-odd school districts having large numbers of immigrant pupils embarked upon busing, but the majority did not, either because they considered the scheme impractical or because they just didn't cotton to the idea. Today there is a sort of hit-or-miss dispersal in about one-quarter of these school districts, but in only eleven of them is daily busing practiced as a matter of established policy.

A few communities are likely to phase out busing, partly because their immigrant populations have begun to decline. But Southall can afford no such luxury. Out of some 65,000 persons residing here, roughly 17,000 are Indians and another 3,000 are Pakistanis (there are also 3,000 West Indians). Indian and Pakistani children constitute well over 20 per cent of the total school population in the borough of Ealing, and in Southall more than 60 per cent. And the numbers keep increasing. Southall already has its own Indian and Pakistani moviehouses, signs printed in Punjabi as well as English, and slews of food stores redolent of curry. Small wonder that Anita Sharma, seeing two bearded and turbaned Sikhs walk by, remarked: "Southall gets to look more like India every day."

Although education authorities regard busing as an imperfect solution, they feel it is achieving positive results. "There's no doubt that, if we didn't disperse, we'd have some schools that would be well over ninety per cent colored," says Michael Elliott, chairman of the Borough of Ealing School Committee. "It would become impossible to teach them English. It would also amount to segregation, and we would be opposed to that."

In theory, at least, dispersal has always been carried out for purely educational reasons. "We are merely seeking an intelligent educational balance. It is not based on color; we feel very strongly about that," says Mrs. F. J. Bews, the comely headmistress of Acton Wells, 119 of whose 453 boys and girls come by dispersal bus each day. This is confirmed by the Department of Education, which states: "To approach this matter on racial grounds would not only be contrary to educational tradition but would, under the Race Relations Act of 1968, be against the law."

Members of the immigrant community in Ealing do not really question the high-mindedness of such declarations. But some of them, including members of the Ealing Community Relations Council, maintain that busing as practiced in Britain is inherently discriminatory. They note, for example, that British busing—unlike the American version—is a one-way proposition: Only immigrant kids get bused. Busing of native-born English children into immigrant areas has never been attempted and, because of the furor it would cause among English parents, doubtless never will. Unavoidably, therefore, the children who are dispersed are all "colored"—a fact that could play upon latent prejudices. "If we continue dispersal, we are making the color of a child's skin the most important part of it," says a member of the Ealing Community Relations Council. "Children see these children as different because they come by a special bus."

Apart from these implications of color prejudice, many immigrant parents object to dispersal because of the logistics of busing. They dislike having their children wait outdoors for the school bus in bad weather; they regret the fact that satisfactory parent-teacher relationships are extremely difficult to establish when a child attends a remote school; and they share their children's regret that busing makes it virtually impossible to maintain classroom friendships after school hours.

Weighing all these factors, the Ealing Community Relations Council recently declared that the disadvantages of busing infant or elementary school children "so clearly outweigh the advantages" that the practice should cease at the earliest opportunity. Instead, said the council, noting that "many people will be surprised to see [the council] apparently in the same camp as President Nixon," there should be a progressive and speedy return to neighborhood schooling of all children in the borough. That, however, does not seem likely for the foreseeable future. "Our position now is that, even if we wanted to stop busing, we could not," says School Committee Chairman Elliott. "If we stopped dispersing, we would have to build at least six new schools in the borough right away, and we just don't have that kind of money." □

The Recent, Lamentable History of the Texas School Book Depository

BY WILLIAM ALLEN

DALLAS, Tex.—The day John F. Kennedy was assassinated in 1963, I was there, a born-and-raised-in-Dallas boy trying to work my way through college. My job was counter clerk at Hertz Truck Leasing on Mockingbird Lane, across from Love Field Airport. Along with the other Hertz employees, I stood numb on the curb and watched the ambulance with the body, the cars with Jacqueline Kennedy, Lyndon Johnson, and the rest of the presidential party rush by us to the airport.

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Then we watched Air Force One rise from the runway, circle once, and flee eastward.

Not long after, I left Dallas; then, this summer, nine years later, I came back for a visit. The changes in the city over the years have been astonishing. Many of the sights I remembered fondly—the old Oak Cliff Public Library, Burnett Field Baseball Stadium, the streetcars, a house I had once lived in—were gone. Dallas was jammed with forty-story skyscrapers and boxy, reflecting-glass buildings, and interlaced with sweeping freeways more complicated than a sailor's knot.

But one old building I remembered all too well was still there. It looked spruced up, and it bore a sign, apparently freshly painted, on the west side: TEXAS SCHOOL BOOK DEPOSITORY. Responsible Dallasites have worried about the building's becoming a commercial tourist enterprise ("A gaudy, honky-tonk tourist trap," as one civic leader put it), but for years it seemed as if this would be avoided. The building continued to function as a textbook depository.

Two years ago, however, the owner, a rich oilman-industrialist named Col. D. Harold Byrd, put the building up for auction. A brochure describing the property said, among other things: "Many excellent uses can be found for it. It was from a window of this building, the Warren Commission reported, that shots were fired that killed President John F. Kennedy." The sale attracted hundreds of potential buyers, including one Pennsylvania concern that wanted to tear down the building and sell the bricks for $1 each. The highest bid, $650,000, was made by Aubrey Mayhew, a Nashville record-company executive who claimed to have the world's largest collection of Kennedy memorabilia. He planned to turn the Depository into a museum to house his collection. Colonel Byrd wished Mayhew luck and told him to "make a lot of money." There was a flurry of protest in Dallas and talk of how the city or state should have taken over the building.

By this summer the Depository still hadn't become a museum. In fact, Mayhew was behind in his $6,000-a-month mortgage payments, and the bank was threatening to foreclose. A Dallas headline on July 7 read: "Old Depository in Money Trouble." In the lobby Mayhew started a campaign called "Buy a Piece of History Program," in which he sold to tourists

After a summer in Dallas, William Allen has gone to teach creative writing at Ohio State University.

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titles to symbolic square inches of the land on which the building stood. Outside, tourists began taking inches of the Depository itself, chipping away at the cornerstone for souvenirs.

The business called Texas School Book Depository, Inc., which had since relocated and no longer had any connection with the building, complained that the bad publicity was hurting its reputation. The company's president said he had been on business in Canada when a headline came out reading: "Texas School Book Depository in Financial Difficulties." "You can imagine what that did to my business deal," he said.

Then, two weeks later, another sort of story: "Depository Hit by Arson Blaze." Wintred Jack Anderson, the twenty-five-year-old attendant in charge of selling the square inches, said that, when he opened the lobby one morning, he was greeted by a sheet of flames. The fire had been started with gasoline, but the sprinkler system and the Dallas Fire Department saved the building from severe damage. A city councilman, Garry Weber, told the press that the Depository was "continually giving us a black eye" and should be taken over by the city.

More headlines: "Employee Charged in Fire." "Grand Jury to Get Arson Testimony." Wintred Jack Anderson himself was arrested for starting the fire, but he was soon out on a $10,000 bond. Mayhew, claiming that both his and his employee's constitutional rights had been violated, filed suit against the city. He said that the Dallas Fire Department had tried to do extensive water damage so that the building would have to be torn down.

The Depository headlines, which were bringing more people every day to look at the old seven-story brick building, ended for the time being with: "Mayhew Loses Old Depository at Auction." At a foreclosure sale on August 1, Colonel Byrd, the previous owner, made the only bid—$471,958.77, the amount Mayhew still owed him—and reclaimed the building without a cent changing hands. Byrd said he had plans to resell it and was working on a $1.1-million deal. "A whole lot of people are interested in it," he said. "I will sell it on a first-come, first-served basis."

About this time I was ready to leave Dallas, and I drove onto I-35, heading north. The freeway went right by the west side of downtown. I saw the Depository with the familiar, giant, yellow Hertz billboard on top, and, on impulse, I took the Commerce Street exit to get a better look. I left my car in a parking lot next to the building where Jack Ruby's Carousel Club used to be, and I began to walk.

There was an Assembly of God convention in town, and the sidewalks were crowded with dressed-up, camera-carrying conventioners, many of them heading for the same place I was. Whether Dallas civic leaders like it or not, the Depository is the city's biggest tourist attraction and one of the most photographed structures in the world. Thousands of people come to see the building every year, not only from all fifty states but from more than fifty countries. People flying from coast to coast sometimes stop off in Dallas, take a quick taxi ride to the Depository, then fly on.

As I approached the steps, I heard one woman say she hoped to be able to go up to the sixth floor and look out the window Oswald fired from. But, because of the recent fire and foreclosure, no one was allowed inside. The door was open, though, and the crowd tried to peer past a sign that read: NO ADMITTANCE EXCEPT FOR OFFICIAL PURPOSES. A middle-aged policeman with a huge paunch sat there in a swivel chair and talked to the tourists. A few of them took his picture. There was nothing to see, but everyone lingered on the steps and along the sidewalk anyway.

Someone asked the policeman who owned the building now. He explained, probably for the twentieth time that day, that it had been repossessed by Colonel Byrd and was up for sale again. He also said that the city council was talking about declaring it a historical monument or even taking it over altogether.

"Well," one person said, "I hope whoever buys it will fix it up so people can go inside and look around. I've never been so disappointed in my life."

The policeman seemed almost apologetic that there was nothing else to offer. He seemed to feel personally re-

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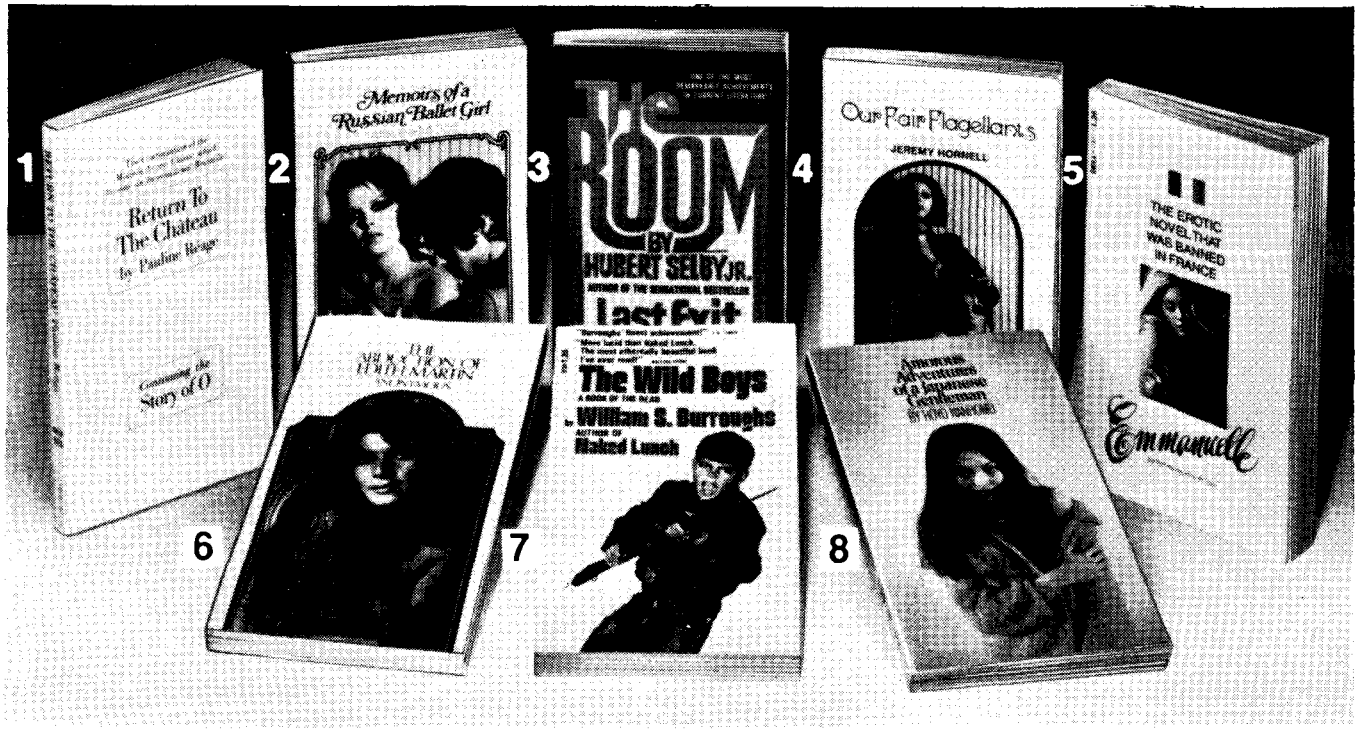

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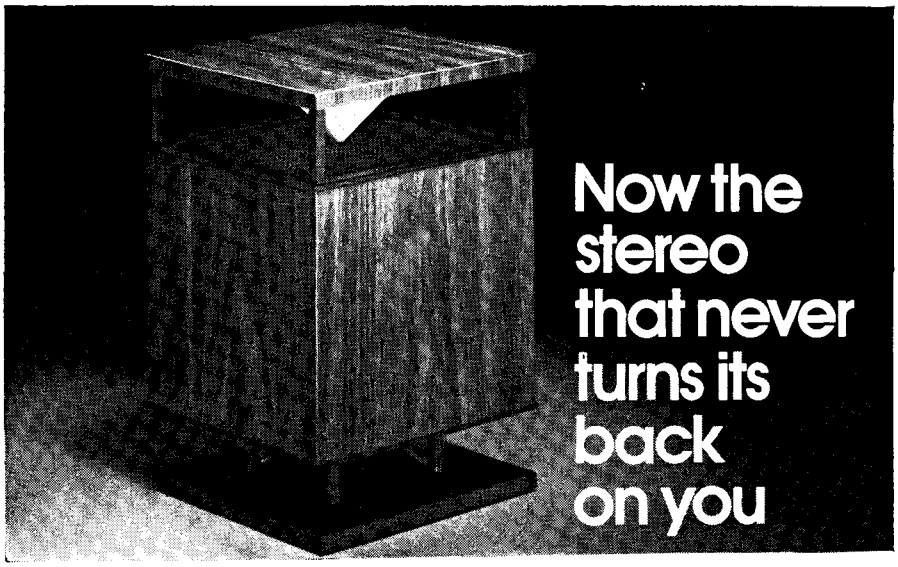

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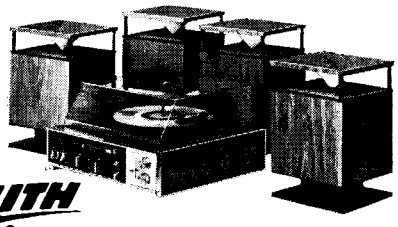

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A caterpillar of light began its inevitable creeping journey.

sponsible for the lack of entertainment. "Listen," he said, "why don't you visit the John F. Kennedy Museum? It's right across this side street in the old warehouse building."

We did, and I found, nuzzled like an offspring as close to the Depository as possible, a miniature of what the Depository could become if it got into the wrong hands. Inside, the place looked like the lobby of a small theater. Three walls were lined with enlargements of newspaper headlines announcing the assassination. Near the entrance to a small auditorium was a large, garish portrait of John Kennedy. Along a fourth wall was a glass counter offering hundreds of items for sale, including JFK paperweights, plaques, key rings, lockets, plates, and watches. In the center of the floor a revolving rack held various assassination post cards showing the Depository, the parade route, and other points of interest. Most of the cards showed the window that Oswald fired from, the path of the three bullets, and, with red Xs, the spot on Elm Street where Kennedy and Connally had been struck.

The main attraction of the museum was a show, some twenty minutes long (adults $1.50), called *The Incredible Hours*. It promised to be "a new dimension in modern audio-visual techniques." A sign beside the auditorium entrance made an additional promise: "After viewing *The Incredible Hours* you will walk through an EXHIBIT HALL, containing A RIFLE as was found in the TEXAS SCHOOL BOOK DEPOSITORY, official POLICE PHOTOGRAPHS and other items of HISTORIC INTEREST." There were two shows an hour. I filed in, along with a capacity crowd of about fifty.

The Incredible Hours was, in part, a slide show with narration and sound effects. It briefly traced Kennedy's career, mentioning his love for children, but its main purpose was to re-create the assassination. Below the small screen rose a three-dimensional model of Dallas constructed out of cardboard, plastic, and pâpier-maché—like an elaborate model-railroad layout. The model showed, street by street, the motorcade route from Love Field, through downtown Dallas to the Depository, then to Parkland Hospital.

Soon after the show began, a caterpillar of light representing the motorcade appeared at the entrance of Love

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Field and began its inevitable creeping journey. On the screen were slides of the Kennedys and others waving, while recorded cheers and calls from the crowd echoed through the room. I had the feeling that most of the audience was watching that blinking caterpillar, now moving slowly down Main Street, up Houston Street, then turning onto Elm Street. When the motorcade passed below the Depository, the loud crack of a rifle filled the room; the screen flashed red; then there were two more cracks, two more flashes. There were recorded screams, a rapid showing of the pictures we have all seen so many times. The narrator excitedly reported the action, play by play, like a sportscaster. Then, as he spoke of "speeds up to eighty miles per hour," the caterpillar of light zoomed off for Parkland Hospital.

The show succeeded in bringing it all back, every nightmarish moment of it. I found myself as numb as the first time, waiting for the caterpillar to rush for the airport, past where I had stood on the curb in front of Hertz Truck Leasing nine years ago. But it never did. That part had been skipped in favor of LBJ's swearing-in aboard Air Force One.

When the show was over, we were directed into the special-exhibit hall to see a rifle mounted on the wall. The inscription beneath it didn't say it was the weapon that killed Kennedy but only that such a rifle "was found in the Texas School Book Depository Building. Lee Harvey Oswald purchased the rifle by mail order from Chicago."

Back in the lobby I was told by a high-school-aged girl working behind the counter that the place was privately owned and that proceeds "go to the upkeep of the museum." Visitors were invited to write down their comments about the show, and some remarks were tacked on a display board:

"Beautiful. Just beautiful!"

"I hope my seven children have a chance to see this some day."

"Remarkable! Well worth anyone's time and money."

"A 'must' to see while in Dallas."

I looked around and listened as people in my group filled out cards or exchanged comments about the show. As far as I could tell, nobody felt anything was wrong with it. Some went back over to the long, glass counter and the post-card rack, seeming more in a mood to buy now.

It wasn't the Texas School Book Depository—a person still couldn't go up to the sixth floor and look out the window Oswald fired from. But, for the time being at least, it was the best Dallas had to offer. □

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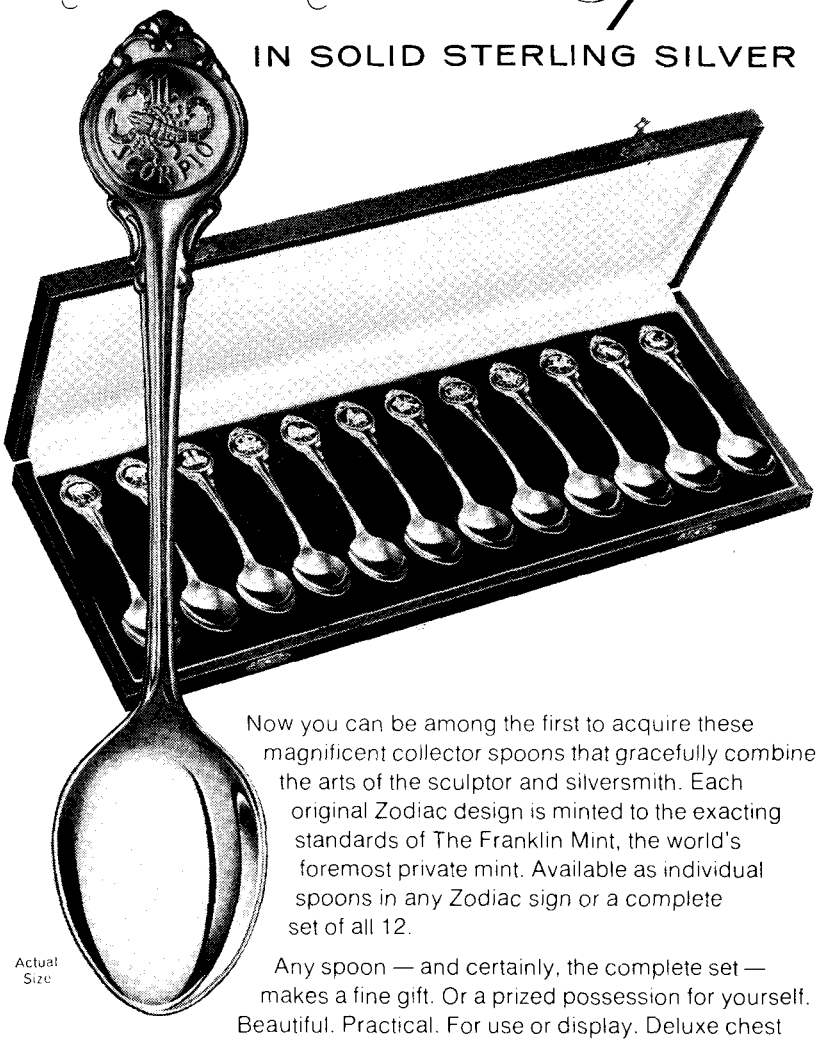

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Editorial

The Magazine of Social Change

With this premier issue we formally launch another new magazine in the *SR* family of publications. *Saturday Review/The Society,* which was introduced to readers as a twenty-four-page supplement last February, is now full-fledged. Our editorial content has been increased by 50 per cent. We now have our own staff. We have sharpened our objectives. And, with this issue, we have a number of subscribers who are receiving *SR/Society* as an independent monthly for the first time.

Accordingly, we would like to take this occasion to set forth a few words about *SR/Society*—what sort of magazine we are creating and how we hope it will serve its readers.

SR/Society is a magazine of general interest, broad in its scope. By "The Society" we mean the entire social order, and that embraces subjects ranging from business to politics to social philosophy. As the present issue illustrates, we conceive of "The Society" as a community of diverse intelligences not restricted by geography. The article beginning on page 56 deals with the quality of life of American expatriates in Canada, for example, and the story commencing on page 39 investigates high politics at the United Nations. Other subjects that may be physically closer to home—the current trend in fashions and the World Series, say—will not fall within our editorial domain because developments in these areas are not likely to involve significant social change. And social change is what SR/*Society* is about. Our objective is to keep readers in touch with the ideas, issues, questions, personalities, and institutions that are in the process of reshaping our world.

We hope, incidentally, not only to assist readers to come to grips with change but to spark some progress ourselves. To cite one minor example, an article in our last issue proposed that the best means of thwarting the current rash of skyjackings would be federal enforcement of the electronic searching of *all* airline passengers and their baggage. We trust that the government will accept this role when other voices join ours in calling for this sensible preventive measure.

Our aim of generating and influencing social change as well as responding to it is illustrated in a different way by Susan Sontag's essay in the current issue, entitled "The Double Standard of Aging." This article is not the kind that is likely to affect public policy, but we venture to say that no one who reads it is apt to lay down this magazine without having had his or her consciousness significantly expanded.

A brief word about some editorial idiosyncrasies. We intend to commission and select for publication articles that deal with social change and that, in addition, have the power to fascinate. Precisely what makes one essay interesting, and another not, is nearly impossible to say. Articles are like living persons—some of them you find alluring, they draw you into their world and stir you, or perhaps they annoy or infuriate you; others merely leave you cold. Maybe it is all a matter of chemistry. We cannot be sure. In any case, we are not so grimly programmatic that we shall overlook the possibilities of that which is odd, unexpected, curious, or amusing.

At the same time we mean to keep a sharp eye peeled for what H. L. Mencken used to scorn as "bunk." Unhappily, bunk, which has never been properly eradicated, seems to have taken on fresh respectability today. A number of magazines and newspapers, acting in the belief that they have opened their pages to a commendably wide spectrum of opinion, have given currency to many shoddy, unfounded, and irresponsible arguments—a "swinging" doctor asserting that a shot of heroin is "not much different" from a before-dinner martini, an aging general insisting that our military effort in Vietnam has been "a success"; an environmentalist proclaiming our rivers and lakes "dead" and beyond revival; a young radical brashly declaring that history is "irrelevant." Such opinions are bunk, and we are neither so docile nor so entranced by current fashion that we dare not say so. Bunk has no place in these pages. Yes, we shall seek a variety of opinions. But we shall insist upon a painstaking examination of evidence, close reasoning, and informed, responsible judgment.

So we mean to be the antibunk magazine as well as the magazine of change. Indeed, we do not think we could be one without being the other.

The opinion essays we publish, it should be noted, will not all be cut from the same liberal cloth. In these pages we shall seek understanding, not the advancement of a partisan philosophy. Last summer, for example, we commissioned and published Clark MacGregor's "The Coming Nixon Victory." As it happened, Mr. MacGregor's essay contrasted with one we had published the previous month by John Kenneth Galbraith, called "The Case for George McGovern." Despite this instance of "editorial balance," it is not our policy to air opposing sides of every controversy. We are not enamored of the insipid "on-the-other-hand" school of journalism, and we think that neutrality and detachment are, more often than not, false pretenses. We *do* believe in fairness, however, and we think that standard requires that viewpoints be presented as such, that any possibly prejudicial connection of an author be clearly stated, and that questionable sources be identified.

We will also seek to add fresh graphic excitement to our pages, calling on imaginative photographers and artists. At the same time, we are intent upon preserving *SR*'s tradition of literary quality and distinction. *SR* has come a long way over the last half century, but we have not outgrown a compulsion to pursue verbal refinement and precision. A literary style, we believe, is not one given to grandiloquence, verbal acrobatics, or preciousness, but is a style that achieves beauty through clarity.

The word "style" was also once used by the late J. Robert Oppenheimer to describe the modesty and sense of proportion with which one must approach the imponderables of a changing world. We hope to achieve that style, too. "It is style," he wrote, "which complements affirmation with limitation and with humility; it is style which makes it possible to act effectively, but not absolutely; it is style which . . . enables us to find a harmony between the pursuit of ends essential to us, and the regard for the views, the sensibilities, the aspirations of [others]; it is style which is the deference that action pays to uncertainty; it is above all style through which power defers to reason."

William H. Honan

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Murder in Munich

Who will ever be able to erase from his memory the agonizing hours as a dozen or more lives hung in the balance in Munich? Or the feeling of helplessness, then horror, when the news came that all the Israeli hostages, bound and blindfolded, had been murdered? Or the sight of 80,000 people at Olympic Stadium, heads bowed as the Munich Philharmonic played a funereal selection from Beethoven? And who will ever be able to forget the pictures of Jesse Owens, thirty-six years after his triumphs in Berlin, standing among the mourners at another Olympiad, in another German city, and weeping for the slain competitors?

Almost all of us, that's who. This is being written while the headlines are still fresh. By the time it is in print, our newspapers and TV screens will undoubtedly have brought us reports —from a Belfast street, or a race course in Dacca, or a Latin American capital —of still newer atrocities, "these lunatic acts of terrorism, abduction, and blackmail," as Israel's Prime Minister Golda Meir described them. These days no assassin or bomber can hold the spotlight for very long before another supplants him. After all, barely three months have elapsed since terrorists killed twenty-six people at Tel Aviv's airport, and that episode has all but faded from most people's memories.

So we will forget, very swiftly; Avery Brundage & Company were able to do so only hours after the memorial services, offering the argument that cancelling the games would have accomplished the terrorists' purpose. Almost as swiftly, some people will be describing this unpardonable act as a pardonable political measure. The Palestinians' plight is desperate, but it cannot justify what one American spokesman called this "intolerable affront to human society." Nor can the nations that harbor the terrorists—in particular, Syria, Lebanon, and Egypt—be absolved of complicity.

Last June Egypt's Premier Aziz Sidky distinguished himself by applauding the Tel Aviv slaughter. As the Munich tragedy unfolded, West Germany's Chancellor Willy Brandt telephoned Sidky in an effort to avert bloodshed. The Egyptian replied: "We do not want to get involved in this." Then he hung up. But Sidky, and his country, *are* involved, and the Israelis are not likely to let them forget it.

Ronald P. Kriss

After she buried her husband, Dona Sofia in Brazil was left with a son to support, no home, no money, no way to make a living.

But you didn't find her waiting in line for charity. Instead, she secured an $85 loan from the World Neighbors revolving fund.

Then, she built an oven out of mud and sticks, bought flour, baked bread, and with the help of her son, sold enough loaves to survive.

And that was only the beginning. She built a small house, took in two orphan children who were near starvation!

Then — more trouble. Asthma, sneezing from the smoke and flour when she baked bread. Yet Dona Sofia wasn't through . . . she dismantled the oven, used the bricks for a new room on her house to rent, cultivated a garden and sold fresh vegetables.

And don't forget the $85 loan. She has paid it all back and now that same money is going toward helping others help themselves.

Dona Sofia will probably never cost the U.S. taxpayer anything. And because she has kept her self-respect, she will continue to be our friend.

This is what World Neighbors is all about. Since 1952, we have been proving that give a man a fish, you feed him for a day. Teach him how to fish, you feed him for a lifetime.

Right now we are at work in more than 25 countries, helping people like Dona Sofia, offering a hand up, not a hand out.

If you believe that human dignity is worth building in our kind of world, and are willing to join hands with others to bring it about — then you are invited to write World Neighbors, today.

This woman could wreck our Foreign Aid Program

☐ Yes, I want to know more about World Neighbors.
☐ Enclosed is my gift of $_____
☐ Please send me information about your color, sound film, A HAND UP.

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Letters

Cancer Insurance Controversy

Your recent article on Pennsylvania's insurance commissioner Herbert Denenberg, "The Ralph Nader of Insurance" [*SR*, July 1], contained a misleading reference to my client, American Family Life Assurance Company of Columbus, Georgia. It read: "One cancer policy offered by American Family Life Assurance Company that [Denenberg] banned from sale in Pennsylvania was returning as little as seven cents on the buyer's dollar."

American Family Life does not write cancer insurance for people who have cancer at the time they apply for its cancer policy. Consequently, it is not to be expected that during the first few years of a policy the insured will develop cancer. American Family Life started to do business in Pennsylvania in June 1970, and, in the first fourteen months of operation there, it is quite remarkable that as much as 7 per cent of income was paid out in claims.

Mr. Denenberg could not have failed to realize that there could be no meaningful payout experience in Pennsylvania until at least six or eight years had elapsed. Commissioner Denenberg did attempt to ban the sale of cancer insurance, but he was, on the application of American Family Life, roundly defeated in the courts. We are free to, and do, sell the policy in Pennsylvania.

Malcolm A. Hoffman
New York, N.Y.

Editor's Reply:

Commissioner Denenberg is, in general, critical of any insurance policies that cover only a single medical problem. Risks to the insurance company, he points out, are considerably lower with such policies than with more inclusive ones. Denenberg maintains that coverage for special illnesses, such as cancer, can be bought more sensibly and economically as part of broader health-care coverage plans.

Commissioner Denenberg acknowledges that payouts are low in the initial years in which a company sells cancer policies because cancer tends to develop later in life and long after the first policies have been written. He nevertheless feels that 7 per cent is a low level for benefits, and he cites in contrast the 53 per cent average benefit payout level of the top twenty general health insurance companies.

Although Denenberg banned the sale of cancer policies in Pennsylvania in April 1972, the courts, on application from American Family Life, subsequently did rule that the commissioner did not have the power to do so. Cancer policies are currently being sold in the state, but the state Insurance Commission has appealed the decision.

Guns Across the Skies

Re: "The Skyjacker and How to Stop Him" [*SR*, Aug. 26]. Despite the lip-service of airlines and government, few realistic steps have been taken to prevent most skyjack attempts.

Recently I flew on two different airlines in the United States. On each trip I carried on board a well-filled underseat bag, but no attempt was made to examine my bag or question me.

Earlier this spring my wife and I traveled to several cities in Colombia on different airlines. At each airport every passenger was frisked as he or she boarded the plane, and every piece of luggage was opened and thoroughly searched by a military or police officer.

Delay and inconvenience? Very little.

Effective? I've yet to hear of a skyjacking in Colombia.

Gilbert A. Sanford
Baltimore, Md.

Is the El Al agent who rides shotgun on flights called a *muzzle-tough*?

Sally Diamond
Santa Monica, Calif.

Linear Lunacy

Shame on Roy Bongartz ["'I'm Dying,' He Croaked." *SR*, Aug. 26].

Herewith, one ruined Sunday afternoon's worth of croakers:

"Of course I belong to the NRA," he shot back.

"It's nothing, just a recurrence of an old heart ailment," he murmured.

"Why shouldn't I switch to ABC?" Harry reasoned.

Todd Hunt
New Brunswick, N.J.

"What's your favorite novel?" "*Moby Dick*," I wailed.

"What's your favorite book of the Bible?" "The second of the New Testament," I remarked.

"Now I have a frog in my throat," I croakered.

Peggy Hartigan
Whittier, Calif.

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Saturday Review of
THE SOCIETY

THE DOUBLE STANDARD OF AGING

An instrument of oppression, says the author, is the social convention that aging enhances a man but progressively destroys a woman. Accordingly, to liberate themselves, women must "disobey the convention." BY SUSAN SONTAG

"How old are you?" The person asking the question is anybody. The respondent is a woman, a woman "of a certain age," as the French say discreetly. That age might be anywhere from her early twenties to her late fifties. If the question is impersonal—routine information requested when she applies for a driver's license, a credit card, a passport—she will probably force herself to answer truthfully. Filling out a marriage license application, if her future husband is even slightly her junior, she may long to subtract a few years; probably she won't. Competing for a job, her chances often partly depend on being the "right age," and if hers isn't right, she will lie if she thinks she can get away with it. Making her first visit to a new doctor, perhaps feeling particularly vulnerable at the moment she's asked, she will probably hurry through the correct answer. But if the question is only what people call personal—if she's asked by a new friend, a casual acquaintance, a neighbor's child, a coworker in an office, store, factory—her response is harder to predict. She may side-step the question with a joke or refuse it with playful indignation. "Don't you know you're not supposed to ask a woman her age?" Or, hesitating a moment, embarrassed but defiant, she may tell the truth. Or she may lie. But neither truth, evasion, nor lie relieves the unpleasantness of that question. For a woman to be obliged to state her age, after "a certain age," is always a miniature ordeal.

If the question comes from a woman, she will feel less threatened than if it comes from a man. Other women are, after all, comrades in sharing the same potential for humiliation. She will be less arch, less coy. But she probably still dislikes answering and may not tell the truth. Bureaucratic formalities excepted, whoever asks a woman this question—after "a certain age"—is ignoring a taboo and possibly being impolite or downright hostile. Almost everyone acknowledges that once she passes an age that is, actually, quite young, a woman's exact age ceases to be a legitimate target of curiosity. After childhood the year of a woman's birth becomes her secret, her private property. It is something of a dirty secret. To answer truthfully is always indiscreet.

The discomfort a woman feels each time she tells her age is quite independent of the anxious awareness of human mortality that everyone has, from time to time. There is a normal sense in which nobody, men and women alike, relishes growing older. After thirty-five any mention of one's age carries with it the reminder that one is probably closer to the end of one's life than to the beginning. There is nothing unreasonable in that anxiety. Nor is there any abnormality in the anguish and anger that people who are really old, in their seventies and eighties, feel about the implacable waning of their powers, physical and mental. Advanced age is undeniably a trial, however stoically it may be endured. It is a shipwreck, no matter with what courage elderly people insist on continuing the voyage. But the objective, sacred pain of old age is of another order than the subjective, profane pain of aging. Old age is a genuine ordeal, one that men and women undergo in a similar way. Growing older is mainly an ordeal of the imagination—a moral disease, a social pathology—intrinsic to which is the fact that it afflicts women much more than men. It is particularly women who experience growing older (everything that comes *before* one is actually old) with such distaste and even shame.

The emotional privileges this society

Susan Sontag wrote and directed the recently released film Brother Carl. Styles of Radical Will *is her latest book of essays.*

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confers upon youth stir up some anxiety about getting older in everybody. All modern urbanized societies—unlike tribal, rural societies—condescend to the values of maturity and heap honors on the joys of youth. This revaluation of the life cycle in favor of the young brilliantly serves a secular society whose idols are ever-increasing industrial productivity and the unlimited cannibalization of nature. Such a society must create a new sense of the rhythms of life in order to incite people to buy more, to consume and throw away faster. People let the direct awareness they have of their needs, of what really gives them pleasure, be overruled by commercialized *images* of happiness and personal well-being; and, in this imagery designed to stimulate ever more avid levels of consumption, the most popular metaphor for happiness is "youth." (I would insist that it is a metaphor, not a literal description. Youth is a metaphor for energy, restless mobility, appetite: for the state of "wanting.") This equating of well-being with youth makes everyone naggingly aware of exact age—one's own and that of other people. In primitive and premodern societies people attach much less importance to dates. When lives are divided into long periods with stable responsibilities and steady ideals (and hypocrisies), the exact number of years someone has lived becomes a trivial fact; there is hardly any reason to mention, even to know, the year in which one was born. Most people in nonindustrial societies are not sure exactly how old they are. People in industrial societies are haunted by numbers. They take an almost obsessional interest in keeping the score card of aging, convinced that anything above a low total is some kind of bad news. In an era in which people actually live longer and longer, what now amounts to the latter *two-thirds* of everyone's life is shadowed by a poignant apprehension of unremitting loss.

The prestige of youth afflicts everyone in this society to some degree. Men, too, are prone to periodic bouts of depression about aging—for instance, when feeling insecure or unfulfilled or insufficiently rewarded in their jobs. But men rarely panic about aging in the way women often do. Getting older is less profoundly wounding for a man, for in addition to the propaganda for youth that puts both men and women on the defensive as they age, there is a double standard about aging that denounces women with special severity. Society is much more permissive about aging in men, as it is more tolerant of the sexual infidelities of husbands. Men are "allowed" to age, without penalty, in several ways that women are not.

This society offers even fewer rewards for aging to women than it does to men. Being physically attractive counts much more in a woman's life than in a man's, but beauty, identified, as it is for women, with youthfulness, does not stand up well to age. Exceptional mental powers can increase with age, but women are rarely encouraged to develop their minds above dilettante standards. Because the wisdom considered the special province of women is "eternal," an age-old, intuitive knowledge about the emotions to which a repertoire of facts, worldly experience, and the methods of rational analysis have nothing to contribute, living a long time does not promise women an increase in wisdom either. The private skills expected of women are exercised early and, with the exception of a talent for making love, are not the kind that enlarge with experience. "Masculinity" is identified with competence, autonomy, self-control—qualities which the disappearance of youth does not threaten. Competence in most of the activities expected from men, physical sports excepted, increases with age. "Femininity" is identified with incompetence, helplessness, passivity, noncompetitiveness, being nice. Age does not improve these qualities.

> For a woman to be obliged to state her age, after "a certain age," is always a miniature ordeal.

Middle-class men feel diminished by aging, even while still young, if they have not yet shown distinction in their careers or made a lot of money. (And any tendencies they have toward hypochondria will get worse in middle age, focusing with particular nervousness on the specter of heart attacks and the loss of virility.) Their aging crisis is linked to that terrible pressure on men to be "successful" that precisely defines their membership in the middle class. Women rarely feel anxious about their age because they haven't succeeded at something. The work that women do outside the home rarely counts as a form of achievement, only as a way of earning money; most employment available to women mainly exploits the training they have been receiving since early childhood to be servile, to be both supportive and parasitical, to be unadventurous. They can have menial, low-skilled jobs in light industries, which offer as feeble a criterion of success as housekeeping. They can be secretaries, clerks, sales personnel, maids, research assistants, waitresses, social workers, prostitutes, nurses, teachers, telephone operators—public transcriptions of the servicing and nurturing roles that women have in family life. Women fill very few executive posts, are rarely found suitable for large corporate or political responsibilities, and form only a tiny contingent in the liberal professions (apart from teaching). They are virtually barred from jobs that involve an expert, intimate relation with machines or an aggressive use of the body, or that carry any physical risk or sense of adventure. The jobs this society deems appropriate to women are auxiliary, "calm" activities that do not compete with, but aid, what men do. Besides being less well paid, most work women do has a lower ceiling of advancement and gives meager outlet to normal wishes to be powerful. All outstanding work by women in this society is voluntary; most women are too inhibited by the social disapproval attached to their being ambitious and aggressive. Inevitably, women are exempted from the dreary panic of middle-aged men whose "achievements" seem paltry, who feel stuck on the job ladder or fear being pushed off it by someone younger. But they are also denied most of the real satisfactions that men derive from work—satisfactions that often do increase with age.

The double standard about aging shows up most brutally in the conventions of sexual feeling, which presuppose a disparity between men and women that operates permanently to women's disadvantage. In the accepted course of events a woman anywhere from her late teens through her middle twenties can expect to attract a man more or less her own age. (Ideally, he should be at least slightly older.) They marry and raise a family. But if her husband starts an affair after some years of marriage, he customarily does so with a woman much younger than his wife. Suppose, when both husband and wife are already in their late forties or early fifties, they divorce. The husband has an excellent chance of getting married again, probably to a younger woman. His ex-wife finds it difficult to remarry. Attracting a second husband younger than herself is improbable; even to find someone her own age she has to be lucky, and she will probably have to settle for a man considerably older than herself, in his sixties or seventies. Women become sexually ineligible much earlier than men do. A man, even an ugly man, can remain eligible well into old age. He is an acceptable mate for a young, attractive woman. Women, even good-looking women, become ineligible (except as partners of very old men) at a much younger

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age.

Thus, for most women, aging means a humiliating process of gradual sexual disqualification. Since women are considered maximally eligible in early youth, after which their sexual value drops steadily, even young women feel themselves in a desperate race against the calendar. They are old as soon as they are no longer very young. In late adolescense some girls are already worrying about getting married. Boys and young men have little reason to anticipate trouble because of aging. What makes men desirable to women is by no means tied to youth. On the contrary, getting older tends (for several decades) to operate in men's favor, since their value as lovers and husbands is set more by what they do than how they look. Many men have more success romantically at forty than they did at twenty or twenty-five; fame, money, and, above all, power are sexually enhancing. (A woman who has won power in a competitive profession or business career is considered less, rather than more, desirable. Most men confess themselves intimidated or turned off sexually by such a woman, obviously because she is harder to treat as just a sexual "object.") As they age, men may start feeling anxious about actual sexual performance, worrying about a loss of sexual vigor or even impotence, but their sexual eligibility is not abridged simply by getting older. Men stay sexually possible as long as they can make love. Women are at a disadvantage because their sexual candidacy depends on meeting certain much stricter "conditions" related to looks and age.

Since women are imagined to have much more limited sexual lives than men do, a woman who has never married is pitied. She was not found acceptable, and it is assumed that her life continues to confirm her unacceptability. Her presumed lack of sexual opportunity is embarrassing. A man who remains a bachelor is judged much less crudely. It is assumed that he, at any age, still has a sexual life—or the chance of one. For men there is no destiny equivalent to the humiliating condition of being an old maid, a spinster. "Mr.," a cover from infancy to senility, precisely exempts men from the stigma that attaches to any woman, no longer young, who is still "Miss." (That women are divided into "Miss" and "Mrs.," which calls unrelenting attention to the situation of each woman with respect to marriage, reflects the belief that being single or married is much more decisive for a woman than it is for a man.)

For a woman who is no longer very young, there is certainly some relief when she has finally been able to marry. Marriage soothes the sharpest pain she feels about the passing years. But her anxiety never subsides completely, for she knows that should she re-enter the sexual market at a later date—because of divorce, or the death of her husband, or the need for erotic adventure—she must do so under a handicap far greater than any man of her age (*whatever* her age may be) and regardless of how good-looking she is. Her achievements, if she has a career, are no asset. The calendar is the final arbiter.

To be sure, the calendar is subject to some variations from country to country. In Spain, Portugal, and the Latin American countries, the age at which most women are ruled physically undesirable comes earlier than in the United States. In France it is somewhat later. French conventions of sexual feeling make a quasi-official place for the woman between thirty-five and forty-five. Her role is to initiate an inexperienced or timid young man, after which she is, of course, replaced by a young girl. (Colette's novella *Chéri* is the best-known account in fiction of such a love affair; biographies of Balzac relate a well-documented example from real life.) This sexual myth does make turning forty somewhat easier for French women. But there is no difference in any of these countries in the basic attitudes that disqualify women sexually much earlier than men.

Aging also varies according to social class. Poor people look old much earlier in their lives than do rich people. But anxiety about aging is certainly more common, and more acute, among middle-class and rich women than among working-class women. Economically disadvantaged women in this society are more fatalistic about aging; they can't afford to fight the cosmetic battle as long or as tenaciously. Indeed, nothing so clearly indicates the fictional nature of this crisis than the fact that women who keep their youthful appearance the longest—women who lead unstrenuous, physically sheltered lives, who eat balanced meals, who can afford good medical care, who have few or no children—are those who feel the defeat of age most keenly. Aging is much more a social judgment than a biological eventuality. Far more extensive than the hard sense of loss suffered during menopause (which, with increased longevity, tends to arrive later and later) is the depression about aging, which may not be set off by any real event in a woman's life, but is a recurrent state of "possession" of her imagination, ordained by society—that is, ordained by the way this society limits how women feel free to imagine themselves.

There is a model account of the aging crisis in Richard Strauss's sentimental-ironic opera *Der Rosenkavalier*, whose heroine is a wealthy and glamorous married woman who decides to renounce romance. After a night with her adoring young lover, the Marschallin has a sudden, unexpected confrontation with herself. It is toward the end of Act I; Octavian has just left. Alone in her bedroom she sits at her dressing table, as she does every morning. It is the daily ritual of self-appraisal practiced by every woman. She looks at herself and, appalled, begins to weep. Her youth is over. Note that the Marschallin does not discover, looking in the mirror, that she is ugly. She is as beautiful as ever. The Marschallin's discovery is moral—that is, it is a discovery of her imagination; it is nothing she actually *sees*. Nevertheless, her discovery is no less devastating. Bravely, she makes her painful, gallant decision. She will arrange for her beloved Octavian to fall in love with a girl his own age. She must be realistic. She is no longer eligible. She is now "the old Marschallin."

Strauss wrote the opera in 1910. Contemporary operagoers are rather shocked when they discover that the libretto indicates that the Marschallin is all of thirty-four years old; today the role is generally sung by a soprano well into her forties or in her fifties. Acted by an attractive singer of thirty-four, the Marschallin's sorrow would seem merely neurotic, or even ridiculous. Few women today think of themselves as old, wholly disqualified from romance, at thirty-four. The age of retirement has moved up, in line with the sharp rise in life expectancy for everybody in the last few generations. The *form* in which women experience their lives remains unchanged. A moment approaches inexorably when they must resign themselves to being "too old." And that moment is invariably—objectively—premature.

In earlier generations the renunciation came even sooner. Fifty years ago a woman of forty was not just aging but old, finished. No struggle was even possible. Today, the surrender to aging no longer has a fixed date. The aging crisis (I am speaking only of women in affluent countries) starts earlier but lasts longer; it is diffused over most of a woman's life. A woman hardly has to be anything like what would reasonably be considered old to worry about her age, to start lying (or being tempted to lie). The crises can come at any time. Their schedule depends on a blend of personal ("neurotic") vulnerability and the swing of social mores. Some women don't have their first crisis until thirty. No one escapes a sickening shock upon turning forty. Each birthday, but especially those ushering in a new decade—for round numbers have a special authority—sounds a new defeat. There is almost as much pain in the anticipation as in the reality. Twenty-nine has be-

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A man can remain eligible well into old age. Women, even good-looking women, become ineligible at a much younger age.

come a queasy age ever since the official end of youth crept forward, about a generation ago, to thirty. Being thirty-nine is also hard; a whole year in which to meditate in glum astonishment that one stands on the threshhold of middle age. The frontiers are arbitrary, but not any less vivid for that. Although a woman on her fortieth birthday is hardly different from what she was when she was still thirty-nine, the day seems like a turning point. But long before actually becoming a woman of forty, she has been steeling herself against the depression she will feel. One of the greatest tragedies of each woman's life is simply getting older; it is certainly the *longest* tragedy.

Aging is a movable doom. It is a crisis that never exhausts itself, because the anxiety is never really used up. Being a crisis of the imagination rather than of "real life," it has the habit of repeating itself again and again. The territory of aging (as opposed to actual old age) has no fixed boundaries. Up to a point it can be defined as one wants. Entering each decade—after the initial shock is absorbed—an endearing, desperate impulse of survival helps many women to stretch the boundaries to the decade following. In late adolescence thirty seems the end of life. At thirty, one pushes the sentence forward to forty. At forty, one still gives oneself ten more years.

I remember my closest friend in college sobbing on the day she turned twenty-one. "The best part of my life is over. I'm not young any more." She was a senior, nearing graduation. I was a precocious freshman, just sixteen. Mystified, I tried lamely to comfort her, saying that I didn't think twenty-one was *so* old. Actually, I didn't understand at all what could be demoralizing about turning twenty-one. To me, it meant only something good: being in charge of oneself, being free. At sixteen, I was too young to have noticed, and become confused by, the peculiarly loose, ambivalent way in which this society demands that one stop thinking of oneself as a girl and start thinking of oneself as a woman. (In America that demand can now be put off to the age of thirty, even beyond.) But even if I thought her distress was absurd, I must have been aware that it would not simply be absurd but quite unthinkable in a *boy* turning twenty-one. Only women worry about age with that degree of inanity and pathos. And, of course, as with all crises that are inauthentic and therefore repeat themselves compulsively (because the danger is largely fictive, a poison in the imagination), this friend of mine went on having the same crisis over and over, each time as if for the first time.

I also came to her thirtieth birthday party. A veteran of many love affairs, she had spent most of her twenties living abroad and had just returned to the United States. She had been good-looking when I first knew her; now she was beautiful. I teased her about the tears she had shed over being twenty-one. She laughed and claimed not to remember. But thirty, she said ruefully, that really is the end. Soon after, she married. My friend is now forty-four. While no longer what people call beautiful, she is striking-looking, charming, and vital. She teaches elementary school; her husband, who is twenty years older than she, is a part-time merchant seaman. They have one child, now nine years old. Sometimes, when her husband is away, she takes a lover. She told me recently that forty was the most upsetting birthday of all (I wasn't at that one), and although she has only a few years left, she means to enjoy them while they last. She has become one of those women who seize every excuse offered in any conversation for mentioning how old they really are, in a spirit of bravado compounded with self-pity that is not too different from the mood of women who regularly lie about their age. But she is actually fretting much less about aging than she was two decades ago. Having a child, and having one rather late, past the age of thirty, has certainly helped to reconcile her to her age. At fifty, I suspect, she will be ever more valiantly postponing the age of resignation.

My friend is one of the more fortunate, sturdier casualties of the aging crisis. Most women are not as spirited, nor as innocently comic in their suffering. But almost all women endure some version of this suffering: A recurrent seizure of the imagination that usually begins quite young, in which they project themselves into a calculation of loss. The rules of this society are cruel to women. Brought up to be never fully adult, women are deemed obsolete earlier than men. In fact, most women don't become relatively free and expressive sexually until their thirties. (Women mature sexually this late, certainly much later than men, not for innate biological reasons but because this culture retards women. Denied most outlets for sexual energy permitted to men, it takes many women *that* long to wear out some of their inhibitions.) The time at which they start being disqualified as sexually attractive persons is just when they have grown up sexually. The double standard about aging cheats women of those years, between thirty-five and fifty, likely to be the best of their sexual life.

That women expect to be flattered often by men, and the extent to which their self-confidence depends on this flattery, reflects how deeply women are psychologically weakened by this double standard. Added on to the pressure felt by everybody in this society to look young as long as possible are the values of "femininity," which specifically identify sexual attractiveness in women with youth. The desire to be the "right age" has a special urgency for a woman it

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never has for a man. A much greater part of her self-esteem and pleasure in life is threatened when she ceases to be young. Most men experience getting older with regret, apprehension. But most women experience it even more painfully: with shame. Aging is a man's destiny, something that must happen because he is a human being. For a woman, aging is not only her destiny. Because she is that more *narrowly* defined kind of human being, a woman, it is also her vulnerability.

To be a woman is to be an actress. Being feminine is a kind of theater, with its appropriate costumes, *décor*, lighting, and stylized gestures. From early childhood on, girls are trained to care in a pathologically exaggerated way about their appearance and are profoundly mutilated (to the extent of being unfitted for first-class adulthood) by the extent of the stress put on presenting themselves as physically attractive objects. Women look in the mirror more frequently than men do. It is, virtually, their duty to look at themselves—to look often. Indeed, a woman who is not narcissistic is considered unfeminine. And a woman who spends literally *most* of her time caring for, and making purchases to flatter, her physical appearance is not regarded in this society as what she is: a kind of moral idiot. She is thought to be quite normal and is envied by other women whose time is mostly used up at jobs or caring for large families. The display of narcissism goes on all the time. It is expected that women will disappear several times in an evening—at a restaurant, at a party, during a theater intermission, in the course of a social visit—simply to check their appearance, to see that nothing has gone wrong with their make-up and hairstyling, to make sure that their clothes are not spotted or too wrinkled or not hanging properly. It is even acceptable to perform this activity in public. At the table in a restaurant, over coffee, a woman opens a compact mirror and touches up her make-up and hair without embarrassment in front of her husband or her friends.

All this behavior, which is written off as normal "vanity' in women, would seem ludicrous in a man. Women are more vain than men because of the relentless pressure on women to maintain their appearance at a certain high standard. What makes the pressure even more burdensome is that there are actually several standards. Men present themselves as face-and-body, a physical whole. Women are split, as men are not, into a body and a face—each judged by somewhat different standards. What is important for a face is that it be beautiful. What is important for a body is two things, which may even be (depending on fashion and taste) somewhat incompatible: first, that it be desirable and, second, that it be beautiful. Men usually feel sexually attracted to women much more because of their bodies than their faces. The traits that arouse desire—such as fleshiness—don't always match those that fashion decrees as beautiful. (For instance, the ideal woman's body promoted in advertising in recent years is extremely thin: the kind of body that looks more desirable clothed than naked.) But women's concern with their appearance is not simply geared to arousing desire in men. It also aims at fabricating a certain image by which, as a more indirect way of arousing desire, women state their value. A woman's value lies in the way she *represents* herself, which is much more by her face than her body. In defiance of the laws of simple sexual attraction, women do not devote most of their attention to their bodies. The well-known "normal" narcissism that

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women display—the amount of time they spend before the mirror—is used primarily in caring for the face and hair.

Women do not simply have faces, as men do; they are identified with their faces. Men have a naturalistic relation to their faces. Certainly they care whether they are good-looking or not. They suffer over acne, protruding ears, tiny eyes; they hate getting bald. But there is a much wider latitude in what is esthetically acceptable in a man's face than what is in a woman's. A man's face is defined as something he basically doesn't need to tamper with; all he has to do is keep it clean. He can avail himself of the options for ornament supplied by nature: a beard, a mustache, longer or shorter hair. But he is not supposed to disguise himself. What he is "really" like is supposed to show. A man lives through his face; it records the progressive stages of his life. And since he doesn't tamper with his face, it is not separate from but is completed by his body—which is judged attractive by the impression it gives of virility and energy. By contrast, a woman's face is potentially separate from her body. She does not treat it naturalistically. A woman's face is the canvas upon which she paints a revised, corrected portrait of herself. One of the rules of this creation is that the face *not* show what she doesn't want it to show. Her face is an emblem, an icon, a flag. How she arranges her hair, the type of make-up she uses, the quality of her complexion—all these are signs, not of what she is "really" like, but of how she asks to be treated by others, especially men. They establish her status as an "object."

For the normal changes that age inscribes on every human face, women are much more heavily penalized than men. Even in early adolescence, girls are cautioned to protect their faces against wear and tear. Mothers tell their daughters (but never their sons): You look ugly when you cry. Stop worrying. Don't read too much. Crying, frowning, squinting, even laughing—all these human activities make "lines." The same usage of the face in men is judged quite positively. In a man's face lines are taken to be signs of "character." They indicate emotional strength, maturity—qualities far more esteemed in men than in women. (They show he has "lived.") Even scars are often not felt to be unattractive; they too can add "character" to a man's face. But lines of aging, any scar, even a small birthmark on a woman's face, are always regarded as unfortunate blemishes. In effect, people take character in men to be different from what constitutes character in women. A woman's character is thought to be innate, static—not the product of her experience, her years, her actions. A woman's face is prized so far as it remains unchanged by (or conceals the traces of) her emotions, her physical risk-taking. Ideally, it is supposed to be a mask—immutable, unmarked. The model woman's face is Garbo's. Because women are identified with their faces much more than men are, and the ideal woman's face is one that is "perfect," it seems a calamity when a woman has a disfiguring accident. A broken nose or a scar or a burn mark, no more than regrettable for a man, is a terrible psychological wound to a woman; objectively, it diminishes her value. (As is well known, most clients for plastic surgery are women.)

Both sexes aspire to a physical ideal, but what is expected of boys and what is expected of girls involves a very different moral relation to the self. Boys are encouraged to *develop* their bodies, to regard the body as an instrument to be improved. They invent their masculine selves largely through exercise and sport, which harden the body and strengthen competitive feelings; clothes are of only secondary help in making their bodies attractive. Girls are not particularly encouraged to develop their bodies through any activity, strenuous or not; and physical strength and endurance are hardly valued at all. The invention of the feminine self proceeds mainly through clothes and other signs that testify to the very effort of girls to look attractive, to their commitment to please. When boys become men, they may go on (especially if they have sedentary jobs) practicing a sport or doing exercises for a while. Mostly they leave their appearance alone, having been trained to accept more or less what nature has handed out to them. (Men may start doing exercises again in their forties to lose weight, but for reasons of health—there is an epidemic fear of heart attacks among the middle-aged in rich countries—not for cosmetic reasons.) As one of the norms of "femininity" in this society is being preoccupied with one's physical appearance, so "masculinity" means *not* caring very much about one's looks.

This society allows men to have a much more affirmative relation to their bodies than women have. Men are more "at home" in their bodies, whether they treat them casually or use them aggressively. A man's body is defined as a strong body. It contains no contradiction between what is felt to be attractive and what is practical. A woman's body, so far as it is considered attractive, is defined as a fragile, light body. (Thus, women worry more than men do about being overweight.) When they do exercises, women avoid the ones that develop the muscles, particularly those in the upper arms. Being "feminine" means looking physically weak, frail. Thus, the ideal woman's body is one that is not of much practical use in the hard work of this world, and one that must continually be "defended." Women do not develop their bodies, as men do. After a woman's body has reached its sexually acceptable form by late adolescence, most further development is viewed as negative. And it is thought irresponsible for women to do what is normal for men: simply leave their appearance alone. During early youth they are likely to come as close as they ever will to the ideal image—slim figure, smooth firm skin, light musculature, graceful movements. Their task is to try to maintain that image, unchanged, as long as possible. Improvement as such is not the task. Women care for their bodies—against toughening, coarsening, getting fat. They *conserve* them. (Perhaps the fact that women in modern societies tend to have a more conservative political outlook than men originates in their profoundly conservative relation to their bodies.)

In the life of women in this society the period of pride, of natural honesty, of unself-conscious flourishing is brief. Once past youth women are condemned to inventing (and maintaining) themselves against the inroads of age. Most of the physical qualities regarded as attractive in women deteriorate much earlier in life than those defined as "male." Indeed, they perish fairly soon in the normal sequence of body transformation. The "feminine" is smooth, rounded, hairless, unlined, soft, unmuscled—the look of the very young; characteristics of the weak, of the vulnerable; eunuch traits, as Germaine Greer has pointed out. Actually, there are only a few years—late adolescence, early twenties—in which this look is physiologically natural, in which it can be had without touching-up and covering-up. After that, women enlist in a quixotic enterprise, trying to close the gap between the imagery put forth by society (concerning what is attractive in a woman) and the evolving facts of nature.

Women have a more intimate relation to aging than men do, simply because one of the accepted "women's" occupations is taking pains to keep one's face and body from showing the signs of growing older. Women's sexual validity depends, up to a certain point, on how well they stand off these natural changes. After late adolescence women become the caretakers of their bodies and faces, pursuing an essentially defensive strategy, a holding operation. A vast array of products in jars and tubes, a branch of surgery, and armies of hairdressers, masseuses, diet counselors, and other professionals exist to stave off, or mask, developments that are entirely normal biologically. Large amounts of women's energies are

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diverted into this passionate, corrupting effort to defeat nature: to maintain an ideal, static appearance against the progress of age. The collapse of the project is only a matter of time. Inevitably, a woman's physical appearance develops beyond its youthful form. No matter how exotic the creams or how strict the diets, one cannot indefinitely keep the face unlined, the waist slim. Bearing children takes its toll: the torso becomes thicker; the skin is stretched. There is no way to keep certain lines from appearing, in one's mid-twenties, around the eyes and mouth. From about thirty on, the skin gradually loses its tonus. In women this perfectly natural process is regarded as a humiliating defeat, while nobody finds anything remarkably unattractive in the equivalent physical changes in men. Men are "allowed" to look older without sexual penalty.

Thus, the reason that women experience aging with more pain than men is not simply that they care more than men about how they look. Men also care about their looks and want to be attractive, but since the business of men is mainly being and doing, rather than appearing, the standards for appearance are much less exacting. The standards for what is attractive in a man are permissive; they conform to what is possible or "natural" to most men throughout most of their lives. The standards for women's appearance go against nature, and to come anywhere near approximating them takes considerable effort and time. Women must try to be beautiful. At the least, they are under heavy social pressure not to be ugly. A woman's fortunes depend, far more than a man's, on being at least "acceptable" looking. Men are not subject to this pressure. Good looks in a man is a bonus, not a psychological necessity for maintaining normal self-esteem.

Behind the fact that women are more severely penalized than men are for aging is the fact that people, in this culture at least, are simply less tolerant of ugliness in women than in men. An ugly woman is never merely repulsive. Ugliness in a woman is felt by everyone, men as well as women, to be faintly embarrassing. And many features or blemishes that count as ugly in a woman's face would be quite tolerable on the face of a man. This is not, I would insist, just because the esthetic standards for men and women are different. It is rather because the esthetic standards for women are much higher, and narrower, than those proposed for men.

Beauty, women's business in this society, is the theater of their enslavement. Only one standard of female beauty is sanctioned: the *girl*. The great advantage men have is that our culture allows two standards of male beauty: the *boy* and the *man*. The beauty of a boy resembles the beauty of a girl. In both sexes it is a fragile kind of beauty and flourishes naturally only in the early part of the life-cycle. Happily, men are able to accept themselves under another standard of good looks—heavier, rougher, more thickly built. A man does not grieve when he loses the smooth, unlined, hairless skin of a boy. For he has only exchanged one form of attractiveness for another: the darker skin of a man's face, roughened by daily shaving, showing the marks of emotion and the normal lines of age. There is no equivalent of this second standard for women. The single standard of beauty for women dictates that they must go on having clear skin. Every wrinkle, every line, every grey hair, is a defeat. No wonder that no boy minds becoming a man, while even the passage from girlhood to early womanhood is experienced by many women as their downfall, for all women are trained to want to continue looking like girls.

This is not to say there are no beautiful older women. But the standard of beauty in a woman of any age is how far she retains, or how she manages to simulate, the appearance of youth. The exceptional woman in her sixties who is beautiful certainly owes a large debt to her genes. Delayed aging, like good looks, tends to run in families. But nature rarely offers enough to meet this culture's standards. Most of the women who successfully delay the appearance of age are rich, with unlimited leisure to devote to nurturing along nature's gifts. Often they are actresses. (That is, highly paid professionals at doing what all women are taught to practice as amateurs.) Such women as Mae West, Dietrich, Stella Adler, Dolores Del Rio, do not challenge the rule about the relation between beauty and age in women. They are admired precisely because they *are* exceptions, because they have managed (at least so it seems in photographs) to outwit nature. Such miracles, exceptions made by nature (with the help of art and social privilege), only confirm the rule, because what makes these women seem beautiful to us is precisely that they do not look their real age. Society allows no place in our imagination for a beautiful old woman who does look like an old woman—a woman who might be like Picasso at the age of ninety, being photographed outdoors on his estate in the south of France, wearing only shorts and sandals. No one imagines such a woman exists. Even the special exceptions—Mae West & Co.—are always photographed indoors, cleverly lit, from the most flattering angle and fully, artfully clothed. The implication is they would not stand a closer scrutiny. The idea of an old woman in a bathing suit being attractive, or even just acceptable looking, is inconceivable. An older woman is, by definition, sexually repulsive—unless, in fact, she doesn't look old at all. The body of an old woman,

The system of inequality is operated by men, but it could not work if women themselves did not aquiesce in it.

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unlike that of an old man, is always understood as a body that can no longer be shown, offered, unveiled. At best, it may appear in costume. People still feel uneasy, thinking about what they might see if her mask dropped, if she took off her clothes.

Thus, the point for women of dressing up, applying make-up, dyeing their hair, going on crash diets, and getting face-lifts is not just to be attractive. They are ways of defending themselves against a profound level of disapproval directed toward women, a disapproval that can take the form of aversion. The double standard about aging converts the life of women into an inexorable march toward a condition in which they are not just unattractive, but disgusting. The profoundest terror of a woman's life is the moment represented in a statue by Rodin called *Old Age:* a naked old woman, seated, pathetically contemplates her flat, pendulous, ruined body. Aging in women is a process of becoming obscene sexually, for the flabby bosom, wrinkled neck, spotted hands, thinning white hair, waistless torso, and veined legs of an old woman are felt to be obscene. In our direst moments of the imagination, this transformation can take place with dismaying speed—as in the end of *Lost Horizon*, when the beautiful young girl is carried by her lover out of Shangri-La and, within minutes, turns into a withered, repulsive crone. There is no equivalent nightmare about men. This is why, however much a man may care about his appearance, that caring can never acquire the same desperateness it often does for women. When men dress according to fashion or now even use cosmetics, they do not expect from clothes and make-up what women do. A face-lotion or perfume or deodorant or hairspray, used by a man, is not part of a disguise. Men, as men, do not feel the need to disguise themselves to fend off morally disapproved signs of aging, to outwit premature sexual obsolescence, to cover up aging as obscenity. Men are not subject to the barely concealed revulsion expressed in this culture against the female body—except in its smooth, youthful, firm, odorless, blemish-free form.

One of the attitudes that punish women most severely is the visceral horror felt at aging female flesh. It reveals a radical fear of women installed deep in this culture, a demonology of women that has crystallized in such mythic caricatures as the vixen, the virago, the vamp, and the witch. Several centuries of witch-phobia, during which one of the cruelest extermination programs in Western history was carried out, suggest something of the extremity of this fear. That old women are repulsive is one of the most profound esthetic and erotic feelings in our culture. Women share it as much as men do. (Oppressors, as a rule, deny oppressed people their own "native" standards of beauty. And the oppressed end up being convinced that they *are* ugly.) How women are psychologically damaged by this misogynistic idea of what is beautiful parallels the way in which blacks have been deformed in a society that has up to now defined beautiful as white. Psychological tests made on young black children in the United States some years ago showed how early and how thoroughly they incorporate the white standard of good looks. Virtually all the children expressed fantasies that indicated they considered black people to be ugly, funny looking, dirty, brutish. A similar kind of self-hatred infects most women. Like men, they find old age in women "uglier" than old age in men.

This esthetic taboo functions, in sexual attitudes, as a racial taboo. In this society most people feel an involuntary recoil of the flesh when imagining a middle-aged woman making love with a young man—exactly as many whites flinch viscerally at the thought of a white woman in bed with a black man. The banal drama of a man of fifty who leaves a wife of forty-five for a girlfriend of twenty-eight contains no strictly sexual outrage, whatever sympathy people may have for the abandoned wife. On the contrary. Everyone "understands." Everyone knows that men like girls, that young women often want middle-aged men. But no one "understands" the reverse situation. A woman of forty-five who leaves a husband of fifty for a lover of twenty-eight is the makings of a social and sexual scandal at a deep level of feeling. No one takes exception to a romantic couple in which the man is twenty years or more the woman's senior. The movies pair Joanne Dru and John Wayne, Marilyn Monroe and Joseph Cotten, Audrey Hepburn and Cary Grant, Jane Fonda and Yves Montand, Catherine Deneuve and Marcello Mastroianni; as in actual life, these are perfectly plausible, appealing couples. When the age difference runs the other way, people are puzzled and embarrassed and simply shocked. (Remember Joan Crawford and Cliff Robertson in *Autumn Leaves*? But so troubling is this kind of love story that it rarely figures in the movies, and then only as the melancholy history of a failure.) The usual view of why a woman of forty and a boy of twenty, or a women of fifty and a man of thirty, marry is that the man is seeking a mother, not a wife; no one believes the marriage will last. For a woman to respond erotically and romantically to a man who, in terms of his age, could be her father is considered normal. A man who falls in love with a woman who, however attractive she may be, is old enough to be his mother is thought to be extremely neurotic (victim of an "Oedipal fixation" is the fashionable tag), if not mildly contemptible.

The wider the gap in age between partners in a couple, the more obvious is the prejudice against women. When old men, such as Justice Douglas, Picasso, Strom Thurmond, Onassis, Chaplin, and Pablo Casals, take brides thirty, forty, fifty years younger than themselves, it strikes people as remarkable, perhaps an exaggeration—but still plausible. To explain such a match, people enviously attribute some special virility and charm to the man. Though he can't be handsome, he is famous; and his fame is understood as having boosted his attractiveness to women. People imagine that his young wife, respectful of her elderly husband's attainments, is happy to become his helper. For the man a late marriage is always good public relations. It adds to the impression that, despite his advanced age, he is still to be reckoned with; it is the sign of a continuing vitality presumed to be available as well to his art, business activity, or political career. But an elderly woman who married a young man would be greeted quite differently. She would have broken a fierce taboo, and she would get no credit for her courage. Far from being admired for her vitality, she would probably be condemned as predatory, willful, selfish, exhibitionistic. At the same time she would be pitied, since such a marriage would be taken as evidence that she was in her dotage. If she had a conventional career or were in business or held public office, she would quickly suffer from the current of disapproval. Her very credibility as a professional would decline, since people would suspect that her young husband might have an undue influence on her. Her "respectability" would certainly be compromised. Indeed, the well-known old women I can think of who dared such unions, if only at the end of their lives—George Eliot, Colette, Edith Piaf—have all belonged to that category of people, creative artists and entertainers, who have special license from society to behave scandalously. It is thought to be a scandal for a woman to ignore that she is old and therefore too ugly for a young man. Her looks and a certain physical condition determine a woman's desirability, not her talents or her needs. Women are not supposed to be "potent." A marriage between an old woman and a young man subverts the very ground rule of relations between the two sexes, that is: whatever the variety of appearances, men remain dominant. Their claims come first. Women are supposed to be the associates and companions of men, not their full equals—and never their superiors. Women are to remain in the state of a

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permanent "minority."

The convention that wives should be younger than their husbands powerfully enforces the "minority" status of women, since being senior in age always carries with it, in any relationship, a certain amount of power and authority. There are no laws on the matter, of course. The convention is obeyed because to do otherwise makes one feel as if one is doing something ugly or in bad taste. Everyone feels intuitively the esthetic rightness of a marriage in which the man is older than the woman, which means that any marriage in which the woman is older creates a dubious or less gratifying mental picture. Everyone is addicted to the visual pleasure that women give by meeting certain esthetic requirements from which men are exempted, which keeps women working at staying youthful-looking while men are left free to age. On a deeper level everyone finds the signs of old age in women esthetically offensive, which conditions one to feel automatically repelled by the prospect of an elderly woman marrying a much younger man. The situation in which women are kept minors for life is largely organized by such conformist, unreflective preferences. But taste is not free, and its judgments are never merely "natural." Rules of taste enforce structures of power. The revulsion against aging in women is the cutting edge of a whole set of oppressive structures (often masked as gallantries) that keep women in their place.

The ideal state proposed for women is docility, which means not being fully grown up. Most of what is cherished as typically "feminine" is simply behavior that is childish, immature, weak. To offer so low and demeaning a standard of fulfillment in itself constitutes oppression in an acute form—a sort of moral neo-colonialism. But women are not simply condescended to by the values that secure the dominance of men. They are repudiated. Perhaps because of having been their oppressors for so long, few men really *like* women (though they love individual women), and few men ever feel really comfortable or at ease in women's company. This malaise arises because relations between the two sexes are rife with hypocrisy, as men manage to love those they dominate and therefore don't respect. Oppressors always try to justify their privileges and brutalities by imagining that those they oppress belong to a lower order of civilization or are less than fully "human." Deprived of part of their ordinary human dignity, the oppressed take on certain "demonic" traits. The oppressions of large groups have to be anchored deep in the psyche, continually renewed by partly unconscious fears and taboos, by a sense of the obscene. Thus, women arouse not only desire and affection in men but aversion as well. Women are thoroughly domesticated familiars. But, at certain times and in certain situations, they become alien, untouchable. The aversion men feel, so much of which is covered over, is felt most frankly, with least inhibition, toward the type of woman who is most taboo "esthetically," a woman who has become—with the natural changes brought about by aging—obscene.

Nothing more clearly demonstrates the vulnerability of women than the special pain, confusion, and bad faith with which they experience getting older. And in the struggle that some women are waging on behalf of all women to be treated (and treat themselves) as full human beings—not "only" as women—one of the earliest results to be hoped for is that women become aware, indignantly aware, of the double standard about aging from which they suffer so harshly.

It is understandable that women often succumb to the temptation to lie about their age. Given society's double standard, to question a woman about her age is indeed often an aggressive act, a trap. Lying is an elementary means of self-defense, a way of scrambling out of the trap, at least temporarily. To expect a woman, after "a certain age," to tell exactly how old she is—when she has a chance, either through the generosity of nature or the cleverness of art, to pass for being somewhat younger than she actually is—is like expecting a landowner to admit that the estate he has put up for sale is actually worth less than the buyer is prepared to pay. The double standard about aging sets women up as property, as objects whose value depreciates rapidly with the march of the calendar.

Women have another option. They can age naturally and without embarrassment, actively protesting.

The prejudices that mount against women as they grow older are an important arm of male privilege. It is the present unequal distribution of adult roles between the two sexes that gives men a freedom to age denied to women. Men actively administer the double standard about aging because the "masculine" role awards them the initiative in courtship. Men choose; women are chosen. So men choose younger women. But although this system of inequality is operated by men, it could not work if women themselves did not acquiesce in it. Women reinforce it powerfully with their complacency, with their anguish, with their lies.

Not only do women lie more than men do about their age but men forgive them for it, thereby confirming their own superiority. A man who lies about his age is thought to be weak, "unmanly." A woman who lies about her age is behaving in a quite acceptable, "feminine" way. Petty lying is viewed by men with indulgence, one of a number of patronizing allowances made for women. It has the same moral unimportance as the fact that women are often late for appointments. Women are not expected to be truthful, or punctual, or expert in handling and repairing machines, or frugal, or physically brave. They are expected to be second-class adults, whose natural state is that of a grateful dependence on men. And so they often are, since that is what they are brought up to be. So far as women heed the stereotypes of "feminine" behavior, they *cannot* behave as fully responsible, independent adults.

Most women share the contempt for women expressed in the double standard about aging—to such a degree that they take their lack of self-respect for granted. Women have been accustomed so long to the protection of their masks, their smiles, their endearing lies. Without this protection, they know, they would be more vulnerable. But in protecting themselves as women, they betray themselves as adults. The model corruption in a woman's life is denying her age. She symbolically accedes to all those myths that furnish women with their imprisoning securities and privileges, that create their genuine oppression, that inspire their real discontent. Each time a woman lies about her age she becomes an accomplice in her own underdevelopment as a human being.

Women have another option. They can aspire to be wise, not merely nice; to be competent, not merely helpful; to be strong, not merely graceful; to be ambitious for themselves, not merely for themselves in relation to men and children. They can let themselves age naturally and without embarrassment, actively protesting and disobeying the conventions that stem from this society's double standard about aging. Instead of being girls, girls as long as possible, who then age humiliatingly into middle-aged women and then obscenely into old women, they can become women much earlier—and remain active adults, enjoying the long, erotic career of which women are capable, far longer. Women should allow their faces to show the lives they have lived. Women should tell the truth.□

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Kurt Waldheim: EMBATTLED PEACEMAKER

The United Nations' new Secretary General was chosen for the job because he seemed the model of diplomatic innocuousness, but he finds himself of late the target of Richard Nixon's scorn. The President's sharp criticism of the Secretary General is symptomatic of increasing disharmony between the United States and the 27-year-old world body.

BY MILTON VIORST

For the delegates of 132 sovereign countries currently convening in New York for the twenty-seventh annual session of the General Assembly, the chief topic of discussion these days is the impact upon the United Nations of the recent unhappy exchange between the American President, Richard Nixon, and the new Secretary General, Kurt Waldheim.

To be sure, governments have often come into conflict with the United Nations' top official in the years since the organization's founding in 1945. Delegates have denounced him from the podium of the General Assembly; foreign ministers have issued irate challenges to his authority. But never in anyone's memory has the head of state of one of the five great powers, whose support is crucial to the United Nations, publicly denounced the Secretary General in terms like those President Nixon used.

The fight began with Waldheim's statement of July 24 disapproving American bombing of the dikes in North Vietnam. It was a discreet enough statement, as befits a discreet man in a position of responsibility that demands unremitting discretion. Nor was it a statement that dwelled with undue provocation on the international politics of the act. It was a statement that took note of increasingly frequent reports—since confirmed by the President himself—that American bombs, intentionally or not, were falling on the dikes of North Vietnam. "I am deeply concerned about this development," Waldheim said, "and I appeal to stop this kind of bombing, which could lead to enormous human suffering, enormous disaster." It was the statement of a man, as a U.N spokesman said later, who was "deeply preoccupied" with the devastation in Vietnam, "especially from a humanitarian point of view."

The President first instructed Secretary of State William P. Rogers to issue a protest that said that reports of deliberate American bombing of the dikes were false. A reading of the record indicates, however, that Waldheim never said the bombing was deliberate—or that deliberateness really mattered. The President also sent George Bush, the

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One cruel journalist compared Waldheim to an oleaginous headwaiter.

U.S. Ambassador to the U.N., to Waldheim's office to chastise the Secretary General personally. Bush has since declined to discuss the meeting.

But the President reserved to himself the delivery of the harshest reproaches to Waldheim. In his press conference of July 27 Mr. Nixon chose his words carefully. He accused the Secretary General of holding a "double standard" for failing to make a parallel criticism of violence wrought by North Vietnam. "I noted with interest," the President then said further, "that the Secretary General of the United Nations, just like his predecessor, seized upon this enemy-inspired propaganda, which has taken in many well-intentioned and naïve people, to attack the American bombing of civilian installations and risking civilian lives." To many observers, the President's anger—attributing to Waldheim the character of any enemy dupe, then reaching back to criticize his predecessor, U Thant—appeared to be directed at nothing less than the institution of the United Nations itself.

Indeed, the President's display of ill temper seemed to confirm for the delegates arriving in New York that the United Nations, as so many have said recently, is in deep trouble. To be sure, no one ever thought of Kurt Waldheim as the man to overcome that trouble—but, then, no one foresaw that he would be a cause of, or even a pretext for, its becoming worse. After all, the reason why Kurt Waldheim, and not some other man, succeeded U Thant in January as the United Nations' fourth Secretary General is that he was the only candidate on whom the five permanent members of the Security Council—the United States, the Soviet Union, China, Great Britain, and France—could agree. Before they considered him, they had rejected a half-dozen rivals, ostensibly stronger men who, in the course of their diplomatic careers, had threatened or offended one or another of them. Waldheim, a professional diplomat of celebrated courtliness, had served extensively at the U.N. and knew the institution well. Having been defeated for the presidency of his native Austria a few months before, he had campaigned assiduously, but with unfailing tact, for the U.N. job. Finally, he emerged as the lowest common denominator among the electing powers. If, indeed, what the U.N. needed was an infusion of good manners, Kurt Walldheim's selection would have assured it a rosy future.

But, assuming the U.N. needed a compelling leader, did Waldheim even look the part? At six feet three he is admirably tall but grievously skinny, a slightly stooped man whose arms and legs tend to flap like a rag doll's. His head is too long and narrow, his nose and ears disproportionately large. His hair is slicked back, 1930s style, and his clothes, though well tailored, are timeless and nondescript. Although he speaks English and French as fluently as German, he is not the kind of man whose words command instant attention. One rather cruel journalist compared him to an oleaginous headwaiter—and it is true that the likes of him are seen pouring the wine at fine Viennese restaurants. But, as one of his friends quipped, smooth bullets, like smooth men, travel farther and penetrate deeper. And however tempting it is to caricature Kurt Waldheim, it would seem only fair to reserve some judgment for his performance.

But how does one judge the performance of a secretary general? The U.N. Charter makes him "the chief administrative officer of the Organization" but leaves his duties conspicuously vague. The Russians—revolutionary in their world ideology—have generally favored weak leadership in the Secretary General. For a time, in fact, they proposed to eviscerate the office by turning it into a three-headed *troika*. What they wanted was a Secretary General who is willing to tolerate a little turbulent change. In contrast, the United States—anti-revolutionary at this stage of its historical development—has, in principle, favored a strong Secretary General. Its conception of a desirable Secretary General is that of a man who will step in to safeguard the peace, which in most instances means preserving the status quo. Because the duties of the office were left undefined by the Charter and in dispute by the major powers, each Secretary General has had considerable latitude to act as he sees fit during his five-year term. Each of the three who have held the office has, in his own way, been a remarkable man. But, since none has performed the miracle of satisfying both East and West, none could honestly be considered an unqualified success.

Trygve Lie, the first Secretary General, continually ran into trouble with the Russians until, his power virtually neutralized, he was forced to resign in 1953. But Dag Hammarskjold, his successor, turned out to be equally tough. Hammarskjold quickly learned how to manage the U.N.'s peace-keeping structure and was not afraid to take initiatives. He propelled the organization into its most severe crisis to date, however, by instructing the U.N. military forces in the Congo in the early 1960s to take action, which the Russians, among others, insisted went beyond the authority he had received from the Security Council. As a result, neither the Russians nor the French have, to this day, paid their assessments for the Congo operations, which in part explains why the U.N. is in desperate budgetary trouble.

Waldheim shakes the hand of Security Council President Abdulrahim Abby Farah of Somalia.

In contrast, U Thant, Hammarskjold's successor, tended to play a more decorous role, letting the world know his judgment on controversial questions and most notably his disapproval of American intervention in Vietnam. Rather slow to action, he looked upon his leadership as moral. Because of his essential passivity and his unquestioned idealism few harsh words were said about Thant in the chancelleries of the world. But, for all his moralisms, his leadership suffered from his weakness in administering the U.N. machinery, and, particularly in his later years, he set an uncertain course for the U.N. as a peace-keeping body.

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Sitting in his spare office on the thirty-eighth floor, Kurt Waldheim spoke recently with fervor of his own view of the U.N. and of its Secretary General's responsibilities. His words came in a rush and with a discernible Teutonic accent. The impression he conveyed was of a man whose mind was on bubbling volcanoes like Cyprus and South Africa—but who knew he had the duty to spare an hour from more immediate demands so that others might understand the burdens that lay before him.

"When the United Nations Charter was created, people expected too much. They thought it was a world government with executive power, and it is not. We have no executive power. We are not a world government. We can only convince governments to cooperate, and we can, I think, do a lot through quiet diplomacy. I have in mind to use the possibilities of the Secretary General much more than was done in the past.

"I shall certainly do everything possible to create more confidence in the United Nations again. I do not have in mind to go only to ceremonial events, opening negotiations here and there. I have in mind to go to the trouble spots of the United Nations and of the world because I think, through personal knowledge, through personal contact with the governments concerned, I can, perhaps, do quite something to be helpful in solving problems.

"I think the Secretary General has the possibility to use preventive diplomacy. In other words, he has to do everything possible through diplomatic consultations to contribute to a solution of problems before they reach a point where no solution is possible any longer. The problem is that international crises are taken to the Security Council rather late—very often much too late. And then, when the Security Council is not able to do something about them, still the Security Council is blamed for the failure. I think something has to be done to deal with such crises earlier. In this respect, I think that the Secretary General can do something.

"Of course, you have to know how far you can go. Activity just for the sake of activity wouldn't make sense. I learned as a child to be polite. But my good manners should never be misinterpreted to mean that I do not have strong will. When I deal courteously with people, I get courteous responses. I learned my métier. This job is easier for an experienced man who has worked for three decades in diplomacy. If I think a situation is unripe, I have to hold back. But if the time is ripe, it is not only my right but my duty to intervene."

In the nine months that he has been Secretary General, Waldheim has traveled to almost every world capital including, last month, Peking, and has shown unanticipated energy and considerable skill in dealing with the live coals of international discord. He was the catalyst in getting settlement talks resumed among Greeks, Turks, and the two contending Cypriote communities on embattled Cyprus. He traveled to Pretoria and came back with an official promise of constructive talks on the U.N.'s efforts to acquire independence from South Africa for the territory of Namibia. He played a key role as intermediary in bringing North and South Korea together for unity talks, the first since World War II. He has offered his good offices to calm the deadly dispute in Northern Ireland and has persisted against continued refusals by Britain. He has even volunteered to enter the most perilous cockpit of all—negotiations to end the Vietnam War.

"With the resurgence of violence in this bloody war, I went to both sides, though knowing that the chances of results were slim. I got a polite but negative reaction from them.

"Then I went to the Security Council to try to get it on the agenda. Then I sent a private memo to the president of the Council, but I have not yet been able to get the Council to meet on it. There is still a tendency to [try to] settle the matter outside the U.N. Neither side wants third parties involved in peace discussions. But the U.N. is always available, and we'll be ready if they come to us one of these days.

"It's true that at present the United Nations plays a very limited role in superpower relationships and therefore in the headline-catching political events of our time. What is needed is a change in the dangerous tendency of some governments to 'go it alone,' as if the rest of the world did not matter. The United Nations has perhaps not performed miracles, but each conflict brought before it has been solved or has, at least, been stopped. However regrettable protracted unsolved conflicts like Cyprus and the Middle East may be, an armistice is definitely better than an active conflict. What is needed is greater orientation of national policy making towards the inescapable fact of the interdependence of our world and all of its parts."

Waldheim, of course, as the polished gentleman of diplomacy, seldom inveighs by name against a member-nation of the United Nations. But just as he summoned the ardor to speak out against destruction of the dikes, it would be hard to mistake the target of his criticism when he says: "We hear nowadays several lists of Big Powers: two, three, four, or five. Never does one hear mentioned in such lists the name of the United Nations. This is wrong and short-sighted, for, by disregarding and underestimating the world organization, one belittles the many poor of this world who have also a nationhood, a pride, a value, and a culture. One deprives the community of nations of the strength, were it only the moral strength, which resides in their union." Indeed, in his formal report to the convening session of the General Assembly, Waldheim said, "The interest of the vast majority of medium and smaller powers cannot, at this point in history, be ignored in any durable system of world order." Waldheim, in paraphrasing President Nixon's recent formulation of a multipolar world—in which decisions are made outside the U.N.—makes clear that his chastening refers to the United States of America.

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No Big-Five head of state has denounced a Secretary General as Mr. Nixon has.

Indeed, one of the grievous truths of the United Nations' recent existence has been the step-by-step withdrawal of American support—most conspicuously since President Nixon took office. To be sure, President Johnson, who in 1964 called the U.N. "the best instrument yet devised to promote the peace of the world and the well-being of mankind," lost much of his enthusiasm when the organization became a forum for consistent denunciation of U.S. policy in Vietnam. But Richard Nixon had never shown much evidence of being a U.N. partisan and, after he became President, made statements that began, "If the United Nations is to succeed. . . ." On the U.N.'s twenty-fifth anniversary Nixon managed a speech before the General Assembly that contained scarcely a favorable word about the U.N.

Since then Nixon has spoken increasingly of reappraising the expectations of American foreign policy, to make them conform to shifting power relationships. But he has by no means concluded that the United States should rely more heavily on the United Nations. In January he said, "The only time in the history of the world that we have had any extended period of peace is when there has been a balance of power. . . . I think it will be a safer world if we have a strong, healthy U.S., Europe, Soviet Union, China, Japan, each balancing the other." Apparently, what he had in mind was a return to old-fashioned, Metternichian, balance-of-power diplomacy —in which the U.N. would have no particular role to play at all and which Waldheim feels "would seem to belong to the nineteenth rather than the twentieth century."

It's not hard, of course, for an American President to find good reasons for retreating from reliance on the United Nations. When the organization was founded in 1945, it had fifty-one members, more than two-thirds of which were America's Western allies or hemispheric dependencies. Foreign policy makers spoke of the U.N. as an instrument of American diplomacy—and, as long as Washington had an unchallengeable majority, it quite literally was. But with the admission of new members from among Europe's former colonies, beginning in the 1950s, the character of the organization was gradually transformed. The membership rolls doubled and then grew larger still—until a clear majority, composed chiefly of weak and underdeveloped countries, reigned with almost total indifference to American influence. By the time of Vietnam the U.N. was no longer an instrument of the foreign policy of the United States but was rather the servant of dozens of Asian and African countries that sometimes seemed to mistake the passage of resolutions for decisive action. The U.N. was certainly not beholden to Moscow —but it had taken on a tone that Washington found unmistakably provocative.

Nor was the Nixon administration disposed to feel more kindly toward the organization when, last October, the U.N. inflicted upon it the humiliation not merely of admitting Mainland China but of expelling Taiwan. It was, in the twenty-second year of the battle over the China seat, a victory of the Lilliputians over Gulliver. The delegates' celebration infuriated the White House; the President's press secretary announced that the "personal animosity" shown toward American policy might well impair U.S. support for the U.N.

Since then the United States has inflicted on the United Nations an unprecedented series of rebuffs, culminating in President Nixon's verbal attacks on Waldheim and U Thant. Some of the rebuffs have been at the initiative of Congress, which has tended to follow the leadership of Rep. John J. Rooney, a Brooklyn Democrat who chairs the subcommittee responsible for the U.N. appropriation and has been known for several decades as a steadfast U.N. antagonist. Most observers in Washington think of the U.N. as being the victim of a tacit Nixon-Rooney alliance, to which a majority in Congress is a willing handmaiden and of which American public opinion, as judged by the polls, strongly approves. But whoever takes the principal credit, the United States has for the first time seriously defaulted on its role as the international community's most vigorous champion of the United Nations.

In spite of a legally binding embargo that it supported in the Security Council, the United States has begun importing chrome from the secessionist former British colony of Rhodesia. It has neglected to pay half its dues for 1970 and all for 1971 to the U.N.'s International Labor Organization, and, if Congress once again fails to appropriate funds this year, it will officially forfeit its ILO membership. It has not kept its pledge to provide $20 million for expansion of U.N. headquarters in New York City—a small investment that, in fact, would probably increase the already substantial U.S. foreign exchange earnings from the U.N.'s domestic transactions. It has been consistently laggard in meeting its commitments for U.N. development lending and, alone of the major industrial countries, has not kept its promise of trade preferences for the less-developed countries.

The Secretary General and the President meet formally at the White House soon after Waldheim's election.

Perhaps the most serious confrontation between the United States and the U.N., however, is over the payment of annual dues. At its founding the U.N. established a complex formula based on population and wealth for computing each country's budgetary assessment. Under this formula the United States started out, mathematically, with a commitment to pay nearly 50 per cent of the total U.N. budget.

From the beginning, however, the U.N. recognized that it would be as unhealthy for one nation to dominate the budget as for other nations to pay nothing. So, in fact, budgetary assessments are set by negotiation for three-year periods and, after approval of the General Assembly, have the legal force of treaties. Under these assessments the United States has at no point paid more than 39 per cent, and, over the

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years, its obligation has dropped to 31.52 per cent. The current agreement keeps the figure at that level until the end of 1973, by which time a new agreement will have been negotiated.

Needless to say, not every country has kept its payments current—although none has ever lost its vote, as the U.N. Charter requires, by falling a full two years in arrears. The gravest delinquencies stem from the refusal by the Soviet Union and France to pay their assessments for the Congo operation, although both have otherwise met their obligations. France, in fact, recently presented a "gift" of $3.9 million to the U.N. treasury as if to make amends. These two repudiations, however, have been enough—along with lesser arrearages—to consume all of the U.N.'s capital reserves and keep the organization in a state of constant financial precariousness. At one point President Kennedy came to its rescue by aggressively supporting a U.N. bond issue to meet costs in the Congo. Since then the United States has been neither better nor worse than other U.N. members in keeping up its payments. But this year all that threatens to change.

The threat focuses on just $13 million for the regular U.N. budget—less than Congress has proposed to spend to redecorate the Capitol. This figure is the difference between payment of the American assessment at the treaty rate of 31.52 per cent and a new proposed rate of 25 per cent. To be sure, there has been talk for some time, both in Washington and at U.N. headquarters, of reducing the American commitment to 25 per cent, to reflect the organization's changing structure. In April 1971 a presidential commission under the chairmanship of former U.N. Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge submitted, among dozens of their recommendations, a proposal that the United States negotiate a cut to 25 per cent "over a period of years." Indeed, it is generally acknowledged at the U.N. that the American contribution will be substantially diminished during next year's payment talks—especially if, as expected, the two Germanys, Switzerland, and several other current outsiders are admitted to membership.

Since the China vote, however, the administration has been impatient for the reduction and has undertaken a campaign that emits a discernibly punitive odor. It is true that the United States, like the other big powers, has a legitimate complaint about the U.N.'s budgeting procedure: The majority that votes the expenditures contributes only a small fraction of the revenues. Sixteen countries that withheld their approval of the current budget will be paying 65 per cent of the total assessment. Yet the entire budget is only $213 million—about one-fiftieth that of New York City—and it is inflation and currency devaluations, as much as expanded programs, that account for consistent annual increases. In April Secretary of State Rogers released a report in which he carped about the U.N.'s being "wasteful," and it seems that U Thant was indisputably a rather permissive administrator. Waldheim, to some dismay of the staff, has since tightened up on administrative procedures. Yet, assuming a need for greater thrift, there scarcely seemed justification for Rogers to say: "It is essential that the United Nations live within its means and that new activities be financed out of savings derived from eliminating or postponing activities of lower priority." Rogers's words seemed like an invitation to Congressman Rooney to slash the U.N. appropriation—and sure enough, he did.

What Rooney did in his committee was to scoff at the American obligation to pay 31.52 per cent through 1973, and accordingly he cut to one-quarter—effective immediately—the contribution to the regular U.N. budget. Rooney also wrote into his bill the same cut for all but two of the U.N.'s specialized agencies, the contributions to which have been American policy but are not legally binding. On May 18 the House sustained Rooney in a recorded vote by a count of 202 to 156. It was only at this point that the administration seemed to become alarmed. George Bush wired a plea to the Senate not to join the House in placing the United States "in the position of defaulting on payment of assessed contributions called for by our treaty obligation under U.N. Charter." Then White House assistant Clark MacGregor, speaking for President Nixon, said, "We intend, through discussions with other U.N. members, to work vigorously to reduce our contribution to twenty-five per cent as soon as we can. . . . However, as the President has said, 'We must proceed in an orderly way in reaching this goal. It is unrealistic to expect that it can be done immediately.'" The Senate obliged the President and, by a vote of 39 to 28, agreed to extend the current level of contributions through next year—but no longer. Rooney, however, is an extremely tough fighter, and there is no certainty whatever that, when the conferees sit down to resolve the differences between the two bills, the Senate will prevail.

So, in retrospect, it seems apparent that President Nixon, in his foreign policy message of February 9, was delivering something of a self-fulfilling prophecy when he said: "The United Nations is facing what I can only call a crisis of confidence." A few weeks later Secretary General Waldheim sounded much the same theme: "Our organization is in a crisis—in a crisis of confidence and in a crisis of support by member states. It would not make sense for us to hide this and act as if nothing had happened. It is true."

Back on the thirty-eighth floor of the U.N. building Waldheim sat forward impatiently on the edge of his chair—as if he had given as much time to a journalist's interview as the relentless conflicts in the world permitted—and wagged his long finger to give emphasis to his words: "In the United States people have a completely distorted view. In 1945 Americans thought the United Nations would solve all the problems of the future. They had not gone through the sad experiences of war like the Europeans and others. The Europeans suffered their great disillusionment with

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the League of Nations and World War Two. They had no illusions left. So their disappointment was not as great. They wanted international cooperation, but they recognized its limitations. Americans now find that the United Nations is different from their expectations. They've had a hard time with reality, and the vote on China contributed to their disillusionment. I think there is much more confidence in the U.N. in other parts of the world."

It is scarcely disputable that the U.N. stands in higher esteem in other parts of the world than it does in, say, Oklahoma. In an underdeveloped country of Asia or Africa a father is likely to be grateful to the U.N. for administering a smallpox shot to his child or for providing him with a ration of wheat for his family during a period of drought. He might understand that the U.N. sent him the woman who supplied his wife with a birth-control device or the man who gave him the seed that doubled his rice crop. He may scarcely be aware of what the United Nations is, but he has learned from the radio that one of his countrymen is in distant New York, rubbing shoulders on the basis of equality with his former colonizer—perhaps giving him a sense of his own role in the world. The Oklahoman, on the other hand, is more likely to remember only that some African delegates danced in the aisles when the results of the China vote were announced—and he thinks of the U.N. as an assembly of clowns.

There are some, in fact, who maintain that the United Nations' real future doesn't necessarily lie in peace keeping at all but in improving the quality of life around the world. "It's a mistake to see this exclusively as a political organization," said Ambassador Bush. "Inevitably, the 'one-world' view of the U.N. will be disappointed. But there's a lot that can be done in the social and economic fields, and the U.N. is doing it." Indeed, since the 1960s were designated the United Nations' First Development Decade, economic growth in the developing world has surpassed its 5-per-cent target, and the goal for the Second Development Decade was set at 6 per cent. Major achievements have been made in population control. The U.N. has made new, if hesitant, beginnings in dealings with matters that are genuinely global in scope: narcotics, environmental pollution, hijacking, meteorology. Even the Soviet Union and the United States have had to go to the U.N. to get meaningful agreement on the sea beds and on space exploration.

Yet, invariably, the attention of U.N. professionals returns to the problems of political relations among nations. It may be significant that the U.N. spends far more money on, and dedicates far more of its personnel to, social and economic problems—but none of its programs in these areas would be possible without political understanding. As Waldheim said at the Stockholm conference on the environment in June: "The United Nations has no intrinsic value, no power of its own. It cannot clean a single river for you. But it can bring governments together, as it does today, to agree and to pledge that they will do certain things, refrain from others, and create the necessary institutional arrangements" to meet collective ends. What Waldheim—in contrast to Bush—was saying was that the U.N., whatever its triumphs elsewhere, is first and foremost a political body, attempting somehow to harmonize the conflicting aspirations of five great powers and 127 lesser ones in the interest of a better world.

"I don't think many outsiders understand the beating that the U.N. takes in the interest of international harmony," said one old U.N. hand in the delegates' lounge a short while ago. "We were the scapegoat for the demise of the British Empire. The decolonization movement was the biggest and most prolonged strain that the U.N. ever had to handle, because Britain dumped its hard-core problems on us—the Middle East, Kashmir, Cyprus, Bahrein, Rhodesia, South Africa—and then went whistling on its way. The British retained the right to criticize through it all and complained about the U.N.'s meddling. But we took Britain off the hook as the empire disintegrated.

"We were also the scapegoat for twenty years of mistaken American policy toward China. Last year President Nixon finally decided to change it. And how did he do it? By putting the blame for the U.N.'s China vote on the organization. What the hell would have happened if the United States had won that vote and China were still isolated? The President would certainly never have gone to Peking."

Brian Urquhart is another longtime U.N. professional, a member of the peace-keeping staff since 1945. An Englishman, he has lived through crises at the side of every Secretary General and now is the senior assistant to Waldheim. Not only is he steeped in the lore of the U.N.; he is also one of its most intelligent interpreters.

"The United Nations has the problems of the twenty-seven-year-old," Urquhart explained recently. "The bloom of youth is over, and maturity has not yet been reached. We've gone through the postwar blush here, the period of the Cold War and the phase of decolonization. Now disillusion has set in, and we're waiting around to see what will happen next.

"We've improvised our way through one challenge after another. We had to. There were no rules to follow, and there are no fixed rules now. We'll undoubtedly continue to improvise. But we haven't done too badly, on the whole.

"Now, with China in, the United Nations is shifting from a two-power standoff to a triangular affair. I don't know what will happen, good or bad. But even the Americans recognize that the Chinese are behaving responsibly. I have the feeling that the great powers will be returning to the U.N. more often to fight their battles. I think they'll find that they need us.

"After all, imperfect as the United Nations is, the old-style diplomacy is even worse. This place is large, noisy, and cumbersome. But no one loses face coming here. No one has to travel to someone else's capital. Our willingness to accommodate is no secret. We're here.

"I suppose, in some ultimate sense, that, if the U.N. is to succeed, the world has got to develop a greater sense of internationalism. But to reach it, most societies will have to pass through nationalism first—and many of them haven't even made that step yet. The politics of creating a U.N. majority is a constant reminder of how hard it is for us to work constructively together. It's also constant evidence that the United Nations' powers are restricted. We have no sovereignty. Therein lies the essence of the much proclaimed U.N. crisis."

In his office on the thirty-eighth floor Secretary General Waldheim, in a slightly stuffier and more Middle-European way, makes much the same point: "For the past three or four centuries history has been shaped mainly by the nation-state. The nation-state still exists, and very much so. It definitely has not been abolished as a result of the creation of the United Nations.

"When states become members of the United Nations, they do not suddenly and miraculously change their nature. When a country joins the organization, when a delegate makes a speech in the Security Council or casts a vote in the General Assembly, he usually does it for political reasons. They do it because they regard the act of joining the United Nations, of making a particular statement, or casting a particular vote, as serving their national interest. Unfortunately, that interest is sometimes a narrow and short-term self-interest.

"But the United Nations was never intended to be other than an assembly of nation-states. It was intended to provide a framework within which the world political process can take place peacefully. The United Nations is nothing more than the instrument of its sovereign, independent member states. As such an instrument, it can hardly be better than the world it reflects." □

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Planning a divorce?
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income-tax question?
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LEGAL INSURANCE

BY THOMAS DE BAGGIO

The Mafia has its *consiglieri*, corporations retain phalanxes of attorneys, the rich keep tax lawyers nearby, the poor get free legal aid from nonprofit groups and the government. But the 63 per cent of Americans termed middle class —where do they take their legal problems?

In many cases, nowhere. The middle class is "legally disenfranchised," say some lawyers. Danny Jones, chairman of the American Trial Lawyers Committee on Group Representation, estimates that 30,000 legal matters a day go unattended by lawyers because people of moderate means will not or cannot pay minimum fees. While the average middle-class consumer finds his route through the market place strewn with defective goods, services, and warranties, for instance, he or she rarely exacts legal retribution. According to a survey of Los Angeles teachers conducted last year, only 3.5 per cent sought legal advice to help deal with such problems, and only 1.1 per cent actually retained a lawyer.

"The question that must concern society is what can be done to assure that every citizen who needs an attorney can be able to obtain one," said a report released in February by New York State's attorney general, Louis Lefkowitz. "If moderate- or middle-income individuals are not to be denied their constitutional rights to the use of courts or legal assistance, society must face up to this problem and find a way effectively to respond to it."

Well, indications are that the United States is beginning to respond by moving in the direction of insurance systems that, in the legal arena, compare to the burgeoning crop of health insurance programs in the medical field. For a premium ranging from 50 cents a month to over $100 a year, a variety of plans are appearing that promise to pay an individual's legal costs—nearly all of them or at least certain costs. The growth of the new plans has been so rapid and recent that no one has been able to keep count, and estimates of the total number nationwide vary from 3,000 to 5,000. California is considered the center of the movement, with, at last count, some 380 plans flourishing among student, consumer, and union organizations, but the new legal insurance—or "prepaid" legal service—plans are budding in every corner of the country.

They hardly represent a brand-new phenomenon. Germany has had legal insurance for forty years. And in the United States the insurance industry has long offered limited types of legal insurance policies: malpractice insurance for doctors, liability insurance for corporation directors and officers. Insurance companies also often conduct the defense in automobile accident cases, and the American Automobile Association offers legal services to its members involved in minor accidents.

Many of the new legal insurance plans do not venture very far from these precedents. For instance, a lot of new prepaid legal service benefits provided to their memberships by unions cover little more than legal representation for a member before a workmen's compensation board. Most plans, too, tend to be of the "closed panel" sort, which limits the selection of lawyers available to participants—in contrast to most medical insurance programs, which will pay for any doctor a beneficiary chooses.

Of late, however, there has been a discernible movement toward full-fledged legal insurance programs with broad coverage and free choice of lawyer. New Jersey is on the brink of becoming the first state with a statewide insurance plan. Initially, only groups will be able to subscribe to it, but it is envisioned that individual policies will be sold as soon as enough data is available to determine just how the program is used and what its costs are. Interestingly enough, considering the parallels between legal and medical insurance, the program is to be administered through a corporation set up by the state's Blue Cross organization. An outfit called American Legal Aid, Inc., meantime has sold purely commercial legal insurance policies in Wyoming, and the Stonewall Insurance Company has received permission to market legal insurance in Alabama.

Unquestionably, the most auspicious sign for the future of legal insurance is that the nation's high arbiter of legal matters, the American Bar Association, is solidly behind the idea. The ABA has been looking into legal insurance for a half-dozen years and in the last two years has gone so far as to set up several pilot programs.

The first such program began operation on January 1, 1971, in Shreveport, Louisiana. Subscription is limited to a local laborers' union. And while the 600 predominantly black members who participate are hardly typical of America's middle class, the insurance coverage was not drawn specifically for this group. It is the kind of policy that any solid, middle-class citizen might buy to protect his family from, say, the high defense costs of being accused of a crime. It also covers the more mundane functions of a lawyer—sometimes termed "preventive law"—such as advice on a lease, real estate matters, consumer problems, wills, taxes, and financial planning. How does this prototype—a possible forerunner of nationwide legal insurance—work?

Its coverage, in terms of the types of legal matters it pays for, is very wide, and the participants can use any lawyer they want to. Its costs are moderate. Premiums come to about $40 a year.

Under the plan normal lawyers' fees are paid for any participant or member of his family in civil and criminal cases. The amounts the plan will pay range up to:

—$100 per year for consultations, not to exceed $25 per visit.

—$250 for office work, including conferences, negotiations, investigations, title examinations, letters, documents, and forms. For this there is a $10 deductible.

—$325 for trial preparation, briefs, and appearances. If the participant is not a defendant, he pays the first $25.

Thomas De Baggio is a freelance writer and the Washington, D.C., correspondent for the Delaware Spectator. *He is the former editor of* Consumer Newsweek, *a Washington newsletter.*

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—$40 in court costs and witness fees.

—$150 for out-of-pocket expenses such as travel and phone calls made by the lawyer.

A participant who doesn't use the plan at all one year can receive double benefits the following year. In cases such as divorce where two members of a covered family have a legal dispute, the plan covers only the individual union member.

If costs go above the maximum in any category, the policy carries a "major legal expense benefit," which pays 80 per cent of the costs up to $1,000 over the maximum. This means a participant could receive as much as $1,865 in legal services for payment of $275 including the annual premium and deductibles. Participants in the plan may use lawyers outside Louisiana, and the insurance will cover the fees. Disputed fees are arbitrated under the rules of the American Arbitration Association.

There is some fine print in the policy however. Nine areas specifically are not covered by the Shreveport Legal Insurance Plan. These include: legal services that are deductible on income taxes as business expenses, contingent fee cases, fines and penalties, unreasonable charges, class-action suits, costs involved in "shopping" around for a lawyer to take a particular case, or fees for services that would be picked up by another policy or arrangement. In addition, the plan will not pay a lawyer to make out a tax return, although tax advice is covered. Participants in the plan also are barred from suing the union, management, or administrators of the plan.

How has the plan been working? Data is still sparse, but what there is suggests that the plan has been successful, in terms of usage at least. By the end of the first year of the plan, the group's members were using twice the amount of legal services they had previously used. One out of every five participants had sought legal advice under the plan, and indications are that the number will grow to nearly one out of three this year. The average claim was $200, and 93 per cent of all legal fees incurred by the participants were paid by the plan.

What did the participants use the prepaid services for? Unemployment matters accounted for 25 per cent of the claim money, domestic relations 21 per cent, automobile problems 19 per cent, real estate 13 per cent, and credit and consumer cases 10 per cent.

If the Shreveport experiment seems to be working out happily enough as far as proponents of legal insurance are concerned, the plan is not without its negative aspects, which exemplify some of the problems that still remain to be solved for legal insurance generally.

The plan's financial footing appears to be far from solid. About half the program's premiums have gone into starting up and administering the plan, a proportion that is considered high even by insurance executives, who are often criticized for absorbing an overlarge chunk of premiums themselves. And, at that, the Shreveport premiums of around $40 a head are a good deal too low by the ABA's own estimates. "It is doubtful that benefits of any substance can be offered at less than $100 per year contribution," says the ABA's revised handbook on prepaid legal services (available for $5 from the ABA'S circulation department, 1155 East 60th Street, Chicago, Illinois 60637).

The matter of costs remains probably the most sizable hurdle to broad legal insurance, and the fact that costs are a problem reflects something less than mass public demand for such programs. Although many lawyers are convinced that prepaid legal service is an idea whose time has come, there is evidence that the idea has not fully arrived outside the profession. In fact, the ABA's first experimental plan, which it tried to set up two years ago, had to be scrapped because its beneficiaries, lumber workers in Clackamas County, Oregon, refused to put up any money for it.

Legal services do not seem to rank anywhere near as imperatively in people's minds as, say, medical services. Nor do they in the Internal Revenue Service's thinking. A formidable legal barrier to legal insurance is built into current tax laws. Under the IRS codes medical benefits are not considered income and are not taxed as such, but legal services are and are. Then, too, while the Taft-Hartley Act obliges employers to bargain over health benefits, they can't be forced to negotiate legal benefits—a sizable impediment to legal insurance in one of its largest potential markets.

Another hurdle in the way of broad legal insurance is the disagreement among its proponents over some of the basic mechanics of how insurance programs should work. The ABA favors the "open panel" approach in which an insuree selects the lawyer of his choice. Unions generally are in favor of a closed panel approach, on the other hand, whereby lawyers are hired by an association for the general needs of its membership and are paid regular salaries for their services.

The differences are not irreconcilable, but the arguments for and against the two approaches are important and fundamental. The ABA stresses the freedom of selection of the open panel approach and also feels that the closed panel presents the danger that lawyers may have loyalties to the group or organization that hires them as well as to, and possibly in conflict with, the individual participants in the plan. The AFL-CIO Executive Council, on the other hand, is critical of the open panel concept because it fears that free bidding for lawyers' services could send legal costs skyrocketing.

Underlying the arguments over the mechanics of providing legal services on a prepaid basis is the question of who is to control such a system and how, a question that involves jealous prerogatives and protective boundaries of the various groups involved. Many lawyers would just as soon the insurance industry stay away from legal insurance. They feel that, in dealing with insurance firms, they may lack the influence they now have, or contemplate having, in nonprofit plans. Some lawyers are not even confident of maintaining this influence and look warily at unions and consumer groups as a possible threat in terms of such pocketbook fundamentals as what fees lawyers will be paid under legal insurance.

These problems are in the process of being debated and, to some extent, resolved as varying kinds of legal insurance or prepaid legal services go into effect. Yet, an overriding difficulty faces the society as a whole, should legal insurance reach anything near the dimensions of health insurance. The country's legal institutions, particularly its courts, are already overburdened, and work is piling up for many of them at an alarming rate. What would an increase in legal activity spurred by the prepaid availability of services do to the system? The swamping of medical facilities—and the soaring costs of health care—are hardly encouraging parallels. For that matter, can the nation's 236,000 lawyers in private practice begin to handle the demand that legal insurance might create? Legal insurance bears broad implications for the whole practice of law. It will certainly, at least, speed the introduction of paraprofessionals—nonattorneys—who can aid lawyers and jurists in their work.

The strain on legal resources could be worse, however. Fortunately, legal insurance is coming along at a time when a sizable employment of lawyers appears likely to shrink. This is the area of automobile accident litigation, which should be considerably reduced by no-fault automobile insurance plans that are beginning to be adopted by a number of states. Indeed, the legal profession's general receptiveness to legal insurance—unlike the medical profession's long resistance to health insurance—may ultimately reflect the self-interest of lawyers as much as it does the concern for the poor, legally disenfranchised, middle-class American. □

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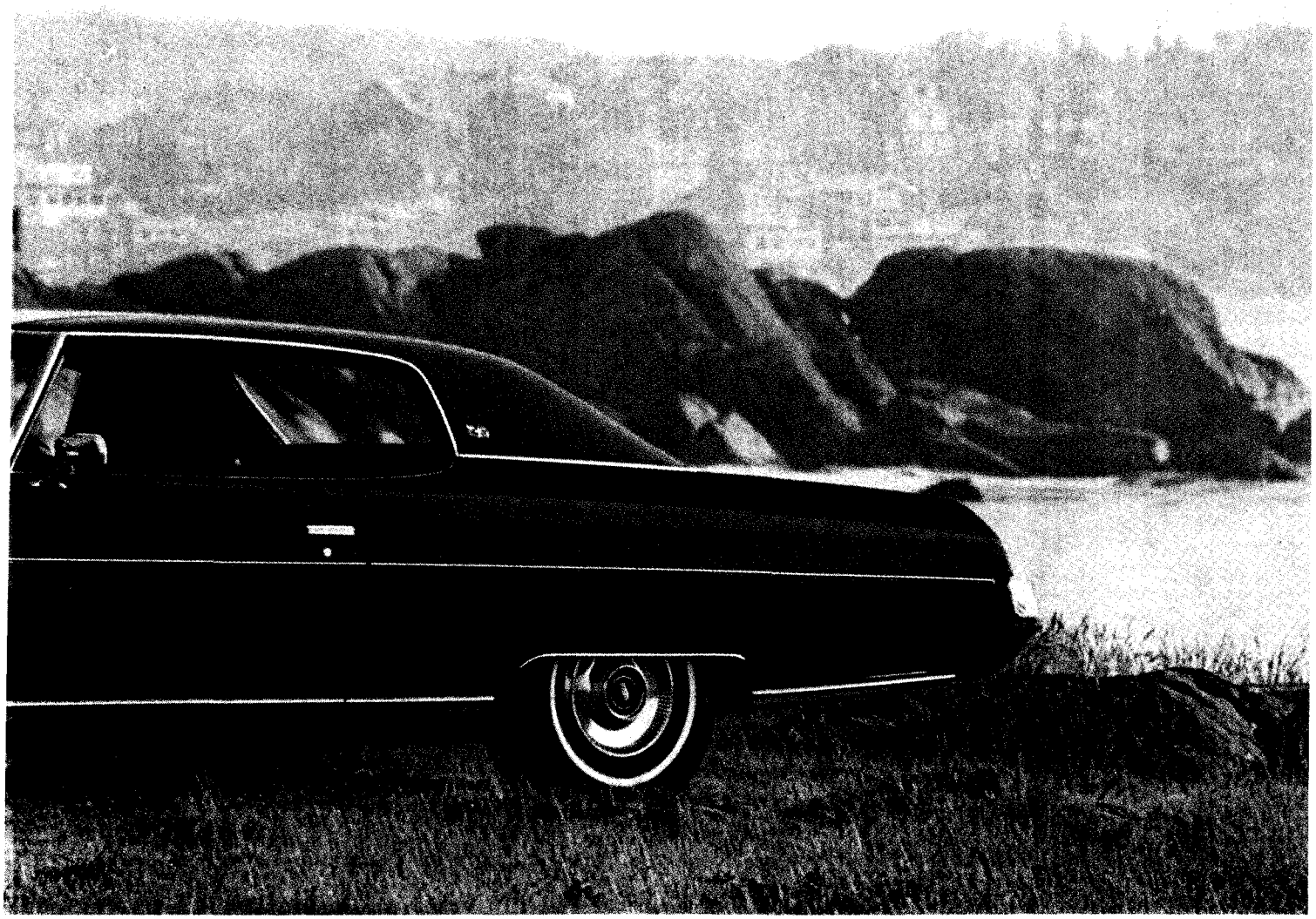

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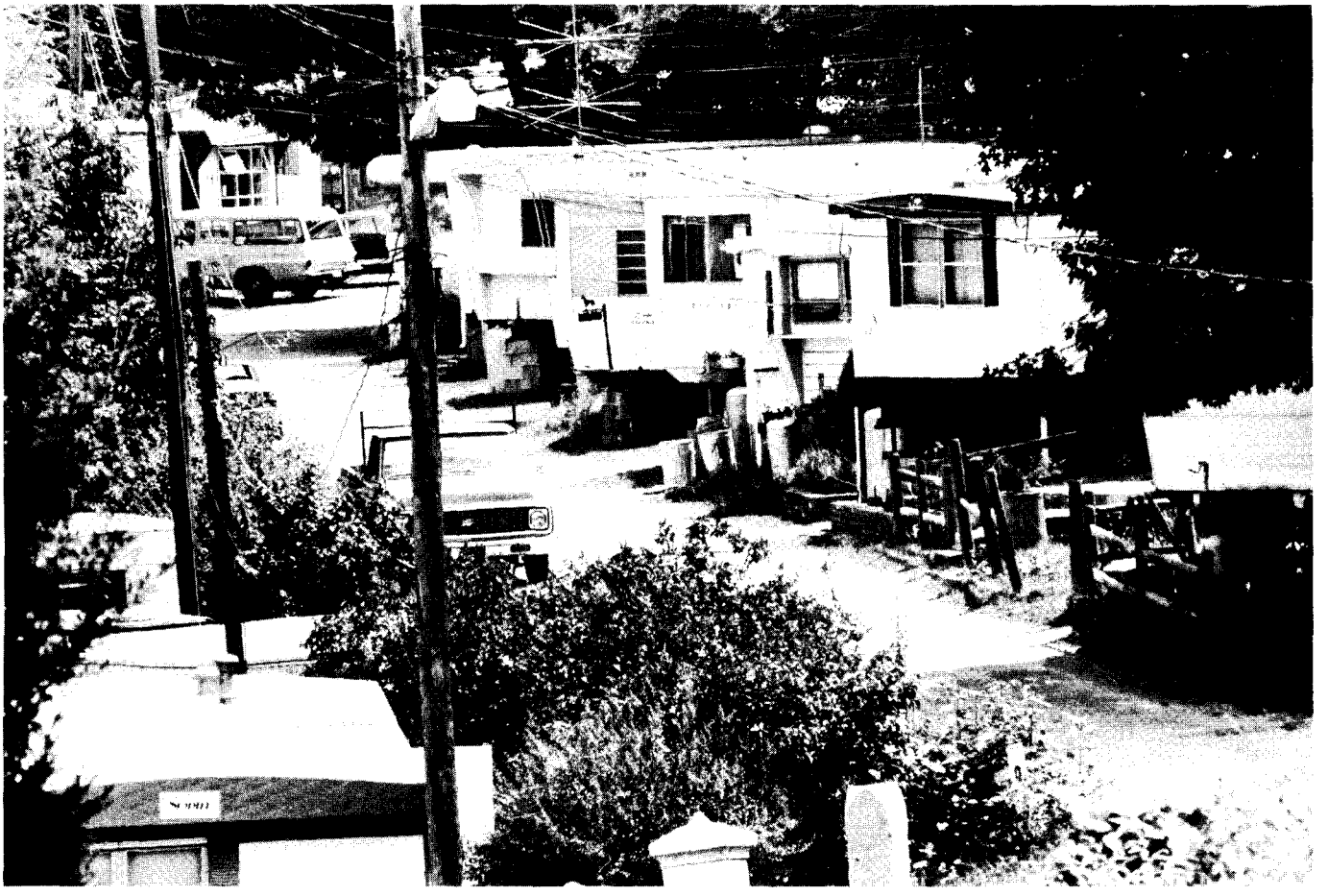
Mobile Homes: THE NEW GHETTOS



The first reports of the "mobile home revolution" were romanticized, telling of the return of the spirit of the covered wagon. But now the phenomenon may be seen as a new form of ghettoization and as an indictment of America's failure to provide decent homes for low-income groups.

BY FRANK TRIPPETT

"Since 1946 a new type of housing, the mobile home, has appeared and gained rapid acceptance. During the same period, traditional single-family house construction has declined." —Housing Crisis and Response, *a Cornell University study.*

This sudden and proliferating new type of housing was what I had been investigating when I got into a conversation with two men in the disheveled office of their little gas station in Connecticut. The younger one was saying something that nobody else had said, even though I thought everyone had been thinking it. "I can't imagine," he remarked—after lifting his khaki cap to plow his grease-stained fingers through dark hair while tucking a ruminant tongue into the space left by a vanished eyetooth—"I can't imagine *anybody* preferring to live in a trailer if he could live in a real *home*."

Such was the opinion of William E. Underhill, forty-five, and he spoke with some personal authority. He lives in what he still calls a trailer, even though most people who occupy trailers no longer choose to call them that. Maybe for the simple reason that once they are bought and located somewhere, the odds are they will never again be likely to trail anything more than a refrigerator or some other appliance that is shipped from a manufacturer to a dealer and thence to some purchaser into whose life it is plugged approximately forever.

Those who still call these dwellings trailers do so out of an old habit that also causes them to think of the places where they are gathered as "camps." This habit is a vestige of a day when the main kind of trailer you saw was one that people with cars hauled around to sleep and cook in when they stopped briefly here or there to work or maybe

Frank Trippett, a former *Look* magazine senior editor, is now a freelance writer.

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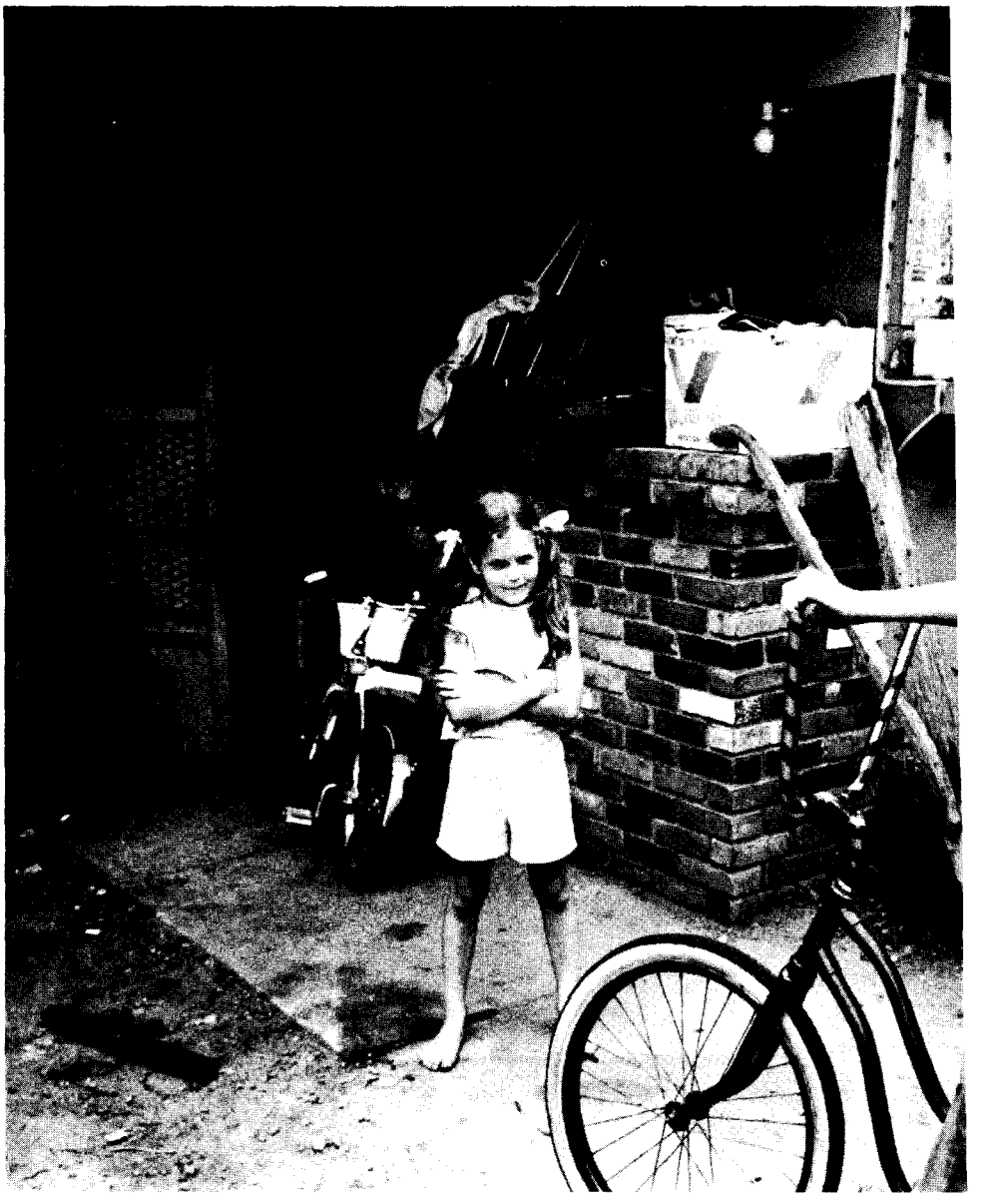
just sight-see. It was the kind of rolling dwelling evoked by the old popular song that said, among other things, *Let's take a trip in a trailer. . . .*

This nomadic kind still exists, of course, and from the looks of the highways is also proliferating. It was not the kind I had on my mind, however, when I pulled into Underhill's gas station off a stretch of Route 202 entitled Sugar Street, a mile or so from the main part of Newtown, Connecticut. The gas station was very close by a cluster of about sixty-five of the kind I was studying.

People who live in them do not call them trailers, by and large, and neither do they call the places they put them camps. These locations are known as "parks." One inhabitant of the park close by the gas station, Mrs. Penny Barrett, twenty-eight, told me that everybody got furious recently when a television show on this new type of housing let the word "camp" get into the act. Surely, if there was a moment when we once and for all left behind our frontier heritage, it must have been the first time a park became a more habitable place than a camp.

No matter what he called it, anyway, Bill Underhill was living in and talking about the kind that interested me,



Statistics prove that the mobility of mobile home families is no greater than that of the population as a whole.

the kind you can see almost anywhere these days, if not in a park then just in front of you on the highway being tugged along at about twenty-seven miles per hour with red flags flying to call attention to the otherwise obscure fact that, being twelve feet wide and sixty or so long, it is a road hog and menace to traffic. This kind is known, oddly enough, as a "mobile home."

It's odd for two reasons. First, it will continue to be called a mobile home even after it is parked and anchored in a state of more or less permanent immobility that statistics show is not likely to be interrupted unless it is smitten by some high wind, to which many of these things have an acute susceptibility. Second, it will continue to be called a home even though its relationship to the historic notion of a home is only approximate, in the same way that today's mass-produced bread is only approximately related to the historic reality of bread. As scholars have painstakingly demonstrated, we apply the word bread today to a substance that resembles historic bread neither chemically nor nutritionally nor in texture nor in taste. I intend only the point that some similar mutation may be taking place with the word home and/or the reality it represents.

Bill Underhill, in any event, drew an emphatic distinction between what he calls a trailer and what he thinks of as a "real home." I took this as a providential reminder that in our epoch it is indispensable to scrutinize closely what things are called if you are to have any hope of discovering what they are. After all, we live in an epoch wherein it is insistently contended (and evidently believed) that some chemical gunk sprayed out of an aerosol can onto the hair will give it a *natural* look, and wherein a synthetic carbonated drink is ubiquitously acclaimed in rhyme and rhythm as the *real* thing. Such is the age of the *mobile home*.

While we were talking, Underhill was drinking a bottle of synthetic pop that was not the real thing but the one that has a lot to give. One thing that it gave him was a dose of effervescent gas that he began to cope with behind compressed lips just as I was asking another question:

"If that's so, if they don't prefer it, what's the main thing that makes them decide to live in one of them?"

Now Bill Underhill gave back that of which his soda had a lot to give. It emerged in a discreet and not entirely inaudible emission, and with a bobbing of his Adam's apple. Then he nodded to the older man in the gas station office as though inviting him to undertake an answer to this question.

The man was Bill's partner and father, Elmer Keeler Underhill, known as E. K. around Newtown. And he, too, spoke with some personal authority on this subject. He was not only living in one of the things but had been buying and selling them as part of his livelihood since right after World War II. In fact, about twenty-five years ago he had founded the settlement of mobile homes (he, too, still calls them trailers) just down the road. So he was one of

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Photographs By James Karales

Two examples of the permanence of mobile homes, one with a brick grill and the other with a garden. Most people buy mobile homes because they can't afford "real" ones and often never move them from their sites.

the pioneers in developing this new type of housing, although about ten years back he had sold out the camp that had by then already turned into a park. The elder Underhill, a stocky man of seventy-seven years with mostly gray hair and sardonic blue eyes and an almost-new pair of orange leather brogans, mulled over the question.

Then he began reciting what it takes to buy or build a real home around Newtown, a recitation of shark-bite realty prices and stern zoning requirements and prohibitive construction costs that would surprise no literate American, the sum of which E. K. Underhill called "downright discrimination against low-income people." And so this, he thought, was the simple reason they went to trailers: "They couldn't afford a house."

Prodded invariably by the reduced cost, Americans living in mobile homes now number around 7 million and are a swiftly growing legion. Most of them are herded in groups from a few up to hundreds in some 23,000 of these settlements called parks. These are commonplace everywhere but abound in the West, especially California and Arizona. And on Florida's main roads they seem as hard to avoid as burgerlands and motelclots. The curve in the road that doesn't offer up some baked and desolate-looking mobile home park offers up instead a baked and desolate-looking mobile home dealer's lot. The national burgeoning of the world of mobile homes is celebrated annually in a book called *Woodall's Mobile Home & Park Directory*—and the 1972 edition is as thick as a city phone book.

More than 300 different manufacturers are turning out about half a million mobile homes a year. The typical customer buys a $7,000 to $8,000 sixty-two-foot model on a consumer time-installment contract. But mobile homes come as high as you want to pay. Sales and production are rising fast. *The Wall Street Journal* recently recorded that the industry "is projecting about an 18 per cent growth to some 573,000 units this year." And the California Public Survey waxes equally enthusiastic about the industry's recent gains: "Mobile home production was the second largest dynamics growth industry in the United States in 1971, with the average industry-wide increase on the New York and American stock exchanges running at 74.6 per cent. Half of the ten leading stock gainers on the American exchange last year were mobile home producers."

The industry's share of the single family housing market is similarly shooting up. In 1960 only 7 per cent of the new single family units were mobile homes. The figure stood at 20 per cent by 1969. And 34 per cent in 1970. A report of an organization called the Institute for Local Self-Government figured that mobile homes account for 94 per cent of single family home sales

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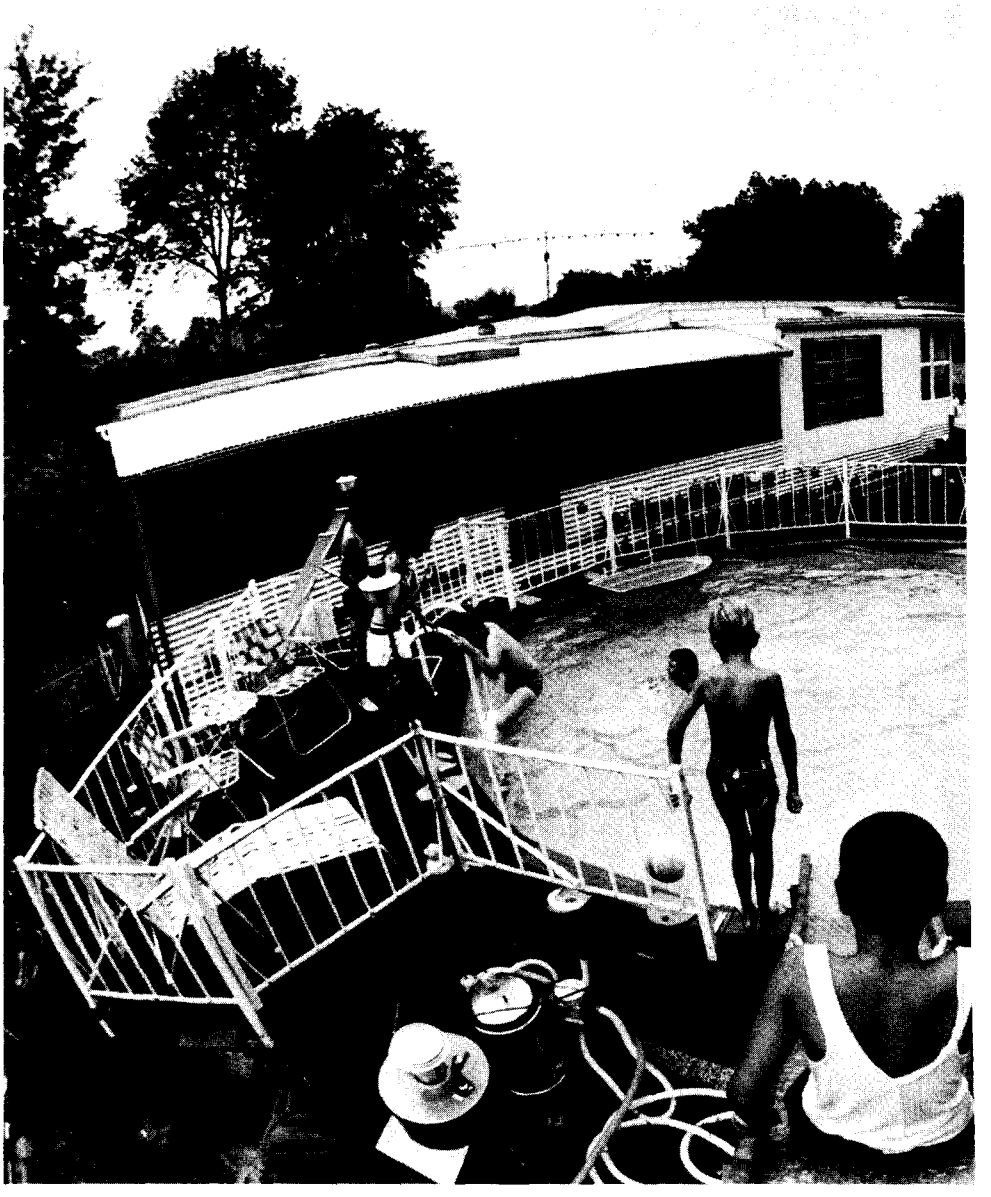
under $15,000 and 79 per cent of those under $20,000 and 67 per cent of those under $25,000. In conclusion, the institute warned: "With the median price of conventional single family homes in the nation now selling at $27,000 there is no reason for local government officials to consider the mobile home as a passing fad, something that will go away, which can be ignored. . . ."

So there's the picture—for anyone who hasn't bothered to look out of his car window lately. These are the basic numbers that lead some scholarly commentators, unable to resist the word, to describe the mobile home phenomenon as a housing *revolution*. To an untrained eye, of course, today's profusion of mobile homes might look not so much like a revolution as a manifestation of some kind of cunning retrograde movement—maybe something devised by the powers-that-be as a new test or trial for home-hungry Americans to undergo, something to supplant the Levittown test that so many have now suffered and passed, another bold step toward discovering just how far people will let themselves be packaged as though they were Vienna sausages.



Although the mobile home industry may owe something of its concept to the Conestoga, its true philosophical antecedents are in the canning and packaging industries.

If the trained eyes see a housing revolution, however, so be it. Whatever the label, an enormous number of Americans are now living in these shoebox-shaped containers, and the evidence suggests that many more are either doomed or destined to join them. The basic question that remains is, Why is this happening?

The Department of Housing and Urban Development long ago found out that the mobility of mobile home families is no greater than that of the population as a whole. It also determined that the biggest single segment of people to whom the mobile home has happened are couples under thirty-five with few offspring (an average of less than one and it under school age). Another large segment consists of elderly people questing retirement in the West or in Florida. A negligible few of the mobile homers are the playful well-to-do, who naturally inhabit the few fashionable and elegant parks that exist.

The main body of the mobile homers are families that draw around $8,000 a year, with families earning considerably less than that more apt to join them than families earning considerably more. Not surprisingly, the typical mobile home type is not as likely to be as high on the educational and professional pyramid as a real home type.

Thus, whatever is happening seems to be happening largely to a certain class of Americans—to the fifth of the U.S. population just above the poorest fifth. Popular journalism has not tended to emphasize this factor in its periodic updatings of the mobile home situation. It has often suffered a chronic tendency toward romanticism, depicting mobile homers as the happy-go-lucky legatees of the pioneers who traveled in covered wagons. Actually, although the mobile home industry may owe something of its concept to the Conestoga, its true philosophical antecedents are in the canning and packaging industries.

Public discussion of this revolution or phenomenon has also suffered from a certain technological romanticism. As an example, an article called "Homes That Come Off the Assembly Line" published in the *Reader's Digest* a couple of years back managed to turn the mobile home industry into a hero for providing prefab cubicles for these people to live in, but it nowhere identified any branch of American industry or society as responsible for our utter failure to make real homes available to the lower-middle class at a price it can afford.

The recent Cornell report that is briefly quoted in the epigraph of this essay documents the character of this housing "revolution" without bluntly spelling the case out. Assembled last year by Cornell's Department of Consumer Economics and Public Policy, this heavyweight report says: "Home ownership costs . . . have increased one-and-a-half times in the past ten years. Renting costs have increased one-and-a-quarter times during the same period. In 1969 less than one in five working males in the United States

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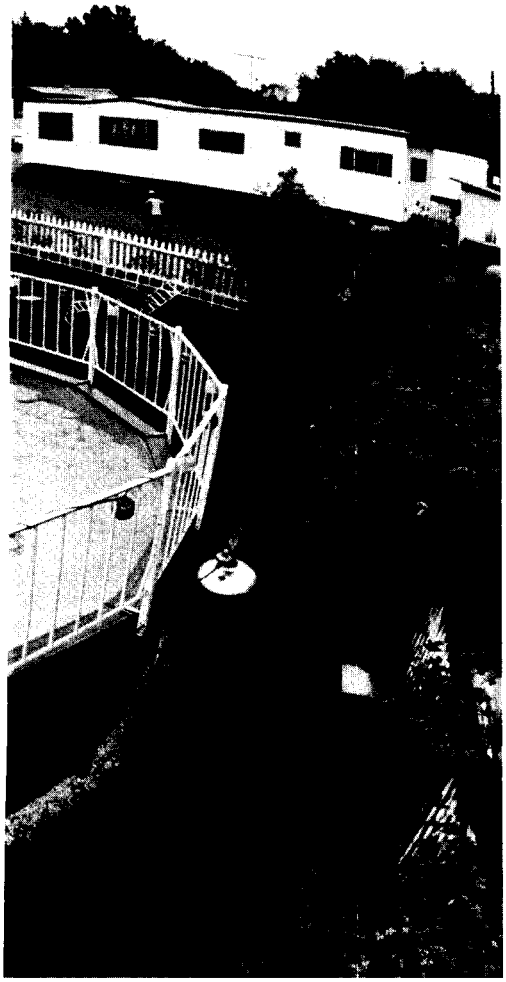

Above, a view of a mobile home park, complete with swimming pool. More than 300 manufacturers turn out half a million units each year, making the industry one of the country's fastest growing. At right, an unusually plush interior.

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had sufficient annual income to afford traditional single-family housing." And in another allusion to the housing squeeze, the report states:

> If the "twice annual income" rule of thumb were applied, at the end of 1969 only 20 per cent of families in the United States could afford to buy the median-priced single-family home, while only a few years ago, 40 per cent could afford to pay the median price current at the time. In the latter 1960s extremely few houses were built for sale at prices less than $15,000, a price that would require an annual income of nearly $8,000. This market was primarily left to the mobile home manufacturers.

Still a clearer answer to the question of who-buys-mobile-homes-and-why was given by one mobile home manufacturer. Asked by an institute researcher what put the industry on the road to large-scale production, he replied: "Some years ago builders just decided to forget about low-income groups. This was our opportunity and we are trying to make the most of it."

So now it is possible to see what this housing "revolution" amounts to, what the country is actually if not consciously achieving. Having consigned the impoverished lowest fifth of the population to urban and rural slums, it is consigning those next up the line from poverty to these prefabricated cubicles that through zoning and other artifices of the legal and realty powers are invariably interdicted from the genteel bastions of the middle and upper-middle classes. It may be true that no one has yet come to think of mobile home parks as lower-middle-class ghettos, but the trends and drifts that will effectively turn them into that are sharply defined and all but unmistakable.

People who live in mobile homes show no signs of being aware of quite the kind of housing "revolution" they have unwittingly joined. In fact, the ones I talked to in Florida and Connecticut and elsewhere seemed no more disgruntled than average Americans. They professed general contentment with their abodes, even when conceding that the interiors had not turned out to be exactly like those in the manufacturer's ads in *Woodall's* directory—those lush, wide-angle color photographs that make a standard twelve-foot-wide job look like some spacious, tapestry-rich nook from the Taj Mahal.

But what most pleased the majority of mobile homers I talked with was the low monthly costs of their way of living. Park rentals, they told me, range from around $40 up to $60 or $70. Directly or indirectly, they tended to disclose the economic forces playing on them. Typical of many others is the comment of one graying matron who tore herself away from the TV in mid-afternoon to be interviewed at the stoop of her sun-baked sixty-footer near Sarasota: "Well, of course, we had a regular house up in Ohio and liked it very much, but would you believe our oil bill up there was almost as high as what we pay for rent down here? So it actually isn't as bad as some people think."

Again and again you hear defensive notes like the one on which she trailed off. And even though most mobile home parks seem to manage to look abandoned in the daytime, with human beings seldom in sight (and with pets and children often prohibited in the "retirement" parks), you hear a good deal of talk about the "outdoor" living that these cubicles supposedly facilitate.

What you don't hear very often is the simple and blunt explanation of why it's all happening. I didn't hear it at all until I was driving along Route 202 in Connecticut and pulled into the Underhill gas station close by the camp or park that E. K. started twenty-five years ago. And listened to E.K. take apart the realty sharks and the zoning lords and others whose aim, he said, seemed to be to "make it a town of rich people, I guess." And watched his cutting blue eyes as he answered my question—How come they *do* live there if they don't prefer it?—by glancing down toward the camp or park that was from that spot just beyond our sight and putting it into language that almost anybody ought to be able to understand:

"Well," E.K. said while his son Bill nodded in concurrence, "they don't have any other place to go."□

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O CANADA!

Is our neighbor to the north becoming the Paris of the Twenties? Not exactly, says a young expatriate. Yet Canada is a good place to grow for those "who have lost hold of nationality."

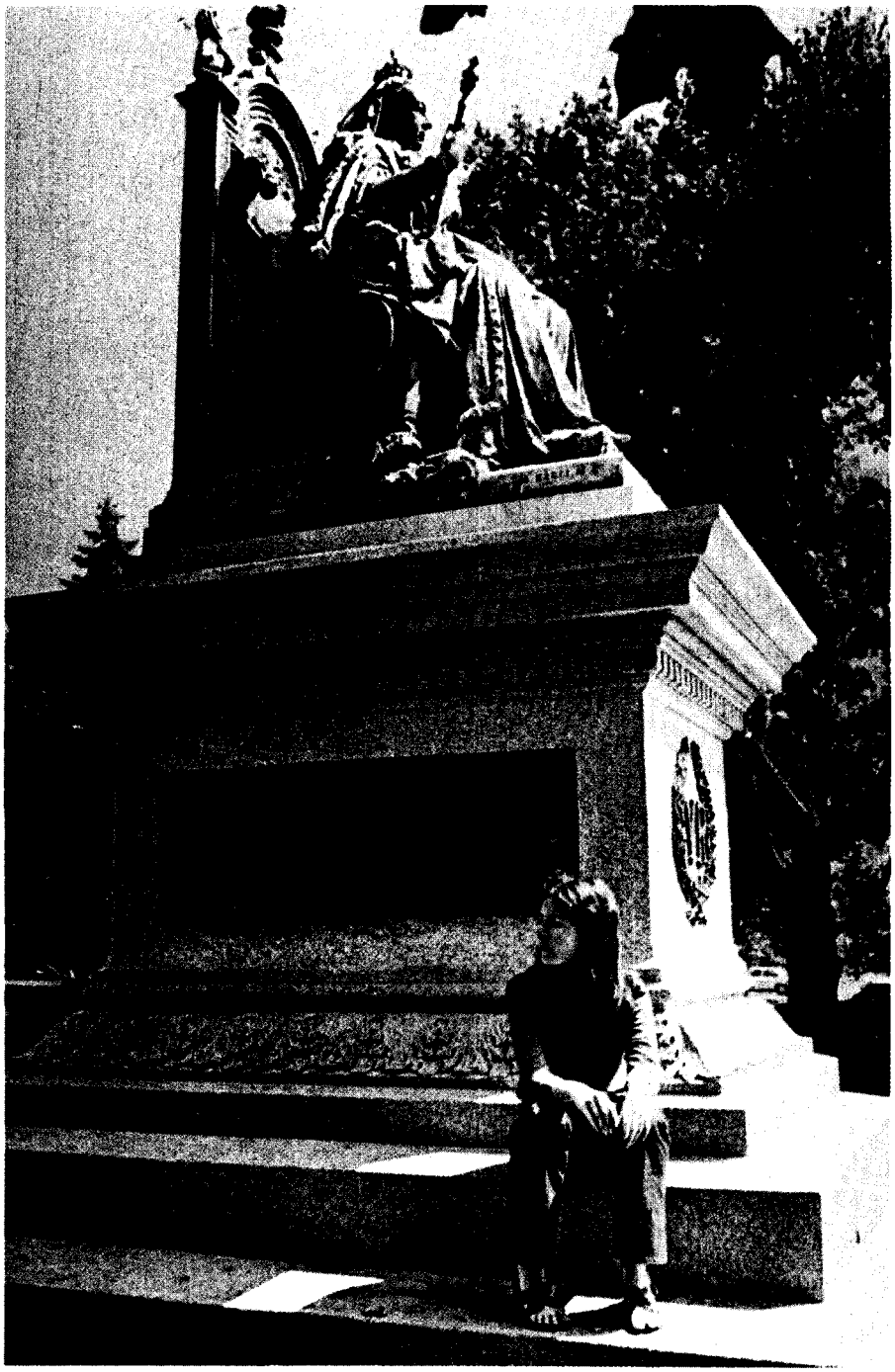
BY VALERIE MINER JOHNSON

While we were drinking beer at the Hart House pub in Toronto last fall, a student wearing a faded Royal Canadian Air Force jacket with a bright-red maple leaf sewn over the breast pocket came over and sat down beside us. We began to talk. About the damned, interminable snow. About work. About the good food in a nearby immigrant district. We mentioned that we were immigrants. He gulped down the foam of a fresh Heidelberg and asked, "Immigrants, where are you from?" We smiled at his sputtering surprise, explaining, "We're immigrants from the States." "Oh," he replied in a more matter-of-fact tone, "you're not *really* immigrants, then."

As American immigrants to Canada, our status is peculiar; it is as if we stepped across an invisible line. Supposedly, Americans are not like other immigrants; America is not like any other country. So people are surprised. They usually laugh. They always ask why. My husband, Web, and I were two of the 24,000 Americans who crossed the forty-ninth parallel in 1970. There are probably 24,000 "whys." These whys mark the real borderline between Canada and the United States, a division of which many Canadians and Americans are oblivious.

Even after immigrating, we were unsure of what the division meant. When we first came to Canada, we were proud of our American identity. Not flag proud, but anti-flag proud. We were expatriates, counterculturists. Not radical chic, perhaps, but radical funky. When people asked where we were from, we answered "Berkeley" as often as "the States." (Of course, Berkeley remains part of the United States on a slight technicality.) Still, in some senses we were unalterably American. We were bored by the *Toronto Star*, no matter how hard we tried not to be. We waited eagerly for Walter Cronkite with the evening news. Panther trials, Supreme Court decisions, school-busing disputes, draft-file fires—it all seemed so much more real than Canadian news. It took a while for the cultural numbness to wear away before we realized how many sentences we prefaced with "In America," and before we recognized that "America" isn't the United States. The United States is the country we had left.

Canada is a refuge for many Americans. It has been so ever since the United Empire Loyalists fled north to



Valerie Miner Johnson immigrated to Canada with her husband in 1970 at the age of twenty-three.

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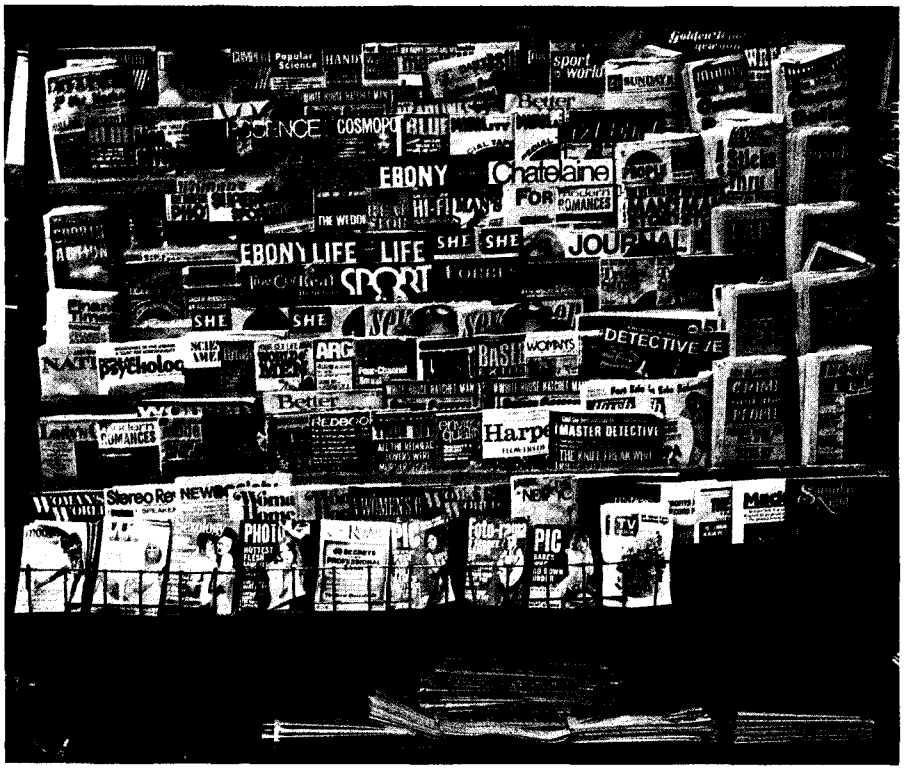
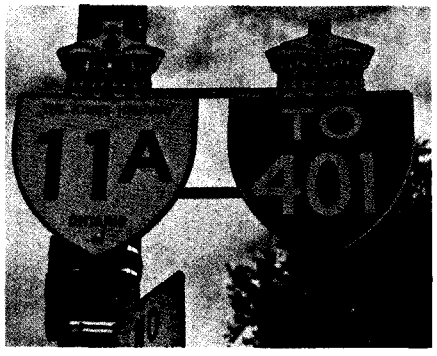
escape the radical blasphemy of the American Revolution. Later blacks sought freedom in Canada via the underground railroad. In these last two decades the country has provided sanctuary for refugees from the McCarthy era and more recently the Selective Service system. Canada is a refuge, perhaps, but somehow not a completely separate country, for many Americans.

Canada lacks distinct identity for Americans. It is that friendly, if somewhat dull, neighbor to the north. That quiet, civilized country on which they can depend without the expense of foreign aid. We all feel comfortable in the similarities: "Toronto is almost as hectic as New York," or, *"The Georgia Straight* [Vancouver's underground newspaper] *is part of the West Coast scene."* We are related by the New World business ethic, by the North American "youth culture," and by the English language and heritage. Meanwhile southern benefactors propose the honor of statehood for Canada's provinces; northern plutocrats appear anxious to accept. Uninformed Canadians and Americans alike are ready to define this country as a faint Xerox copy of the United States. They would consider gray to be an appropriate color for the flag.

But the flag is red and white. We have learned many other lessons these past two years. In fact, Canada felt more and more foreign to us as each of our first days passed. We happened to arrive during one of the first waves of Canadian nationalism, a movement in which distinction from the States is the highest distinction, in which "Canada" is pronounced articulately, syllable by northern syllable. And we are still learning lessons that were circumvented in our history and geography courses. We have begun to understand the influence of "ethnic" Canadians, of *les Canadiens Francais,* and of the Commonwealth as well as of Americanization. Of course, we realize that we will always remain somewhat American, even after we obtain Canadian citizenship, after we raise Canadian children, and after we qualify for Canadian old-age pensions. Being an American immigrant in Canada provides a perspective that differs from those of native Canadians and U.S. citizens who don't leave home. We can see the distinctions.





Canada's "distinctive identity" proved elusive. At left, the author perches beneath the imposing statue of Queen Victoria at Queens Park in Toronto. Above, American magazines dominate a Canadian newsstand, and the British Crown surmounts interprovincial highway signs.

We crossed the border just after our twenty-third birthdays. We both had master's degrees from the University of California at Berkeley; I had studied English literature and journalism while Web was just beginning his Ph.D. in bio-engineering. Ours was a decision to leave the United States as much as one to come to Canada. It was a farewell to the America where we were born, raised, educated, politicized, and alienated to the degree that we had to leave it behind. The reasons for our leaving are clichés by now. They were smeared on protest posters from coast to coast. We carried some of the placards ourselves. But after a while we lost hope in marches, dead-end movements, do-nothing government, and vacuous radical rhetoric. Going to Canada, we believed, was the only positive choice open to us.

I remember the day of our immigration as clearly as yesterday. If I tried, I could never forget the small room where the border officer interviewed us. "Sterile" is the only word to describe that room—the institutional-green walls, the plain wooden furniture, the bare bulb hanging from the ceiling—but it is the wrong word because the room was dusty and the crack in the window was engrained in black. I tried to subdue my nervousness by watching a spider weave its web over the sill. Suddenly the officer-in-charge interrupted my observations, asking for our pedigrees and documenting papers. I don't recall any of his features, the tone of his voice, or the color of his hair. He was expressionless, quite in accordance with the bleak Windsor day. Anyway, I was more concerned with my appearance than his. He seemed impressed with our academic work, our teaching experience, our previous travels, and Web's job offer of an assistantship at the University of Toronto. (We were to learn later that Canada's historical open-door policy may be threatened. The country that once welcomed, even solicited, immigrants from all walks of life to create a labor force is now faced with a 6 per cent jobless rate. Swelling welfare rolls—caused by automation—and a need for the highly skilled have forced the federal government to reconsider its immigration policies; how far the door will be shut has yet to be decided.)

He embarked on the routine questions: "Why do you want to come to Canada?" We told him we had read about the country and visited it before. We wanted to settle here because Canada meant a freer political, social, and ecological environment, and "no, we don't think Canada is Utopia." He listened, with the slightest show of skepticism, as one who is

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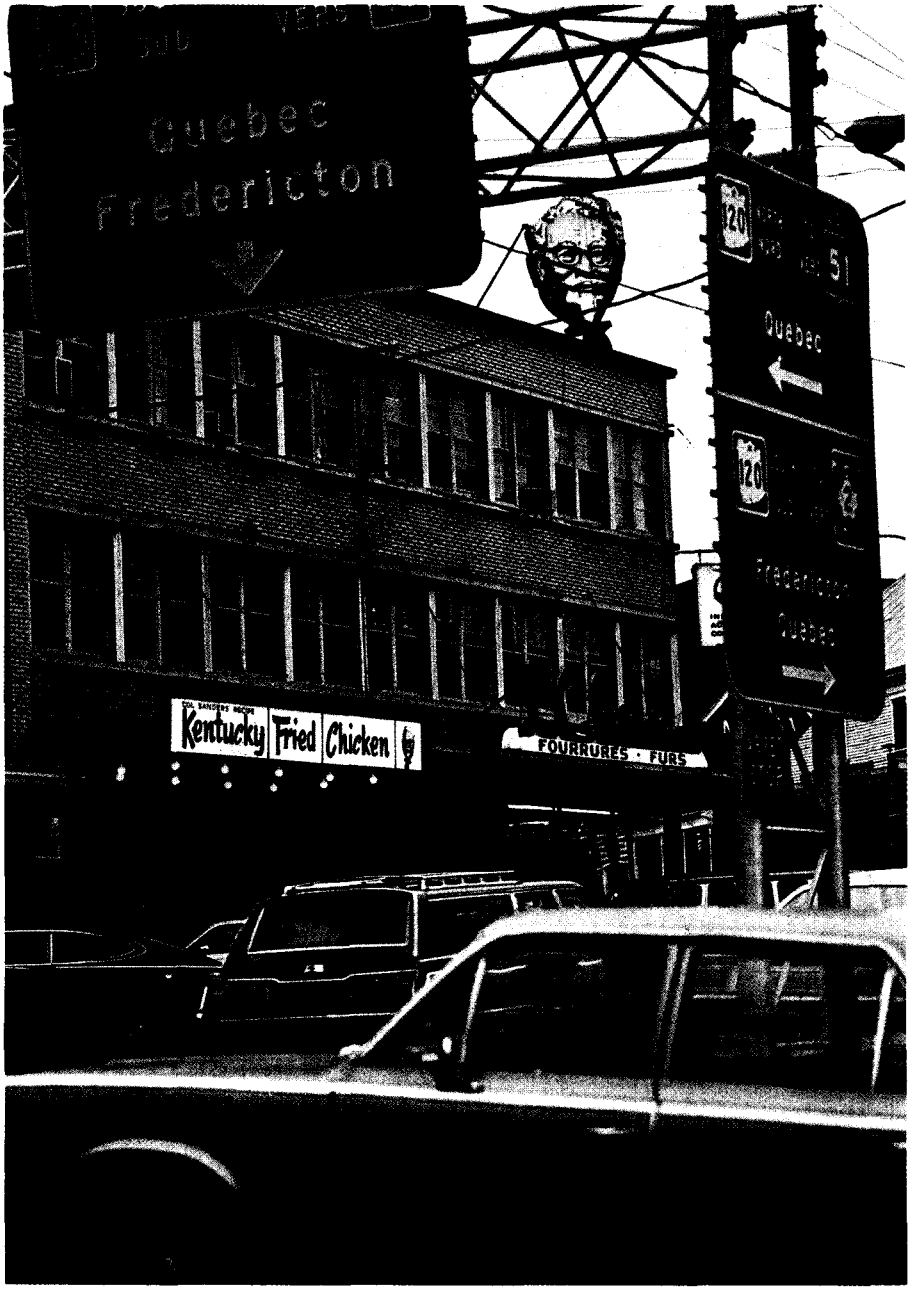
used to cataloguing other people's dreams. Then he left the room for a few, seemingly interminable, minutes. I had time for a dozen worries and then for some more random thoughts. I recalled how my conception of Canada had changed.

When I was a New Jersey girl in a Catholic school, all I knew about Canada was that the country was located somewhere between Alaska and the North Pole and that French missionaries went there to save the Indians. My perspective grew somewhat more sophisticated when my family moved to Seattle. We drove to Vancouver with my dad on business; we visited my Aunt Bella in Victoria. I learned that, when Canada wasn't buried in snow, it *was* drenched in rain. Somehow, Canada was dull. A country with more trees, fewer neon signs, older cars, a lot of Protestants, and people who owed their loyalty to the Queen.

I wondered why Aunt Bella always declined my invitation to become an American citizen. I asked her every time we visited. But Aunt Bella, being more tactful at age seventy than I was at age twelve, just thanked me and mumbled something about her pension check. Nor could I ever understand why Cousin John liked hockey better than baseball. The only other Canadians we knew were the Eckwringles (funny names these Canadians have, I thought). They were such friendly people that I wanted them to become Americans, too. But they also declined the invitation.



"We did not expect the Kentucky Fried Chicken signs [we found in Toronto]," says the author. Nor was she prepared to meet other fellow immigrants—such as the Italian neighbors she met at market in downtown Toronto (below).

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DON NEWLANDS

When I entered Berkeley, Canada assumed the identity of refuge. I met Web, and after a couple of years we considered emigration a way to protest the war—to resist the draft. But it seemed a last resort. Who would choose to live in Canada? It would be so dull. Our friends saw Canada as some sort of U.S. Siberia; it meant cold, bitter exile. Like many kids, we regarded expatriation with the same idealism (and self-righteousness) that had drawn young people to the Peace Corps five years before.

Somewhere between then and now, between Berkeley and Canada, our perspective matured. We learned to approach this new country as more than a one-dimensional political protest. It was fine to be anti-American, but we had to be pro-Canadian in the sense that our move would mean a

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new life in a new country. We learned that Canada is not a better America, but it can only become a better Canada. Although we were not as naïve as those young Americans who thought they were immigrating to a great national park, our ideas were still quixotic. We did not consider Canada Utopia, but something close to it. We were ecstatic that afternoon when the officer gave us our temporary immigration permits.

All dreams surface to morning. Our Canadian morning dawned early. James Cross, the British trade commissioner, was kidnapped the week we arrived. The Minister of Labor and Immigration, Pierre Laporte, was kidnapped and murdered within the month. Shortly thereafter Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau instigated the War Measures Act, which nullified certain basic civil rights in order to preserve public order. We began to understand that Canada festers in its own ironies and injustices. As we took a more critical look at Canada, we were more scornful of ourselves and of our unabashed ideals than of the country itself.

We were also dismayed at how the Canadians rationalized their difficulties by pointing to the fact that the United States had still worse problems. Ironically, this was illustrated to us in terms of a peculiarly Canadian phenomenon: the tension of the "October Crisis."

Canada has long been a refuge. First for Empire loyalists, then blacks, and now opponents of the war.

The War Measures Act was a swift and heavy blow to our new trust. It was a reprehensible breach of civil liberties. Pierre Vallières, the once fiery resident-philosopher of the separatists, had already described Quebeckers in the title of his militant autobiography as *Nègres Blancs d'Amérique*. Now Canadians extended the comparison to riots and police brutality south of the border. While we abhorred the WMA, the Canadian-U.S. analogy was as facile as it was frequent. If Canada was under a temporary restraining order, the United States was, in comparison, under a permanent restraining order. We thought of police-incited violence at Berkeley and other campuses, of the no-knock legislation in Washington, D.C., and of the law-and-order planks across the country. It was too simple to describe Canada as having a "cultural lag," to say that its violence is "just ten years behind that of the States." This is a different country. Why didn't Canadians see that? Why did they try so hard to measure themselves against America?

Certainly we knew about, and felt secure in, the similarities of the two countries. We did not, however, expect similarity to mean Americanization. We did not expect the Kentucky Fried Chicken signs we passed between Windsor and Toronto. On a broader scale, we did not expect Canada to be an American colony. Americans own more than one-half of Canada's manufacturing, mining, and petroleum industries. Americans purchase two-thirds of Canada's exports. And U.S. influence goes beyond the branch plant to the degree of cultural colonialism. Even artists complain about the Americanization of Canadian esthetics, since they must go to New York City or Los Angeles for recognition. Students also protest the Americanization of their universities because of the recent influx of American professors and graduate students. Meanwhile, the media are massively American. The Canadian Broadcasting Corporation carries U.S. programs such as *Sesame Street* and *All in the Family*. Since the sale of Ryerson Press to McGraw-Hill last year, the Canadian publishing industry is virtually U.S.-controlled, while American periodicals crowd out Canadian magazines on the newsstands. Nationalists describe this as the "colonial mentality" against which they are fighting. This is not a comfortable time to be an American in Canada.

Perhaps the most uncomfortable Americans are businessmen doing their stints in Canadian branch plants. As individuals, they reflect the problem of Americanization. We met one such middle-aged, middle-level manager on a train last spring. When he discovered we also were Americans, he spoke to us confidentially about "these crazy nationalistic Canadians." Although some of his "best friends are Canadians," he spends most of his leisure time at the American Club. "I don't understand all this anti-American business," he confided. "After all the money U.S. corporations have poured into this country. After all the jobs we've created. Why, some of the management posts even go to Canadians. But so what if everyone *was* an American. I mean America is a big power. America and Russia. You've got to keep ahead of the Russians, you know. Canadians should be grateful for all the protection we're giving them."

The businessman liked Canada the way it used to be—quiet. So he had requested a transfer back home the month before. "I don't want my kids to lose their American heritage. I guess what finally made us decide to go back was a hockey game between the Maple Leafs and the Boston Bruins. When the crowd booed the American flag, Sophie, my little girl, started to cry. 'Why are they booing our flag, Daddy?' she asked me. And I couldn't tell her."

Similarly, many young Americans remain insulated from Canadian temperaments. They settle in what are called "Amexile" communities. These communities can be real neighborhoods, where expatriates live together, or simply projects such as antidraft-counseling agencies or exile newspapers, which draw Americans together during the working day. However, in both situations, "community" is stretched beyond its usual definition. While there is often camaraderie in protest, expatriates can be a diverse lot: the sons and daughters of West Virginia coal miners, of Delaware DuPontmen, of California city managers. Expatriates are radical, apolitical, Democratic, and even Republican. Among the war resisters, deserters are often alienated from draft dodgers (the latter generally being more formally educated and more ideological in their protest). Many of those who settle in Amexile communities and who choose Canada solely because of alienation from the States return home to go underground. Expatriating to Toronto in the Seventies isn't as idyllic as it was in Paris in the Twenties. To Canadians, these Amexile communities can be as offensive as the executives' American Clubs. They object when immigrants are more concerned with being "un-American" than with being Canadian.

Although we do not work for a branch plant or live in an insular American community, we have gradually come to feel the guilt of Americanization. We had friends who were accepting immigrant student grants with no intention of becoming citizens. I realized in a class I was teaching how American my prejudices were. All the books I recommended were American. Once, when interviewing a member of the Canadian Parliament, I asked him how his "Congress" would vote on a particular issue. Others had committed more heinous "Amerisins;" for instance, the publisher who produced a Canadian history text with a picture of Abraham Lincoln on the cover.

Canadians respond to us in a confusion of approbation and disbelief. "*Why* did *you* come to *Canada*?" The inflections differ. The tone is downright incredulous when the immigrant is a Californian trying to survive midwinter Toronto. Canadians are confident that their country is purer and better, that their compatriots are more decorous. But despite Canada's undisputed decency, despite such stigmata

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as American imperialism, there exists among Canadians a latent longing for the surrealistic American life-style. Even if the bright lights of Broadway and the warm, clean sands of California are myths, it would be more fun for them if there were such Canadian myths. In an exaggerated analogy, Canadians think of themselves as humble court clerics and of Americans as the court jesters. It may not be as virtuous to be an American, but it's a hell of a lot more entertaining.

The strongest reinforcement for the Canadians' mediocrity complex is not the Americans' sense of superiority but their indifference. Their disregard is evinced by arrogant tourists as well as by friendly letters. We camped in the Maritime Provinces last summer, shrinking behind our Ontario license plates lest anyone identify us with the ignorant American visitors. At the Halifax tourist bureau we stood behind a woman who asked for a map of "downtown Canada." On Cape Breton Island we met an Ohioan who unfurled a large American flag wherever he parked his oversized trailer. Certainly the gauche American tourist is legend, but somehow he seems more bumbling, more American in Canada.

Our friends still don't understand why we came to Canada. Despite the testament of our letters and phone calls, most of them envision Canada as a very dull place. They are sure that someday we will "come back home." And their sense of Canadian geography is appalling to us in our comfortable hindsight. Of course, they are no different from most U.S. citizens. In a recent American poll the majority thought French was Canada's national language.

This gross ignorance would not be so hard to swallow if Canadians did not take such a strong daily dose of the U.S.A. In grade school children take thorough courses in American geography; some of them memorize the fifty state capitals (a project on which I could offer no help). In Canadian universities students majoring in English take required courses in American literature; yet before I immigrated I couldn't name one Canadian novelist. People here can, in ordinary conversation, drop city names and highway routes throughout the States. There are cults of Florida winter people in Montreal, of the young who have hitchhiked from Gastown, Vancouver, to Telegraph Avenue in Berkeley. Canadians are aware of, and concerned about, the United States, especially about such exploits as the American underground nuclear tests at Amchitka in Alaska. On the other hand, Richard Nixon, last November, thanked Japan for being America's primary source of trade. As any first-year economics student (on this side of the fence) can tell you, Canada is America's chief trading partner.

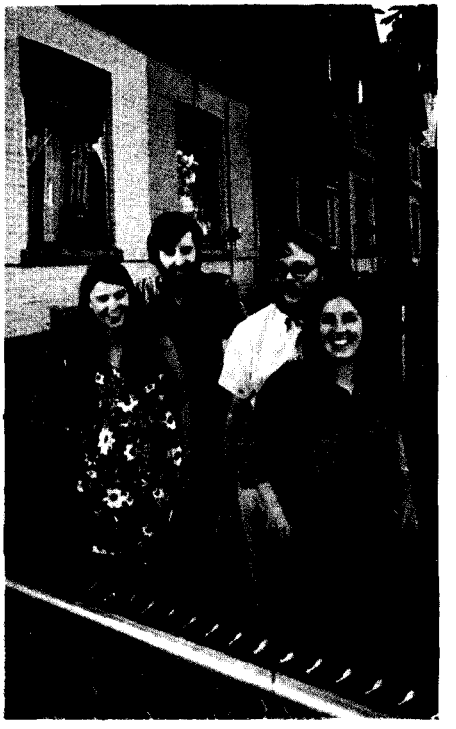
It is one thing to feel too American and quite another to adopt Canadian nationalism. The diverse and splintered movement ranges from anti-Americanism to xenophobia. Members of the New Democratic party want to nationalize American industries. The Canadian Radio and Television Commission requires 30 per cent Canadian content in radio musical programing and 60 per cent in TV prime-time programing. The Canadian Liberation Movement demands that universities hire 85 per cent Canadian faculties. We can easily support anti-Americanism and the independence of Canadian identity. But we cannot abide by the "Canada is beautiful" sloganeers who grope for national heritage at any cost: "The man is a *Canadian* artist; therefore, we should appreciate his work." In this extreme, the movement verges on stridency. Our caution is bred of experience, of knowing American national pride manifest in witch hunts and wars. At a time when U.S. prestige is crumbling, when the dollar is declining, one would think it wiser for Canadians to watch smugly and wait, rather than to run about frenetically pasting maple leaves where stars and stripes dare to show.

But we have experienced two separate North Americas. Indeed, Canada's distinctions from the United States—its newness and openness—bespeak the country's future. On a political level, Canada is less galvanized. Canadians support a viable third party, the socialist New Democrats, who govern Manitoba and Saskatchewan. On a personal level, there is less hustle and tension here, less polarization between parents and children, less congestion in the cities, and less ravagement of the countryside. Canadians have a larger sense of individual freedom. This is evident in their reluctance to conform to a patriotic everyman, in the tenacity of their regional and ethnic identities.

Regionalism supersedes any sympathy for nationalism. There remains here a "states rights" sort of attitude that climaxed south of the border 100 years ago. Canada's East and West are more segregated than their equivalents in the United States, perhaps because there is no midwest here to neutralize the identity (Manitobans, Saskatchewaners, and Albertans call themselves Westerners). Toronto is East, although it is 1,000 miles from the Atlantic Ocean. Winnipeg, 3,000 miles from the Pacific Ocean, is West.

This factionalism has both economic and cultural roots. The unique separation of Quebeckers is familiar, even to Americans. But it goes beyond that.

We were proud of our American identity. Not flag proud, but antiflag proud. We were expatriates.



The author (and husband, Web), at right, with the young Canadian couple with whom they share a flat in Toronto. "Our friends still don't understand why we came."

Regional disparities loom large. While Maritimers battle Maine men for fishing rights on the Atlantic coast, Ontarians politic for good Canadian-U.S. auto pacts. The prairie provincers feel as alienated from Vancouver's alfresco life-style as from the business ethic of Montreal, Hamilton, and Toronto. Toronto has an identity all its own. Most Canadians regard the city with the same antipathy that Americans reserve for New York. Toronto is Canada's unofficial capital, certainly the real capital in terms of business and academia. Slurred from West to East as "Trawna," Toronto is a city of self-satisfied stockbrokers fuming noxious cigar smoke at the rest of the country.

Provincial allegiance is legally fortified. The British North America Act grants far less federal power than the U.S. Constitution. For example, each of the provinces standardizes its own educational system. Manitobans finish high school at grade eleven, Albertans at grade twelve, Ontarians at grade thirteen. Aside from the obstacles of attending a university or of establishing

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a profession away from home, Canadians are culturally wary of moving to a "foreign" province.

There are certain British influences, such as the English language and the reverence of the Queen, that at times seem to unify the nation, but perhaps what sustains this country as Canadian, rather than as American or as British, is the French undercurrent. The current is stronger than we expected. It runs from Quebec through the entire country. Last summer we traveled the John Cabot Trail in Nova Scotia. As we rounded the northwest corner, the countryside became *la campagne*. Suddenly we were in Acadian territory. Grocery was *épicerie*; bakery was *boulangerie*, and we had a difficult time buying whole-wheat bread. I ordered in broken French and wound up with an unwanted loaf of *pain blanc*. The village of Petit Etang seemed poorer than the hamlets on the Scottish side of the island, and the people seemed less friendly. But there was a barrier to our understanding Petit Etang, a linguistic one. I am convinced that knowing French is an integral part of being Canadian.

Perhaps the French influence is Canada's salvation from the unkind legacies of the American hardsell and the English chancery. When outsiders imagine life in Toronto, they visualize pallid Britons in coal-gray buildings, stoking the last dim fires of the Empire. The imaginings about Montreal are different. They conjure up a sparkling port city, where French tastes are pampered at sidewalk cafés. However extreme the caricatures, the two traditions do set different tones and support the separatists' argument about the impossibility of harmony.

We were not prepared for the degree of bitterness between the English and the French. While the analogy with U.S. racial strife is an overstatement, the parallels extend into the very vocabulary of segregation. Canadians describe the French and English as "the two founding *races*." Some Anglos still insult the French by telling them to "speak white." Throughout Quebec, as well as in "English Canada," economic tradition identifies the Anglos as the big businessmen and bankers and the French as the laborers and small shopkeepers. In a broader spectrum, the English government has directed the country's history. For instance, the French opposed conscription during both world wars. Montreal's mayor was interned in 1940 for denouncing military registration; Pierre Trudeau is one of the era's better-known draft dodgers. The recent emergence of "Frog Power" and the growing strength of the separatist *Parti Québecois* as well as the terrorism of the Quebec Liberation Front underline the poignant title of Hugh MacLennan's famous novel *Two Solitudes*.

I view separatism through prismlike confusion. I appreciate the spirit of independence; yet I hope for reconciliation. As an American who came to Canada for some semblance of personal autonomy, I must grant freedom to those who demand it. Thus, the determined choice of Quebeckers would be more crucial to me than the legality or the economic feasibility of secession. Certainly, the French are already separated by language, culture, and a sense of injustice (pointed up by the irony of a country that acknowledges its bilingualism on cereal boxes rather than in the classrooms). As a future Canadian citizen, however, I hope that secession never occurs, because I would rue the loss of that dimension of Canadian identity.

Of course, Canada is not just French and English. The "ethnic" immigrants (the Italians, Ukrainians, Germans, Portuguese, and Poles) add a third distinction to Canadian life. More than two million such immigrants have come into Canada's population of twenty-two million since World War II ended. Their impact is especially felt in the big cities. They are called "New Canadians" rather than "immigrants" from the day they arrive. Canada's composition, theoretically at least, is a mosaic rather than a melting pot.

Last year we lived in a Portuguese district; this year we live in an Italian neighborhood. Now we know why the young man in the Hart House pub said we are not "*real* immigrants." The point can be proved by taking a stroll through our neighborhood. The evening heat brings everyone out on front porches. The men are usually standing, their short bodies tokenly clad in v-neck undershirts and wrinkled wash-and-wear slacks. The women, in perpetual mourning for husbands, brothers, and uncles, sit pinched inside black habits. A photograph of the porch would be as much a classic of New-Canadian domesticity as *American Gothic* is of WASP rural life.

There is an almost unseeming romance about living among the colors and smells and sounds of a downtown neighborhood. These post-World War I dwellings string out, one, two, three, four, sometimes fifteen or sixteen attached in a row. Last year on Robert Street Manuel Neto, who owned his house, lived with his wife and two daughters on the ground floor. We lived on the second floor. The Valeras from Uruguay—Guadalupe, Margueritta, and Lupe—lived in the three rooms above us. We would meet one another briefly, on the way to the washroom, on the way out the door. We did not become great friends, but we shared small experiences. We congregated only twice: once at Christmas and once to compare slides of our countries. On both occasions we communicated in a babble of English, French, Portuguese, and Spanish.

Such ethnic diversity in the States has been diluted by the second and third generations. Whether it has been suburbanized or simply lost in the machinery of American cities, I can't say. Here the immigrants are strongly felt. We have never known an American city as cosmopolitan as Toronto.

The open-air booths in Kensington Market are piled high with fresh fruits and vegetables. Pinching and tasting are a respected part of the game. The smells from the Jewish, Rumanian, and Italian bakeries mingle with the people in the street, and a Bavarian polka plays loudly from the old phonograph in the German draperer's stall. The market is forever crowded with short, dark-skinned men, round, clear-skinned women, and children who are their exact miniatures.

On first comparison, we may not seem like these *real* immigrants. On reflection, their presence tells us much about our own. Our dreams are similar, dreams of freedom and renewal, though perhaps we have awakened to different realities. Certainly, we have awakened from Utopia. We now know that Canada is not the fresh flower grown from the American compost heap. This country suffers its own injustices. But in Canada's development, especially in the growing independence, we sense a potential that we would like to be our own.

The potential is social, political, and ecological. We appreciate the regional and ethnic diversity, the viability of a socialist third party, and the sheer space of the country. While Canada does not embody all the answers that the States lacks, it does bespeak potential solution rather than dissolution. As young immigrants, this potential is all we can want.

We may be immigrants, but we can never be Canadians. Like other people of our time, we have lost hold of nationality. We are no longer bound by the vertical heritage of a nation, but by the horizontal spirit of a generation. People of this ethic have an extranational allegiance to "social change" or "revolution." It is possible to work such rhetoric into reality in Canada. We do not have to "love it or leave it." We can grow with the country and contribute to it without being compromised, something we could not do in the United States, and such distinctions mark the border. □

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THE QUESTION OF PRESIDENTIAL CHARACTER

Neither the war nor the economy is the key campaign issue, says a noted political scientist, but rather the character of the next President. The author examines the pasts of Richard Nixon and George McGovern to determine how well each candidate would perform in office.

BY JAMES DAVID BARBER

The next President of the United States is the grandson of western pioneers and the son of a father out of the hell-fire-and-damnation Methodist tradition. His family endured hard times in their modest white-frame house, but eventually, as a young man in his early thirties, he won election to the House of Representatives. His parents, small-town, middle-class Republicans, were pleased when the boy turned out to be a topflight student, a champion debater, a passable pianist and play-actor, and they were content that he could live at home while attending college. Compared with his younger brother, who was forever getting into minor scrapes, he was somewhat withdrawn—especially with girls—but he found a way to popularity and was repeatedly elected president of his college class. Never much of an athlete himself, he became an avid sports fan and today enjoys watching a good pro football game on television. After service overseas in World War II and years of arduous graduate study, he tried out several different fields of work before embarking on a political career. He won his first race for Congress against apparently insuperable odds, unseating a long-term incumbent in a campaign featuring a flurry of soft-on-Communism charges. As a young congressman he became identified with the liberal wing of his party and acquired a reputation as a hard worker with a mind of his own. His political career was launched. Elected to the U.S. Senate after two terms in the House, he quickly established himself as a national figure with presidential potential.

Such was George McGovern—and Richard Nixon.

Those who think the "facts" of a man's life—his social class, professional experience, and educational background—speak for themselves are going to have a hard time evaluating the 1972 presidential nominees. Their superficial biographies are just too similar to be of much help in making a choice. It is safe to predict that from next January to 1977, our President will be a middle-class ex-senator with advanced education who climbed rapidly up the traditional political ladder. Nevertheless, we sense that there are profound differences between President Nixon and Senator McGovern—differences of character—that belie these superficial resemblances.

They do differ, of course, on the issues. But the issues and the candidates' stands on them come and go. (In 1964 Johnson won election as a dove against a hawkish Goldwater; four years later Nixon's free-enterprise economics contrasted with Humphrey's support of price controls.) What persists is the slow shift of national directions, which a President can advance or retard. To move the country forward, a President must excel in the art of political leadership. Such an ability requires, first and foremost, that his character be attuned to the possibilities of the office and to the temper of the times. It requires, in short, a "presidential" character. And on the level of character, Nixon and McGovern are about as dissimilar as any two candidates could be—a fact that McGovern himself has noted. "I can't think of anyone," he recently said, "who is more of an antithesis of me than Richard Nixon."

They do, however, share certain traits. Clearly, both men are activists. They believe the President must be an energizing force and practice that belief in their daily lives. McGovern complains when his schedulers get him to an airport ten minutes early with nothing to do. Nixon's every vacation is a working one. But the term "activist" is surely too broad to tell us much about the character of our next President, especially since the demands of the office are so great today that an essentially passive man like Calvin Coolidge, who often slept eleven hours a night and still found time for a midday nap, would scarcely be able to deal with them.

History shows, however, that activist Presidents tend to divide into two opposite types, which I have termed active-positive and active-negative. Active-positive Presidents—recent examples are Franklin D. Roosevelt, Harry Truman, and John Kennedy—experience the office as an opportunity not only to implement social reform but to fulfill themselves personally. They value productiveness highly and adopt flexible approaches toward achieving their goals. They exude confidence and the sense of enjoying the power of the presidency. And, as it happens, Presidents who *like* to do what a President *has* to do are far better able than their opposites to make the American governmental mule move forward.

By contrast, active-negative Presidents—Lyndon Johnson, Herbert Hoover, and Woodrow Wilson, for example—start out strong and flexible but wind up defeated and rigid. They experience in the office a basic contradiction between intense effort and low emotional reward for that effort. In fact, the harder they work, the worse they feel. They are the hyperambitious, compulsive, endure-today-to-enjoy-tomorrow types. Deeply unsure of themselves, they feel aggressive and suspicious toward those around them. And even though active-negative Presidents often come across as adroit political realists, they eventually endanger themselves and perhaps even the country by taking a stand on "principle" and sticking to it regardless of the consequences. Such a stand cost Wilson his League of Nations, lost Hoover his humanitarian reputation, and sent Lyndon Johnson back to his ranch prematurely.

Richard Nixon's nearly four years in office confirm, I think, his place among active-negative Presidents.

For George McGovern, of course, there is much less evidence to go on, but in my judgment his character closely resembles those of past active-positive Presidents. Both cases become clearer, I think, when we step back from today's news and look at these men as whole human beings—persons like the rest of

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James David Barber is the author of a current book entitled The Presidential Character: Predicting Performance in the White House.

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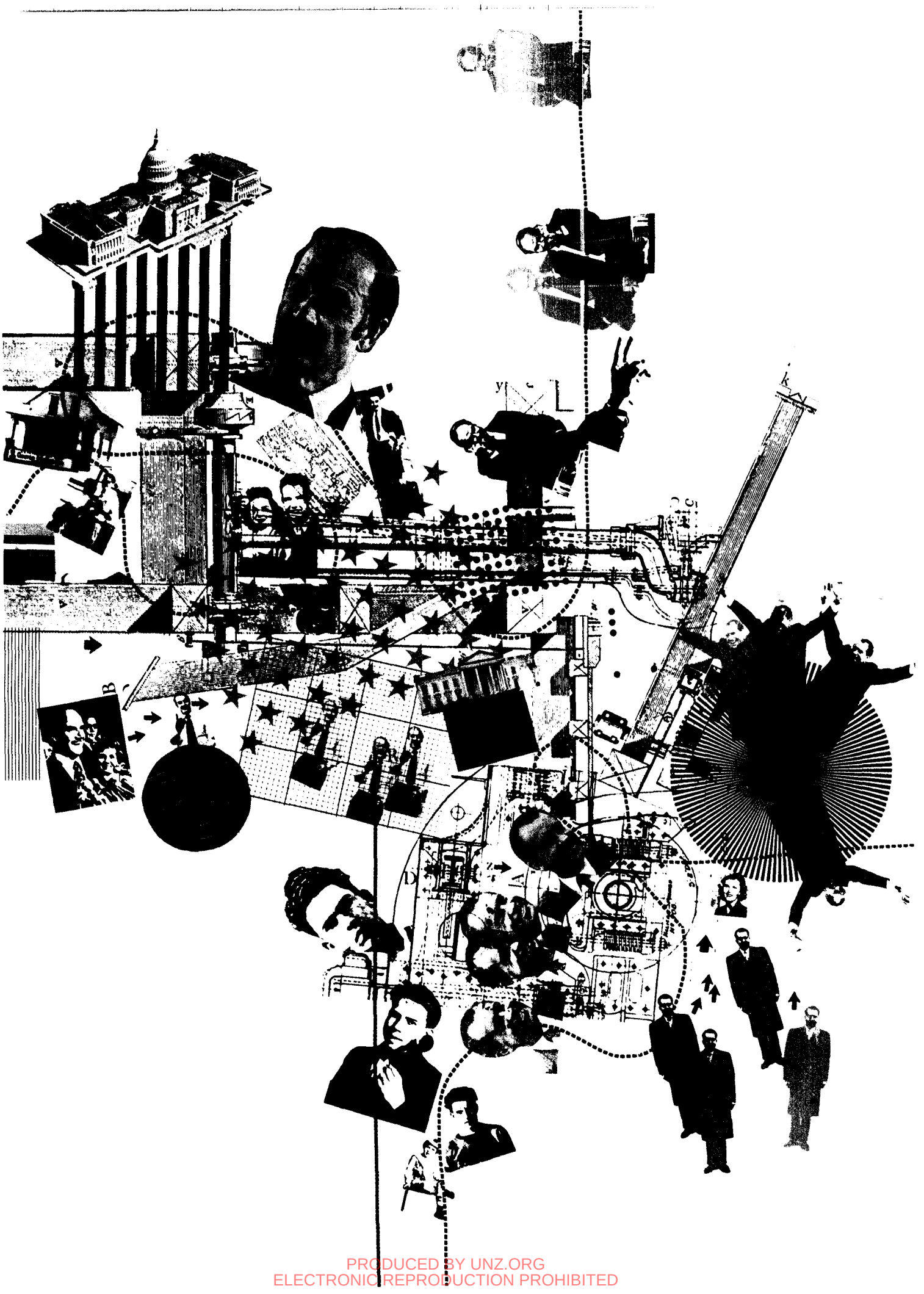

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us whose basic characters were formed a long time ago.

As a law student in the Thirties, Richard Nixon was known as "Gloomy Gus." Last January, when a reporter asked Nixon whether he enjoyed being President, he replied: "Well, in terms of all the trappings of office, all the power of office, that does not appeal to me. I must say I don't particularly enjoy the struggle with the bureaucracy, the press, and all that. But what I do like about the job is the possibility, in the brief time I have, of doing something that someone else might not have been able to do. . . . Just the way the cards happen to fall I may be able to do things which can create a new structure of peace in the world. To the extent that I am able to make progress toward that goal, I would very thoroughly enjoy that job. But if you put it in terms of 'Do you enjoy the job in terms of the everyday battles?'—no, not particularly. I could do without a lot of that."

There are many similar personal testimonies to the fact that Nixon experiences his political life as painful and tense, earnest but sad, worthwhile only because the effort may produce some good. At the time of his recent Moscow trip one of the television networks ran the film clip of his famous "Kitchen Debate" with Premier Khrushchev in 1959. There was Nixon, smiling and apparently serene while the Soviet premier mocked and insulted him. But, as he wrote later in *Six Crises*, Nixon was really under heavy strain: He was "walking on eggs," trying "to restrain myself time and time again from expressing views I deeply felt and wanted to get across," feeling "like a fighter wearing sixteen-ounce gloves and bound by Marquis of Queensbury rules, up against a bare-knuckled slugger who had gouged, kneed, and kicked."

As he has often said of himself, Nixon is a pessimist and a person plagued by doubt and tension when he approaches a big decision. Deciding whether to take on a crisis is "far more difficult than the test itself," an experience that "takes a heavy toll mentally, physically, and emotionally," the part that "tears your insides out." Only "tough, grinding discipline" can carry one through the test.

George McGovern is not much given to such confessions. On one occasion a reporter asked him, "Aren't you a little intimidated at the prospect of being President of the United States?" "No," he answered, "as a matter of fact, I'm thrilled at the prospect." The reporter pressed on: "As exhausting physically and emotionally as it certainly is going to be, do you dread or look forward to the next fifteen months of campaigning?" To which came the reply, "I think it will be a very zestful experience."

The point is not only that McGovern seems much more positive as he looks toward his future but also that, unlike Nixon, he is rarely preoccupied with the tension, pain, and doubt of life. Indeed, McGovern insists that he enjoys politics a great deal. The part of the game he finds "the most fun" is "the development of ideas and issues," but like Harry Truman he can wind up the most grueling day of political labors—twelve hours of meetings and greetings—calm and fresh.

McGovern's good feelings about his job come out in his humor. No Adlai Stevenson, he belongs to the cornball school of political wit, though his writers occasionally invent a swift line. Significant as a sign of character, however, is the fact that he can—and often does—laugh at himself, in marked contrast to the aggressive humor of an active-negative type such as Richard Nixon or Lyndon Johnson. "Some people say I'm too decent to be President," McGovern told one audience, "but I've got members of my staff working on a list of my inadequacies." And in the midst of the Eagleton crisis early last month, he could remark with a smile, "I don't say it's been a perfect campaign." Over and over he relates stories of his own campaign stumbles—his habit of forgetting names and places, for example. He is not above poking fun at other eminences of the political world but ends up the butt of most of his own jokes.

> The danger is that some day Richard Nixon may transform a passing crisis into a permanent disaster.

Again like the other active-positives, McGovern does not seem to mind sounding sentimental; as when he said after the Democratic Convention that "the great effort to win this nomination was a concrete demonstration of the power of love . . . a labor of love." Neither does he hesitate to let people know that he really enjoyed (and saw repeatedly) such maudlin films as *The Sound of Music* and *Doctor Zhivago*, that he enjoys mundane tasks like cleaning out his swimming pool, that he took pleasure in retiling the kitchen floor to cheer up his wife at a time when she felt low. Both the humor and the sentimentality underline McGovern's basic self-esteem. One need not defend every little outpost of the personality if the central fortress is secure.

McGovern's cool, his frequent assertions of self-confidence (once he compared himself with Charles de Gaulle in this regard), and his undramatic public demeanor can irritate staffers concerned about some campaign crisis. And it is true that McGovern's cool can often be a kind of blindness, a typical active-positive myopia that makes such a rationally oriented man unable to see and deal with the daimonic and irrational in politics. It evidently did not occur to him that Senator Eagleton could forget or conceal his medical history, or that various shufflings of votes at the Democratic Convention (such as the sudden shift of tactics in the credentials fight over the South Carolina delegation) could be construed as a somewhat disingenuous maneuver. Roosevelt, Truman, and Kennedy had the same trouble, leaving behind a good deal of political wreckage as they tramped blithely along. Often they had to stop at inconvenient moments and pick up the pieces.

Like his active-positive predecessors, McGovern tends to skate along the top of many a crisis, not exactly oblivious, but selective in his involvements. "I think I have a steady dependable temperament, as well as a sense of history and some degree of imagination," he says. He stresses the larger continuities in his life—his long-standing opposition to the war, for example, rather than his occasional backings and fillings on the issue, or his deeply felt indignation over poverty amidst affluence, rather than the details of his welfare plans.

That sense of continuity stands in marked contrast to Nixon's feeling that life is just one damn thing after another. He sees his experiences as an irregular series of peaks and nadirs, each a unique and novel break with the past, and describes them in superlatives ranging from "the most exciting day of my life" down to "the worst experience of my life." His political career, Nixon recalls, "has been one of very sharp ups and downs." The fact that he chose to write his book about six unconnected personal crises is a broad clue to his vision of the way life unfolds.

Nixon's political style—his penchant for surprise, for example—reflects a need to create these abrupt breaks in his career. In form, each crisis follows a set pattern—the initial decision to become involved in it, then a time of intense preparation, then the sudden psychological release provided by some decisive act, and finally a letdown period. But the content and direction of a Nixon crisis is essentially unpredictable. If McGovern's life is a prevailing wind, Nixon's is stormy weather, now from the east, now from the west.

There is another significant contrast between the two candidates' styles of leadership. A great deal of politics concerns decisions about what we (the

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people, the Congress, the media) should be attending to these days—and a President's character helps determine the choices he makes. Richard Nixon, much like Wilson, Hoover, and Johnson, most often has his mind focused on himself. In the midst of his speech revealing the invasion of Cambodia in 1970, Nixon took time to discuss its possible effects on his chances in an election more than two years away. He explained his course of action—taken nearly on his own—as though he were a lone ranger mounting a one-man attack on an Indian camp: "I knew the stakes that were involved. I knew the division that would be caused in this country. I also knew the problems internationally. I knew the military risks. . . . I made this decision. I believe it was the right decision. I believe it will work out. If it doesn't, then I'm to blame."

Throughout his writings and speeches Nixon makes himself the central character. He saw the Haynsworth and Carswell defeats as assaults on his presidential authority, the trips to Peking and Moscow as triumphs of personal diplomacy. In these self-dramatizations Nixon becomes part of his audience, perpetually watching and correcting his own performance and managing his feelings. Here is Nixon at the airport in Caracas during his tense South American tour in 1958: "The minute I stepped off the airplane, while getting the salute, I cased the place. (I always do that when I walk out.) I looked it all over and watched the kind of crowd, thinking, where will I make an unscheduled stop, where will we move out and shake hands and so forth . . . we walked down the steps from the airplane, and I quickly made a few mental notes and decisions. As we trooped the line I decided not to wave to the crowd, but to ignore it since they were showing disrespect for their flag and their national anthem as well as ours."

It is impossible to imagine George McGovern being so self-conscious about the way he projects himself. Like Nixon, he was a college actor (Richard in the Thirties drama *Bird in Hand*, George in a play called *When Stars Shine*), but there the similarity ends. Nixon's speech in acceptance of the presidential nomination in 1968 has a long autobiographical passage about his fulfillment of "an impossible dream." McGovern's 1972 acceptance speech contains barely a whisper of self-revelation. McGovern's attention moves outward from himself to the world beyond; like Roosevelt, Truman, and Kennedy, he prefers to talk about the way things are, not about who he is. Nor is he much concerned, as Nixon is, with asserting and defending his own power, dignity, and manhood. With the invasion of Cambodia, the Vietnam War became for Nixon a matter of pride versus humiliation—the "pitiful, helpless giant" theme. McGovern has said he is ready to go to Hanoi and "beg" for a settlement. McGovern stood back and smiled when Lawrence O'Brien upstaged him at a Washington press conference after the convention; partying later in the Black Hills, he was to be found over on the sidelines in a group sing. In a political crisis such as the Eagleton mess or his 1960 senatorial defeat, McGovern's habit is to get busy bucking up his staff rather than brooding over his own fate. By way of contrast, when Ike was considering dropping Nixon from the Republican ticket in 1956, the then Vice-President was, in his own words, "thrown into another period of agonizing indecision" in which "the tension dragged on" as he went through "some intense soul-searching."

Nixon's preoccupation with himself reflects, to a degree, his training as a lawyer. He perceives his enemies (Voorhis, Hiss, Khrushchev, et al.) with great vividness, much as opposing adversaries must view each other in a courtroom showdown. But when he thinks of larger groups of people and their purposes, he tends toward abstraction: "Frankly most people are mentally and physically lazy." "The American people generally cast their role in the world as an idealistic role and not as a pragmatic role." "We must have the lift of a driving dream." What is missing in his response to people is a sense of the concreteness of human experience. And when Nixon does try to establish a more intimate connection with others, he often fails miserably. At the time of the antiwar demonstration in Washington following the invasion of Cambodia, he attempted to engage young demonstrators at the Lincoln Memorial with talk of football and surfing. "Have a good time in Washington and don't go away bitter," he told these student activists in parting.

> McGovern's cool can often be a kind of blindness, an inability to see the daimonic and irrational in politics.

Historian McGovern resists generalization. Ideologues of differing persuasions are nearly always disappointed when they try to get him to link his policy ideas together to develop a model of America and its future. Like FDR, who used to tell his wife to look at clotheslines in mining camps to determine how people were faring, McGovern focuses on the concrete experience of individuals: the farmer he knew whose land blew away, the woman wiped out by medical bills, the immigrant who wrote him that his candidacy gave her a reason to become an American citizen.

The roots of these contrasts in the characters of Nixon and McGovern can be traced back to their early days. From that long perspective, Nixon's pessimism and his crisis-haunted view of life can be partially explained by several traumatic childhood experiences, including at least three near-fatal injuries and illnesses, the sudden deaths of two brothers, the prolonged absence of his mother, and a growing awareness of the family's severe economic insecurity. Within the family young Richard developed strong ties to his mother, whose emotional restraint forbade her even the feeling of anger, much less its expression. On the other hand, his father, Frank Nixon, was, in the description of a local preacher, "brusque, loud, dogmatic, strong-willed, emotional, and impatient." The contrast thrust Richard into a mediator role, not only in practical terms but, more importantly, in emotional terms. He took the part of the responsible son, adapting his mood now to his mother's long silences, now to his father's diatribes. In that highly charged atmosphere he struggled to pattern himself after both parents; there was little room for developing an identity of his own. It was a difficult childhood. From it Richard Nixon learned the wariness he has practiced all his life, the importance of controlling his feelings and projecting them with great care.

The crucial difference in George McGovern's early years was space—emotional space for the children to move around in. Although there was some dislocation of the general serenity in the household—the family moved to Canada when George was four, then back to South Dakota to stay—Joseph McGovern had a steady, respectable job throughout the Depression as a Methodist minister. There were rules in that family, strict ones, about proper behavior. (George's favorite sin was to sneak off to the movies, a dark, secret place much like the elaborate "cave" the children built by burrowing into the foundations of an abandoned house.) But Joseph McGovern, for all his fundamentalist beliefs, was tolerant of other viewpoints, and his wife, twenty years his junior, was even more so.

Above all else, McGovern recalls, his father taught the children the importance of "making the best use of your time. He said you couldn't make the best use of your time if you were going to live by fear. That was his message to me: I couldn't be the kind of person who would let fear get me down." More important than any paternal instruction, however, was the fact that the children knew they were loved and approved of. They were expected to behave them-

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selves, but old Joseph—he was in his late sixties when George was a teenager—never invaded his children's emotional territory. He never tried, for example, to push George into the ministry or even into any intense religious experience.

Like his eldest son today, Joseph McGovern was a quiet and reserved man, difficult to know. (Not until Joseph was sixty did his children learn about his first career as a traveling baseball player—an occupation he considered low-life and even a bit sinful.) "I admired him and respected him and loved him," McGovern says of his father, "but no, I was not close to him."

George McGovern's upbringing gave him an interior "landscape" similar to his early physical surroundings, the treeless plains of South Dakota, with their sense of limitless space and of life's possibilities. "Even though there were frequent droughts . . . ," McGovern recalls, "always you had the feeling that somehow the land would renew itself. They have a saying, 'It's going to be better next year.' And that's kind of a way of life out here, to feel that things are going to be better next year."

Politics was a constant topic of family conversation in the McGovern household during George's teens. In the Nixon home, aside from Frank's occasional castigations of the "thieves" in the Harding administration, there was not much talk of politics. But Richard Nixon learned his profession quickly when, shortly after his discharge from the navy in 1946, he accepted the invitation of a group of prominent Southern California Republicans to run for Congress. Up until then, he has written, "The idea that I might myself play even a minor part in practical politics never occurred to me." Nixon won that contest against very high odds, and he did it largely on his own initiative, by aggressively attacking his opponent in a series of debates that he prepared for in great detail. That victory set his political style; only then "did the meaning of crisis take on sharply expanded dimensions" for him. Nixon was then, and is now, a skilled rhetorician, who sees his strength as an ability to perform effectively in public and his weakness as an inability to relate well to other people in private. Despite his intention to share power in his administration, Nixon's lone-wolf style has become increasingly evident, while his own rhetorical talent has, if anything, improved. Success first came to Richard Nixon when he applied his immense energies to doing his homework thoroughly and skillfully projecting himself before audiences. And that's where he directs his energies today.

McGovern's style also stems from his initial political success. Long before he entered politics, school debating drew him out of his shyness. "It really changed my life. . . . It was the one thing I could do well. It became the only instrument of personal and social power that I had." Partly because of this newfound confidence in himself, he was named "Glamor Boy" of the year while at Dakota Wesleyan College.

After graduate school, wartime experience that left him with a deep detestation of killing, and short-lived jobs as a minister and a teacher, McGovern embarked on a political career. At age thirty, with four small children, he quit his safe position as a college professor to organize Democrats in South Dakota, a seemingly hopeless venture in that heavily Republican state. But in 1956 McGovern became the first Democrat elected to Congress from South Dakota in twenty years, bucking the Eisenhower tide and defeating a four-term incumbent who had been the state's top vote getter two years earlier. He did it, not through public debates, but by listening and talking to thousands of South Dakotans in visits to every corner of the state. It was a slow and quiet technique, well suited to the pace of South Dakota life. To this day a personal, conversational approach is the essence of McGovern's political style. He often comes across as dull in print and somewhat too preacherish before large audiences —"so plainly honest, kind, sincere, and good that he makes people feel rotten by comparison," wrote one reporter in describing McGovern's public manner. His most effective method of communication as a President would, I think, be an extension of his direct face-to-face approach to people—an informal conversational rhetoric similar to Roosevelt's. "There's been a lot of misreading of George's popularity," a South Dakota Republican commented recently. "It's mostly personal, not ideological."

Ideology is a bent key for unlocking the character of either Nixon or McGovern. The danger in Nixon's case is not that he will first adopt some high principle and then demand public adherence to it. Far more likely is the possibility that Nixon, following the pattern of Wilson, Hoover, and Johnson, will become emotionally exhausted by compromise and criticism, fasten on to some cause, justify it in the name of principle, and use it to effect his personal salvation whatever the social consequences. His compulsive nature—the sense of life as a series of things one *must* do— weighs heavily on Nixon, always tempting him to transform a passing crisis into a permanent disaster.

McGovern's supposed ideological radicalism is also a poor clue to the way he would act as President. However much critical reporters and hopeful revolutionaries press him, he simply refuses to tie his collection of policy statements into a neat philosophical bundle. Nor are any of his positions—with the exception of his stand on the war—invested with absolute moral fervor. "You never get a hundred per cent of what you wanted," he has said. "And I think the American people understand that. I think they would even support a presidential candidate who would say, 'I'm not fully certain of a particular program, but we're going to try it out. And if it doesn't work, we'll try something else.' I think the American people are willing to experiment." That statement owes much more to F. D. Roosevelt than to V. I. Lenin. A President McGovern might charge off in several directions, but not over some ideological cliff.

Particularly because neither McGovern nor Nixon are ideologues, one or the other of their characters will be the most important factor in determining the kind of administration we shall have for the next four years. And in evaluating their characters, the chief concern is the matter of flexibility versus rigidity. Nixon's apparent readiness in his first term to shift his ideological principles might not hold true for a second term. Historically, active-negative Presidents have drifted from plasticity to rigidity as the political pressures erode their sense of personal integrity. To that danger must be added Nixon's appetite for crises; sooner or later one of them could deepen rather than disappear. Then there is Nixon's special political situation. Much of his life has been attuned to winning the next election. As a second-term President, however, there would be no next election, no need or requirement to moderate his moves to ensure widespread support. Alone with God, history, and himself, the temptations of power could weigh heavily on Richard Nixon.

Would McGovern go overboard in another direction? His indecision about Eagleton, the wavering numbers in his economic proposals, and, in a different way, his readiness to believe the best about people and cheerfully accommodate their points of view—does all this indicate a presidential softie, a man too flexible to stand fast as the political ground shifts? I doubt it. They talked about FDR the same way in 1932: Harold Laski called him "a pill to cure an earthquake," and Walter Lippmann saw him as "a pleasant man . . . without any important qualifications for the office." For different reasons, Harry Truman (too corruptible) and John Kennedy (too wet behind the ears) were dismissed as raw presidential recruits who would let other politicians push them around. Each managed to establish himself as ringmaster of the presidential circus, to make it clear that he was the decisive authority. McGovern's character suggests that he might be equally effective in that way. And, if the past is any clue, character will turn out to be the political compass we should be watching this year. □

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A PRODUCT-INJURY SURVEILLANCE SYSTEM

BY STANLEY KLEIN

In every American home—in closets, in darkened corners of the garage, and in other unexpected places—there lurks a host of little robots out to get you. To wit, a lawn mower that might amputate the fingers or toes of its unwary operator or even kill a passer-by with stones ejected with bulletlike speed, a bicycle equipped with a gear-shift lever that points like a dagger at the abdomen of its rider, a football helmet whose ability to protect the wearer is deceptive. These little robots all have one thing in common: All are unreasonably hazardous.

One of the most unlikely of villains to be flushed out, although probably one of the oldest in the game, is the toilet seat—a device that by falling unexpectedly has caused injuries to young children. Credit for isolating and exposing these and an almost unending list of product hazards goes to the latest weapons system developed by the U.S. government in its relatively unheralded, but escalating, war on unsafe consumer merchandise. The new system is called the National Electronic Injury Surveillance System, abbreviated NEISS. Its mission is to spot from among the cornucopia of household products those particular goods and gadgets responsible for inflicting an intolerable incidence of injuries upon unsuspecting buyers.

Through computer terminals placed in participating hospitals, injuries associated with household products are reported daily to a Food and Drug Administration central computer housed in a federal office building in Washington, D.C. Currently about 100 hospitals are reporting an average of 1,000 cases, including two or three deaths, a day. When all 119 hospitals are incorporated in the network, the statistics are expected to double (a disproportionate increase, accounted for by the omission of the giant inner-city hospitals that have yet to enter the system).

The problem with toilet seats, to take a recent illustration of the sort of thing NEISS has uncovered, is that boys, three years of age or so, are sustaining serious injuries to their genitals from having the seats drop on them, according to Dr. Robert D. Verhalen, the bearded pioneer of the NEISS network and director of the Division of Injury Data Management in the Bureau of Product Safety. (The bureau is the Food and Drug Administration's newest watchdog unit, charged with monitoring the consumer market place for latent product hazards.)

"The kids are getting hurt while they stand at the bowl to urinate," Verhalen explains, "because the toilet seats topple over." Children are hurt badly enough to be rushed to the hospital emergency rooms, where the accidents are picked up by NEISS. "The injuries can be very bad," Verhalen notes, adding that, although castration is unlikely, the victims' genitals are nevertheless severely bruised and bloodied.

The accidents can be attributed to toilet seats that do not tilt back far enough. In Verhalen's words, "The decorative covers on seat lids contain just enough padding thickness to make the seats unstable when upright."

Verhalen admits that it came as a minor surprise to the bureau to find toilet-seat injuries showing up in substantial numbers. So recent is the revelation, however, that the bureau has yet to formulate a plan for coping with the problem.

To product-safety experts, such as Verhalen, NEISS is a prerequisite for any national effort to lower the casualty rate associated with household products—a scandalous rate amounting to twenty million injuries annually, according to the National Commission of Product Safety. Of those who are injured, 110,000 are permanently disabled and 30,000 die.

Aside from catching new dangers as they arise, NEISS also provides a statistical picture of known hazards and suggests how the government may best handle a given problem. Its arsenal of sanctions, still weak in many respects, includes mandatory design changes, caution signs, an outright ban, a public-education program, or any combination of these.

"In the past product-safety programs have been hampered by the inability of safety workers to cut through the emotionalism that surrounds traumatic injury and get to the real facts of each case and then determine what ought to be done to reduce the number and severity of injuries," says Malcolm W. Jensen, the bureau's articulate director. "Any product can be hazardous if misused. Even an envelope can inflict a nasty cut [when someone] licks it.

"The bureau's goal is to identify those products that, by design or in performance, create a hazardous condition in normal use. The NEISS system is intended to achieve this," Jensen continues. "It will enable us to establish priorities in attending to the multitude of product hazards and then, further down the road, to check the effectiveness of our safety recommendations by measuring [whether] we have arrested the rate of injury or the severity."

The plastic heel, recently substituted for rubber and leather on women's shoes, is another new product hazard discovered by the NEISS network. Because the heel is extremely hard and smooth, many women are slipping on shoes fitted with these heels and breaking an arm or a leg in the process. The lesson gained from slippery heels is that an unnecessary danger may result when a producer employs new and unproved materials in order to cut costs.

"The technological content of products far exceeds the capability of consumers to assess it," Jensen notes. "There is no way for buyers of products to get safety information, particularly in advance of a purchase."

Clacker balls, although gone from the scene now, were another item that caused serious injuries. This toy consisted of two balls, each fastened to a different end of the same string, which were twirled to generate a rhythmic clacking as they knocked against each other. Frequently, however, inferior construction would result in a ball's tearing loose and striking a bystander in the head or face with great force.

Another kind of clacker-ball injury occurred when the brittle surface of a poorly made ball would crack in play, hurling sharp fragments into the eyes of the twirler. The findings by the bureau account at least in part for the game's rapid demise, for, just as the agency's regulatory pressure was brought to bear on manufacturers, the clacker-ball fad plummeted into oblivion and never bounced back.

Verhalen, the safety expert, tells of another recent case that illustrates the problems consumers have in choosing among products even when the item is a safety device to begin with. "Football

Stanley Klein is writing a book on unsafe products, to be published by Beacon Press.

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helmets are not required to meet any safety standards," he notes. Not until recently did manufacturers of toy helmets affix labels warning parents that children should not use these models in actual play.

When confronted with the wide selection of football helmets, not only are the fathers and the high school coaches of teen-aged boys confused, but so are equipment buyers for collegiate and professional teams. The University of North Carolina, for instance, reported that about 60 per cent of a batch of helmets it had recently purchased from a major sports supplier developed cracks during use. "Such failure is associated with concussion," Verhalen notes, "and yet there is absolutely no way to judge the adequacy of a helmet just by looking at it." The purchaser's plight is made even more vivid by recently revealed figures that list 400,000 concussions a year attributable to football; of this number, some 10,000 result in serious injury and fifteen result in death. "Even price is no assurance of safety," Verhalen goes on to say. The helmets bought by the University of North Carolina cost $38 each.

At present the data reported to NEISS are bareboned, giving just enough information to develop statistical profiles. Conspicuously absent is information that tells of the role a product played in the cause of an accident or of the resulting injury. To obtain such epidemiological detail, the bureau calls upon the 300 field inspectors of the FDA to conduct on-site investigations and interviews of selected cases.

To illustrate the NEISS procedure, take the case of a nine-year-old boy who suffered a broken arm and elbow in a bicycle accident. By itself, the information is useless: Bike accidents frequently occur and are a risk accepted by anybody electing to ride. "It is obviously inconceivable that all bike accidents can be eliminated," Verhalen comments.

Useful suggestions concerning bicycle design, however, resulted from a field inspection. Superficially, the boy fell from a bicycle when his dog jumped in front of it. The investigator's report went beyond the obvious: "The victim said that he had a problem when using the hand brake. In order to stop, it is necessary for him to grip the brake at a point of attachment to the handlebar, then slide his hand to the edge, at the same time squeezing the lever so his hand can grasp the handlebar and brake lever at the same time. When the accident occurred, the victim had tried to grasp the brake lever quickly and missed and lost control."

It does not take many findings like this one to prompt bureau action. Product safety operates under the same philosophy as any other public-health concern: Statistically, the percentage of people harmed may be small, as with most diseases, but preventive measures are taken even if relatively few people are affected. As for bicycle hand brakes, the bureau has alerted manufacturers to the problem and has recommended that caliper-brake grips be designed so as to accommodate the hand span of the intended rider. A small span, obviously, is required on children's bike brakes. Here, again, the finding is so recent that no corrective measure has yet worked its way into the bicycle-safety standards only recently developed by the industry.

The NEISS begins to function each night when an IBM computer automatically dials every hospital in the network. A terminal at the receiving end "answers" the call, also automatically, by simply turning on. Loaded in the terminal is a spool of tape punched with coded information on injuries admitted during the day to the hospital emergency room. These data are transmitted over telephone lines to the central computer. After an exchange of other messages between bureau and hospital, both machines hang up, also automatically. The cycle is then repeated at the hospital next in line in the computer's program.

When all 119 hospitals are "on line" reporting injury data, the computer should take four hours to make its nightly appointed rounds. And the computer communications do not end there. Each morning the central computer retransmits its data harvest of the previous night to the bureau's headquarters in Bethesda, Maryland. By 9:30 or 10 that morning four print-out copies of the emergency-room cases are in the hands of the staff.

Fortunately, consumers need not wait until an unsafe product causes needless injury. They can report hazardous items on their own initiative to the Food and Drug Administration, and, in fact, they are encouraged to do so by that agency. "When you report a legitimate grievance," an FDA fact sheet reads, "you are performing a public service." The agency declares that it will investigate complaints promptly.

(To report a menacing product, write to the Food and Drug Administration, U.S. Department of Health, Education, and Welfare, 5600 Fishers Lane, Rockville, Maryland 20852. The fact sheet, which gives more details, including information on how to contact regional offices by phone, is available from the same source.)

Does the existence of NEISS suggest that bodies must first pile up before the bureau will act on a latent product hazard? "This may be one interpretation, but it is not necessarily so," Verhalen says. At present the bureau is attempting to abort the anticipated sale to children of a facsimile gasoline-powered automobile. This vehicle incorporates a three-horsepower engine that can whisk it along at speeds up to fifteen miles per hour. One model features a "hop-up" accessory, which accelerates the speed to twenty miles per hour. Still another innovation that is likely to test the mettle of the bureau is Arctic Enterprises' announcement of a snowmobile for children as young as five years old.

"My personal view is that we have to set a limit on the power placed in the hands of children," says Bureau Director Jensen. He notes that this could readily be accomplished by limiting available engine power or vehicle speed or both. "I certainly would have done everything I could to have prevented the marketing of minibikes for youngsters," he declares. Legal authority for the bureau to promulgate such stiff safety regulations already exists by virtue of the Child Protection and Toy Safety Act. Indeed, when it comes to protecting children from unsafe toys, the fledgling bureau was recently vested with full powers right up to the banning of products—an extreme measure it has resorted to, for example, in the case of some forty-odd toys, including certain models of dolls, rattles, and stuffed animals. (A complete list may be obtained from the Bureau of Product Safety, 5401 Westbard Towers, Bethesda, Maryland 20016.)

Not everything about NEISS is working nicely. Bugs plague the system, and equipment breakdowns are common. In some hospitals night cleaning staffs tamper with the loaded teletypes, clearing the punch tapes through the machines so that the data are not available when the computer calls. At times the data are botched, either in the transmission or by clerks.

But even when all "black boxes" are "go," human negligence gets in the way. Bureau workers report that certain hospitals are failing to report all relevant cases. "We will probably have to audit the injury records," one field inspector says. Still another roadblock is raised when victims refuse to be interviewed.

Despite the obstacles, enthusiasm for the multimillion-dollar system is widespread. Its growth appears certain: The bureau, for example, is assembling a mobile team of investigators who will travel anywhere in the nation to conduct epidemiological studies of major accidents.

Bureau plans also call for the eventual expansion of NEISS to incorporate product-related injuries treated in offices of private physicians. "It is an immensely flexible network that can serve the vast public health needs of the country," says Verhalen. "Being confined to product-associated injuries is not necessarily the way the system need operate to the end of time." □

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SR REVIEWS Books

The Counterculture Interprets History

BY LEO MARX

WHERE THE WASTELAND ENDS: Politics and Transcendence in Post-industrial Society. By Theodore Roszak. 492 pages. Doubleday & Co. $10.

Hostility to the secular, rational intellect is an old favorite among native American prejudices. One thinks of its natural habitat as rural, or at least provincial, lower-middle-class, evangelical-religion. As a result of the political traumas of the last decade, however, it has taken a strong hold upon what may seem an unlikely constituency—the radical movement based in the universities. This is partly because the war in Indochina made our universities into such splendid showcases of the gross partnership between knowledge and power. The complicity of academic leaders and intellectuals in a cowardly, brutal war has repelled many of our most intelligent and imaginative young people. Having lost respect for the scientists, technicians, and crisis managers—all presumably committed to rational inquiry—who placed their minds in the service of such cruel, blatant irrationality, the young have extended the contempt they feel for the government to the intellectual life itself. Understandably enough, it has occurred to them that something may be rotten at the core of the scholarly, humanistic ethos. It would seem that a certain heartless opportunism is inherent in the ideal of disinterested, impersonal, objective knowledge. The obvious remedy that suggests itself is an otherworldly commitment. Hence the rebellion of the young has been marked by a curious and probably unworkable alliance of left-wing political ideas and a number of mystical, antirational religious beliefs.

By the late Sixties this confusion of motives within the radical youth movement had become obvious. It was reflected in the variety of irreconcilable world views held by Timothy Leary, Paul Goodman, Alan Watts, Allen Ginsberg, Norman Brown, and Herbert Marcuse—each of whom had won a following among the disaffected. Some emphasized the saintliness of the hippy drug types, the disengagement of the new life-style, and the new fascination with a variety of mystical cults; others emphasized the political aspect, the protests against racism and war, the refusal to accept socially useless jobs, and the widespread resistance to the authority of increasingly militarized government. The time was right for someone to sort out the various theories and to formulate the differences among them. This task was taken on by a young professor of history, Theodore Roszak, whose influential, lucid, if tendentious book, *The Making of a Counter Culture*, appeared in 1969. In it he concludes that the basic tension informing the new radicalism derives from two fundamentally opposed definitions of reality. One might be called psychological or religious, the other sociological or political.

The crux, put as a question, is this: Does the repression that alienates the young have its seat in the psyche or in socioeconomic arrangements? The convenient, probably correct answer, Roszak admits, is *both*. But such an answer, he hastens to say, would be superficial. It is characteristic of the absolutist bent of his mind that he insists upon the need for an unequivocal choice. To achieve liberation, he argues, it is imperative for activists to decide whether psychic or social reality is the prime mover in men's lives. Which revolution is the "more real"? Unless radicals can answer that question, they won't know whether to begin by expanding consciousness or by organizing themselves for seizing power. Roszak's own preference is emphatic. In his view our decisive problems have almost nothing to do with class distinction or, for that matter, with any distinctions that exist *between* people; rather, they stem from a kind of mental disease, or warped psychic state, which is to be found *within* almost all of us. He calls it "the myth of the objective consciousness." In the end Roszak leaves no doubt about the passion with which he, like many adherents of the counterculture, repudiates the ideal of secular, rational learning.

His new book, *Where the Wasteland Ends*, is an elaborate rationale for that repudiation. It is an effort to provide the counterculture with its own reading history, a theory of knowledge, and a complete eschatology. It is one of those abstruse, hybrid treatises, a distinctive and popular literary product of our time, which presumes to explain what went wrong with our civilization and why. If Roszak's work differs from the usual tome of this kind, it is partly because he is wholly forthright in his embrace of the prophetic role. *Where the Wasteland Ends* is a jeremiad of the era of high technology. Its avowed aim is to save us from "the genocidal end we prepare for our species." It covers the familiar historical ground—the origins and limitations of modern science, the sources of alienation, the impact of technology, etc.—but Roszak makes no pretense of scholarly neutrality or detachment. On the contrary, he repeatedly invokes the examples of the prophet Amos, William Blake, and other ecstatic visionary poets. He finds the saving knowledge we require in precisely those disciplines excluded from the modern university and scorned by humanistic scholars: alchemy, magic, and religious mysticism.

Roszak's apocalyptic interpretation of history exhibits the same antipolitical bias that marked his conception of the

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counterculture. Unlike most contemporary historians, who regard the structure of society as a major—if not the primary—influence upon the way people behave, Roszak imputes to the contents of men's minds an almost exclusive efficacy in social change. In his view of the distribution of power, wealth and status constitute a relatively inconsequential reflex of the dominant psychic style. What chiefly determines the shape of our lives is the image of ultimate reality in our heads. If we then ask why our civilization has produced a repressive and indeed (as we are about to discover) catastrophic way of life—"urban-industrialism"—there is one *and only one* explanation. It is that the West adopted the mental set that Blake called "single vision."

Single vision is the objective mode of consciousness defined by Bacon, Newton, Descartes, and Locke and embodied in the method of the natural sciences. Except for the radical fringe, or counterculture, most people within urban-industrial society are prisoners of single vision. They assume, whether they are conscious of the assumption or not, that scientific rationality provides the only reliable access to the truth—to a reality "out there" in a realm presumed to exist independent of any human perceiver. This scientific world view has the effect of bifurcating all experience and thereby producing the psychic ailment we call alienation. It separates men from one another, from the environment, and from their own true selves. Most damaging of all, it closes off access to the sacred by denying the possibility of visionary or transcendent knowledge.

Although science and technology are the chief modern embodiments of single vision, Roszak traces the origins of this desacralizing spirit to the Judeo-Christian tradition itself. They are alone among the world's great religions, he claims, in treating nature as "dead" raw material, wholly distinct from the human and the sacred. (Here Roszak follows the lead of Lynn White, the historian of science who believes that the Judeo-Christian view of man's relations to nature lies at the roots of our impending environmental crisis.) This interpretation of our religious history is perhaps the most original and controversial feature of *Where the Wasteland Ends*. It goes like this: Christianity helped to prepare the ground for our secular ethos by rejecting paganism, magic, and the more ecstatic forms of religious experience. The insistence that Christ belongs to history, whereas his rivals were "mere myths," inflicted serious damage upon the mythopoeic consciousness of Western man. In the process Christianity itself has become idolatrous. By divesting nature of its sacramental value, Christianity has made it into a kind of idol, that is, "an objectivized reality held to be final and self-sufficient: the highest reality, the *only* reality." To Roszak the essence of idolatry is "the substitution of a lesser for a greater reality." He concludes that urban-industrialism is an idolatrous culture. Still worse, it is "the *only* idolatrous culture in the history of mankind."

What is required now, if we are to be saved, is a return to the primitive wisdom of the Old Gnosis—the old way of knowing. This visionary and magical mode of perception takes many forms, but common to them all is a delight in finding the sacred in the profane. Unlike our scientific theory of knowledge, with its delusionary myth of objectivity, the Old Gnosis imputes value and meaning to all things—animal, plant, mineral. Its proper language is myth and ritual, its foundation is rapture, and its experience of nature is living communion. In Roszak's jeremiad the scientists and technicians are merely the most conspicuous and influential sinners; his roll of the damned also would include orthodox Christians, Jews, Marxists, liberals, and—because secular humanism is a captive of the single vision—virtually all modern scholars and intellectuals.

According to this severe catechism, election is reserved for the cultural dropouts and revolutionary mystics of the youth movement. Their special kind of religious anarchism is the only "politics" with the necessary psychic leverage to shift the quality of consciousness in our society. Although Roszak insists that the energizing spirit of the international youth rebellion is in essence religious and not, in any strict sense of the word, political, he also is at pains, like Charles Reich in *The Greening of America*, to demonstrate that this new radical consciousness can accomplish everything the Left desires from a political revolution. To escape the trap we have made for ourselves, we must regain the "visionary commonwealth" to which all preindustrial cultures belonged. Once we have done that, the necessary political changes will follow as a matter of course. They entail nothing less than the "repeal" of urban-industrialism.

Theodore Roszak

Roszak writes with fervor, rhetorical ingenuity, and absolute, unfaltering conviction. No doubt many young intellectuals will be charmed by the wholeheartedness of *Where the Wasteland Ends*. Unlike the pallid, impersonal work of most scholars, it bears the imprint of the writer's whole being on every page. At several points Roszak illuminates his argument with personal reminiscences. In setting forth his anti-ecclesiastical religious beliefs, for example, he invokes the memory of his own "mind-murdering struggles with the Catholic catechism." One cannot avoid the thought that his overbearing intellectual style owes something to his early exposure to an all-sufficient dogma. For this book is a tissue of unqualified, unmodulated, unequivocal asseverations. As befits a writer who would rest belief on rapture rather than on knowledge of the demonstrable kind, Roszak never indicates any doubt about the factual basis for his grand generalizations. Not once does he suggest that more information or further study might make a difference. To readers who choose to withhold total assent, therefore, *Where the Wasteland Ends* will seem a singularly inhospitable work. From the very beginning Roszak treats "urban-industrialism" as a monolithic, destructive system. While a critical reader may find himself saying, "Yes, but . . . ?" or "What about this . . . ?" the argument churns relentlessly toward a single, inescapable, apocalyptic choice. Either we can wait patiently for one of the kinds of reckoning he envisages on the first page—"the thermonuclear Armageddon, the death of the seas, the vanishing atmosphere, the massacre of the innocents, the universal famine"—or we can abandon our disastrous reliance upon the secular, rational intellect, rediscover visionary knowledge, and begin the job of "repealing" urban-industrialism.

The absurd use of the word "repeal" in this context is a measure of the dis-

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tance Roszak has put between himself and the ordinary, everyday, housekeeping facts of life. One thinks of Congress repealing the Eighteenth Amendment. But Roszak is talking about dismantling our entire material civilization, with its immense cities and its intricate, complex technology. This is an astonishing proposal, but his own analysis makes it all the more astonishing. After all, he has traced the single vision, upon which this entire structure is based, back to our pre-Christian origins. By now, surely, this mode of perception permeates all of our institutions, our behavior, our collective character. Nevertheless, if we are to believe Roszak, we could get rid of the whole culture overnight. All that we need to do is puncture a few of the illusions upon which it rests:

We must remember, when we talk politics in the technocratic society, how important the fine art of psychic pressure and leverage has become. Our economy today is wholly dependent upon inventing what the hucksters cutely refer to as "needs people never knew they had." Our political life is similarly dependent on a subtly engineered conviction that all human aspirations can be gratified within a perfected urban-industrialism—and only there. Unless people remain obsessed with acquisitiveness, fixated on their selfish material needs, convinced of their own absolute incompetence and equally convinced of the technocracy's omnipotence, the artificial environment will begin to dissolve like a house of sugar candy in hot water. The visionary commonwealth is in fact and by example exactly such a solvent of the social order.

Perhaps it is. I doubt it myself, but I also know that it would be a mistake to dismiss *Where the Wasteland Ends* on the ground that Roszak's political remedy is silly or unworkable. For one thing, it isn't really political. This is a desperate way out for those who have given up, or who never had, a politics. For another, the value of the book lies elsewhere, in the force, clarity, and plausibility that it imparts to a viewpoint held by many intelligent students and other young people these days. However much we may deplore the fact, hostility to the secular intellect and a yearning for mystical transcendence now are powerful tendencies in America. The best thing to be said for *Where the Wasteland Ends* is that it helps to explain why this is happening. It shows what damage an intellectual class can inflict on the life of the mind when it forfeits the respect of the young. □

The Decent Diplomat

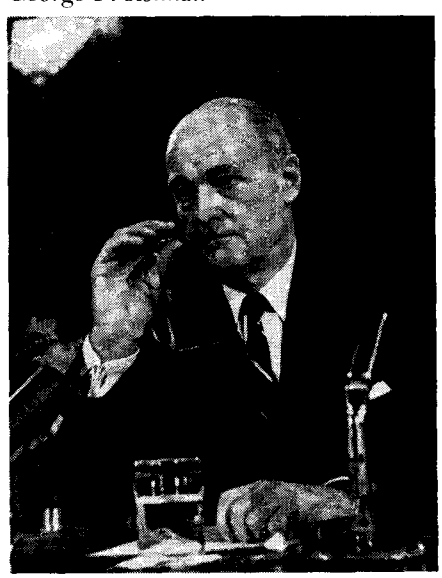
BY HARRISON E. SALISBURY

MEMOIRS 1950–1963: Volume II. By George F. Kennan. 368 pages. Atlantic–Little, Brown. $12.50.

We live in an age of anachronism, a time when the homely War Department of Abraham Lincoln has become the Defense Department of Johnson and Nixon, when an air force, which has dropped more bombs than any other in the world, proclaims "Peace Is Our Profession" as its motto, and when two Presidents, successively, have been elected on a pledge to give the country peace and offered, instead, nothing but war. So perhaps it should come as no surprise to discover that George F. Kennan, that well-known pragmatist of the Cold War, the man whose famous "X" article in *Foreign Policy* became the script for the Containment Policy, now reveals himself to be at heart a romantic, one of the great idealist-visionaries of his age. It is the kind of anomaly that George Orwell would have savored.

So topsy-turvy is the world in which we live, so accustomed have we become to calling black white and white black that, reading the second (but, one hopes, not final) volume of Kennan's *Memoirs*, one begins to wonder where, in fact, reality does lie. For here is the account of those years in which the most skillful diplomatist whom America has produced seemingly failed at every assignment he was given. He was railroaded out of the State Department by John Foster Dulles because that Presbyterian dialectician felt the architect of containment was "soft" on Communism. Kennan then brought down the hounds of heaven (or at least of Establishmentarianism) upon his head for his famous Reith lectures over the BBC, which proposed a neutralized and unified Germany. He had to refuse an appeal from his Pennsylvania farm neighbors to run for Congress because no one was willing to finance the campaign. He was expelled from one Communist country (the Soviet Union), to which he had been named Ambassador by President Truman, and quietly resigned in frustration from his ambassadorship to another (Yugoslavia), to which he had been named by President Kennedy. He finally gave up active diplomacy in 1963, dismally convinced that his career had been just one long series of disasters.

George F. Kennan



But history is certain to take a longer look at this idiosyncratic, moody, sometimes impulsive, deeply intelligent, intuitive, stubbornly truthful, fiercely ethical man from Wisconsin who has devoted all of his adult life to the service of his country, in diplomacy and out of it.

The stuff of George Kennan's life would make a drama. He was born and brought up in Wisconsin not many miles from the birthplace of that other Wisconsinian whose claw marks are to be found all over the years with which Kennan's *Memoirs* deals, Sen. Joseph McCarthy. Two more dissimilar men would have been hard to find—Kennan, the subtle, classically trained diplomatist who for twenty-five years applied a sensitive eye and keen mind to mastering the intricacies of the Communist world, and McCarthy, the blousy politician who stumbled almost by chance into the weird world of anti-Communism in the 1940s.

Yet, underlying their two characters—Kennan's deeply moral, almost Puritanist code of ethics and McCarthy's political cynicism—there were more points of similarity than either of them would have cared to admit. Both saw Communism as evil. Kennan understood *why* it was evil; McCarthy accepted its evil as grist for his demagogic mills. Both had, I think, a genuine and patriotic love for their country, the kind which eastern sophisticates sometimes find mawkish, but instantly recognizable as deep in the blood of the man from Middle America. Both were, in a sense, isolationists, although Kennan would have resented this label while McCarthy would have gloried in it.

I had better explain what I mean by Kennan's "isolationism." I do not, of course, mean America First-ism, or For-

Harrison E. Salisbury is associate editor of the New York Times. *A book about his trip to China will be published in February.*

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tress America-ism, or Know-Nothingism. What I mean is that sense of country, that understanding that what happens in America itself really counts, that vigilance lest we be lured by advertising sloganeering or the career imperatives of politicians and military men into putting Afghanistan ahead of Allegheny and Moscow before Milwaukee. This grassroots Americanism is deeply bred into the character of Kennan, and perhaps this is why his thinking has been so often misunderstood—most notably, of course, in the Containment Doctrine, as he eloquently made clear in his first volume of *Memoirs*. He had always envisaged containment as an essentially diplomatic process, a skillful utilization of American military power at critical pressure points in order to set in motion forces that would enable us to resolve diplomatically the great issues that divided the Soviet Union and ourselves. He never intended what Truman, Acheson, Eisenhower, and Dulles made of it—ideological propaganda for the establishment of a worldwide *Pax Americana*.

What Volume II of George Kennan's *Memoirs* tells us is something we already knew but did not know in such precise, horrible, and fascinating detail—what a shambles American policy and American diplomacy became from the dying days of the Truman administration, bloodied and hypnotized by McCarthyism, down more or less to the present time.

Kennan performs many useful services, not the least of which is to identify John Foster Dulles as the main villain of the witch hunt in the State Department, rather than McCarthy, who merely picked up a stick that had already been tarred by others. And Kennan does not fail to note the responsibility of Truman and Acheson, who woefully failed to protect honest men and women whose only fault was that they had dedicated their lives to a career in public service and had had the misfortune to join the State Department. He reveals yet one more tawdry detail of Dulles's bland hypocrisy: After swiftly greasing the skids to remove Kennan from the State Department, Dulles invited him to drop in from time to time to give him the benefit of his thoughts and, incredibly, within a few weeks had quietly recalled Kennan to take a leading role in a highly secret government project called the Solarium Exercise, which was designed to hammer out a new American policy *vis à vis* the Soviet Union. In this role Kennan presently found himself at a White House podium, solemnly lecturing Mr. Dulles and other high officials of the administration.

Many readers will, perhaps, be most moved by Kennan's account of his brief ambassadorship in Moscow, which came to a sudden and tragic end when he was declared *persona non grata* by the Soviet government, in September 1952, for speaking some ill-advised but truthful words about life in Moscow. Kennan puts this curious episode into a personal and more understandable context than ever before but concludes, as I think the reader must, that he was deeply (if understandably) at fault in committing a gross breach of the very diplomatic etiquette he so highly cherished. The most deplorable fact, however, of his ambassadorship in Moscow is the now-for-the-first-time-revealed fact that he went there with no instructions whatever from Truman or Acheson. To send the nation's greatest specialist in Soviet affairs as Ambassador to Moscow and to tell him, in effect, "just keep the chair warm" reveals the depths to which U.S. policy had sunk in the last year of Truman's administration.

Nonetheless, Kennan being Kennan, he did what he could. He does not tell the whole story of his thinking during those few months in Moscow. He does not tell, for example, of his firm conviction that, one way or another, Soviet policy was about to change, that the chance for negotiation (as he had predicted in the "X" article) was near at hand, that the Russians were too realistic to proceed much further with a policy that was leading them to the point of no return. The change, when it came, would come swiftly, perhaps overnight, and with no warning. He very much wanted to be there to take advantage of it for the United States. He was not sure that others would be so swift to perceive it as he would himself. It was a remarkable and penetrating foresight of what did, in fact, happen only a few months later when, within a few days of Stalin's death on March 5, 1953, the Russians changed policy and spent years—literally years—trying to get the message through to men in Washington who would not listen and men who would not believe even when they did listen. By this time, of course, Kennan was out of Moscow and on his way out of the government.

One more thing remains to be said about this remarkably perceptive and deeply revealing work. Perhaps Kennan was a romantic in thinking that deft policy would bring Moscow to the negotiating table. Perhaps he was a romantic in supposing that at the time of the Reith lectures anyone (East or West) really wanted to reunite Germany. Perhaps he was a romantic to think at the time of his ambassadorship to Belgrade that the United States should pursue a friendly, reasonable policy toward that maverick Communist nation, which had dared so much in defying Stalin. All of these judgments of Kennan's went contrary to those of the men who made American policy, whether they were Republicans or Democrats. Perhaps Dulles was right and Kennan wrong. But I do not think that history will vote with Dulles. I think history will acclaim Kennan's romanticism as the true pragmatism of his day, one of the few witnesses to common sense and decency in a time when honky-tonk became king in Washington. □

A Plague on Our House

BY EDWARD HYMOFF

THE POLITICS OF HEROIN IN SOUTHEAST ASIA. By Alfred McCoy with Cathleen B. Read and Leonard P. Adams II. 464 pages. Harper & Row. $10.95.

This is the book that the CIA tried to suppress before its publication, Alfred W. McCoy the author they are attempting to discredit. And once again the CIA has lost a gambit: The agency's director and the faceless men who manage "The Company" should have hired McCoy and his two associates, Cathleen B. Read and Leonard P. Adams II, to research and write this hard-hitting exposé. By doing so, they could have classified it SECRET, and the author and his collaborators would then have run the risk of prosecution for divulging classified material. For despite some flaws, the research that went into this book is far superior to the periodic reports that the CIA is itself presently producing about narcotics trafficking.

Specifically, McCoy accuses the CIA of directly trafficking in narcotics. Nor is this all:

American diplomats and secret agents have been involved in the narcotics traffic at three levels: (1) coincidental complicity by allying with groups actively engaged in the drug traffic; (2) abetting the traffic by covering up for known heroin traffickers and condoning their involvement; (3) and active engagement in the transport of opium and heroin. It is ironic, to say the least, that America's heroin plague is of its own making.

He claims that U.S. foreign policy in Southeast Asia is the root cause of

Edward Hymoff has been a regular reporter on narcotics since 1952, with special interest in Asia.

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JUDITH VIORST

the author of IT'S HARD TO BE HIP OVER THIRTY...tells what it's like to be the mother of 3 sons, nowhere near rich, not exactly gorgeous, but reasonably happy, and

Yes, Married

A SAGA OF LOVE AND COMPLAINT

photo: © Alen MacWeeney, courtesy of *Redbook* Magazine

Judy Viorst loves her husband, Milton. She also complains a lot. Partly because she loves to complain, and does it with wit and fresh insight. She also complains because, as anyone who has ever tried to live with anyone else knows only too well, living together is nearly impossible. Because people discover they have firmly-held opinions on putting records back in jackets, and turning off the TV, and not leaving soap to melt in damp soap dishes, and a million other things you never think about until you're living with someone who thinks differently than you do. So, here's what Judy Viorst thinks about her kids, her own needs, and her relationship with her husband.

from YES, MARRIED:

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"I am, you see . . . a cautious lady. My athletic skills can be summarized in five words–I float on my back . . . I was clearly meant to be the mother of girls. So how–Lord help us all–did I ever wind up with three sloppy, wriggly, blood-dripping, baseball-playing, loud-mouthed, fresh, and fierce little boys? . . . 'A penny for your thoughts,' I'll sometimes offer, hoping they'll say how much they love their ma.
'Yesterday we cut a worm in half,' Anthony will reply, 'and Iggie Halpern ate it.'"

The Woman To Whom He Is Married

"Once upon a time all I couldn't live without was Milton. But today what I also can't live without is my hair drier, my air conditioner, and the fellow who fixes my television set . . . I've sold out . . . In my universe, power to the people has come to mean an electric blanket, an electric toothbrush, and the disposal."

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And there isn't a prayer that this state of affairs will not continue as we walk, hand in hand and still hollering, into the sunset of our lives."

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Harvesting opium in Phou Wei Village, northeastern Laos

America's heroin plague, and he states:

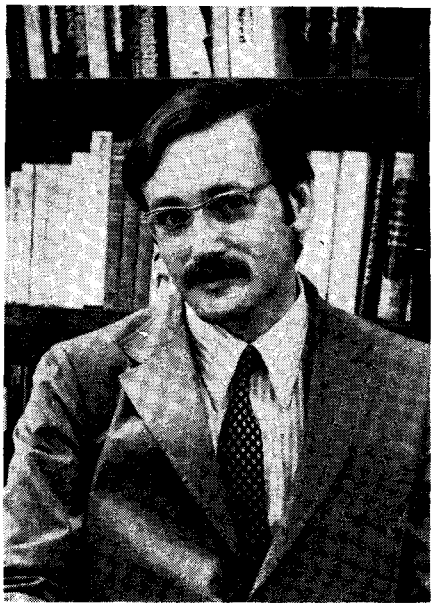
After a decade of American military intervention Southeast Asia has become the source of 70 per cent of the world's illicit opium and the major supplier of raw materials for America's booming heroin market.

In a project underwritten partly by the Fund for Investigative Journalism and partly by whatever advance he obtained from his publisher, McCoy toured the areas in Southeast Asia that he writes about, and his footnotes are as interesting as some of the facts underscored in the front of the book. He uses them to cite dates and places of visits to his sources, including William Young, a retired CIA agent, retired Maj. Gen. Edward G. Lansdale and his fellow agent in retirement, Lt. Col. Lucien Conein. The latter two officers were cited in *The Pentagon Papers* as having engaged in espionage huggermugger in both Vietnams beginning in 1954. (McCoy's intensive research errs here, for Conein was in Indochina as early as 1945, working for the OSS and, later, the CIA, before he joined Lansdale to coordinate espionage and sabotage in Hanoi in 1955.) William Young, probably in his late thirties when he "retired" from "The Company," is the grandson and son of American Baptist missionaries who brought Christianity to the Shan tribes of northeastern Burma. Raised in that part of the world, Young knew the tribesmen intimately and spoke a number of dialects —which fact made him the ideal candidate to participate in CIA operations in the Shan tribal lands that abut China's Yunnan Province.

Now obviously at odds with the CIA, Young freely discussed the agency's clandestine operations in that part of the world and detailed the political role that opium played in obtaining the services and allegiance of the Shan tribesmen. They were used to run missions into Yunnan Province and to spy on Chinese Communist military movements, tapping telephone lines and monitoring conversations. Running these missions into China from Burma was an awful waste and showed a tremendous lack of judgment on the part of the CIA officials who directed Special Operations Division. Moreover, the intelligence obtained was extremely low-level and, from a management point of view, of no real value in matters of high national policy.

But the willingness of General Lansdale and Colonel Conein to meet with McCoy and discuss their role in Southeast Asia and the role of opium in regional politics raises an important question: Why did they meet with McCoy? In Vietnam these two men maintained so low a profile that at least 90 per cent of the correspondents had never heard of Conein and only about 2 per cent had actually met him. They are not the type of men to speak freely, especially to a relative stranger bent on exposing the agency in which they had spent most of their adult careers and from which they had retired honorably, perhaps with the National Security Medal (whose accompanying citations are often SECRET and read aloud only during the presentation but never given to the award's recipient).

Was the CIA looking for a "good press" in 1971? Early last year President Nixon directly ordered Richard Helms, CIA director, to use the full resources of his organization to seek out the narcotics traffickers and put a halt to their operations. The narcotics problem then, as now, was of such severity that the President said in the summer of 1971 it approached "the dimensions of a national emergency." The CIA, which by law is not a law-enforcement agency, was at first reluctant to undertake the presidential directive. Still, their methods were nothing if not typical. One plan—to invade by heliborne and parachutist CIA agents (civilians and U.S. Army Green Berets in mufti under contract to the CIA) the Burma area of the Golden Triangle, where Burma, Thailand, and Laos meet—was quickly scratched by the State Department and other National Security advisers before Nixon's mainland China visit. Another plan—to assassinate known traffickers, including many of the



Alfred McCoy

names disclosed by McCoy—was also scrapped. In the meantime the narcotics traffickers themselves, brilliant men with a knack for besting the CIA, developed an even tighter security blanket over their own global operations. The CIA and the many agencies of the U.S. government engaged in tracking down the narcotics traffickers finally admitted that they were stymied. Two days before McCoy's book was officially published the federal government issued a 111-page *World Opium Survey 1972* and candidly admitted that, despite the increase in enforcement efforts to halt heroin and other narcotics trafficking, the United States and other countries were able to seize only "a small fraction" of the total illegal flow of heroin.

In the face of these claims, however, McCoy makes a good case against the CIA and the State Department. He documents—from U.S. government and Interpol reports, interviews with Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs officials and agents in the field, and even drug traffickers themselves—the role of the U.S. government in the heroin contagion that struck at GIs in Vietnam and Americans at home. In an effort to shore up the governments of Southeast Asia against the inroads made by China and the military pressures brought by North Vietnam against Laos, Cambodia, and Thailand, the United States sided with those generals who just happened to be deeply involved in buying opium from tribesmen and selling it to the Corsican Mafia and Chinese syndicates. He accuses the CIA of complicity, of permitting its private airline, Air America, to openly fly opium from the high country of Vientiane and Saigon and Bangkok, whence it was smuggled to

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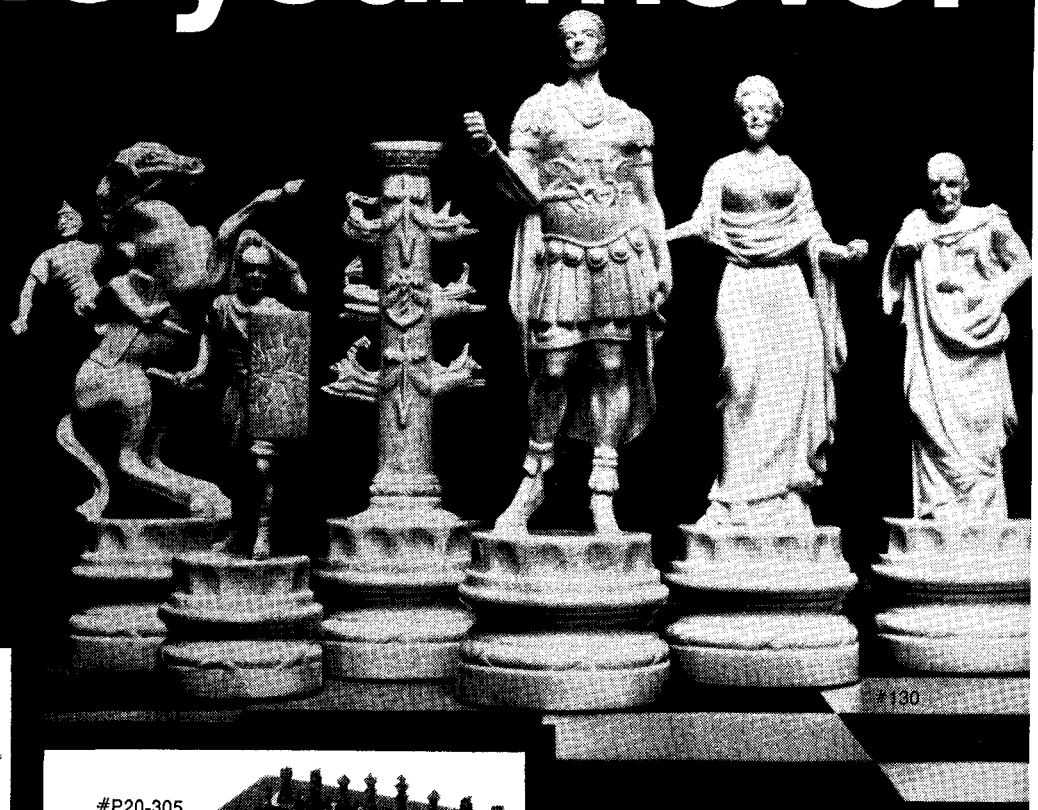

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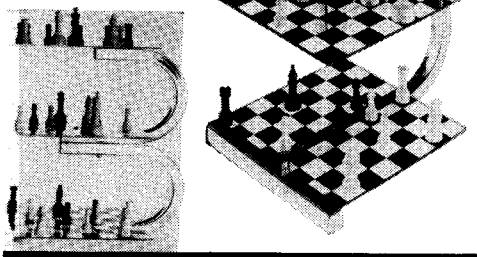

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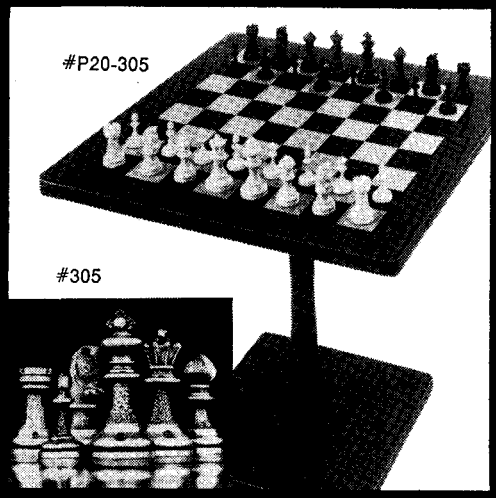

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Hong Kong and Marseilles and even to the United States as refined heroin. He has named a handful of CIA agents and many Lao, South Vietnamese, and Thai officials as kingpins in the opium trade. He has named tribal leaders and rebels and some of the Corsican Mafia and, of course, concentrated on South Vietnamese generals and politicians.

During the past twenty years only eleven books of any consequence have been written about the international trafficking in narcotics, and McCoy's book is by far the best. Its flaws are minor ones. Because its format is that of a dissertation, it is somewhat redundant and belabors several points by repeating incidents and facts brought out earlier. It is copiously footnoted, sometimes sentence by sentence, and much of this might have been incorporated into the text. Moreover, although he has touched just about every name of consequence in Burma, Thailand, Laos, Cambodia, and South Vietnam, he has left out the names of Saigon pharmaceutical importer La Thanh Nghe, the late Lt. Gen. Do Cao Tri, Maj. Gen. Nguyen Huu Co (in exile in Hong Kong), former military Region I commander Lt. Gen. Hoang Xuan Lam, and the inspector general Ngo Xuan Tich. Then, of course, there are Madame Cao Van Vien, wife of the chairman of South Vietnam's Joint Chiefs of Staff, and the wives of other general officers. They are the Vietnamese who really tend to business in this matriarchal society. Finally, although McCoy refers continually to Chinese "syndicates," he fails to look into the very mysterious rice syndicate that is the financial power base of the overseas Chinese in Southeast Asia. Not even the CIA has been able to crack this secretive group, which controls the price of rice in most of non-Communist Asia and operates an efficient communications network that can set the daily price of rice in virtually any city in that part of the world. When this syndicate is interfaced with the narcotics trafficking organizations, the result is an almost overwhelming power structure.

McCoy's history of opium trafficking and his collaborator Leonard B. Adams's appendix, "China: The Historical Setting," are both excellent treatments. Clearly, McCoy has no love for the CIA, and he has beaten "The Company" at its own game by researching every bit of evidence of the agency's involvement. It is regrettable that his publisher bowed to CIA pressure and turned over the page reports to the agency before the book went to press. But Xerox copies of McCoy's manuscript were circulating in Washington among those agencies charged with drug-abuse law enforcement since last March. Thus the CIA had many months to prepare its rebuttal, which—in eleven pages—finally came to naught.

It would be a mistake to assume this kind of involvement is new or limited to the CIA. During World War II the OSS bought opium crops in India to give to the Kachin tribesmen who were fighting a guerrilla war against the Japanese in Burma. And many opium traffickers in the Nationalist government of Chiang Kai-shek were closely associated with the OSS. But this hardly makes the story at hand any less grim. McCoy has documented for us, in greater detail than ever before, what has become a national scandal, and he has documented it alarmingly well. □

Stories of a Visionary

BY WILLIAM ABRAHAMS

MARRIAGES AND INFIDELITIES. By Joyce Carol Oates. 497 pages. The Vanguard Press. $7.95

There are writers who become famous for a single book, very often their first. Thereafter, their reputations are immense, surviving years of no writing at all, or the admittedly minor later productions that are meant to appease us while we wait for the much-talked-of, legendary, never-appearing great-work-in-progress. Eventually, of course, it turns out that the career was that one celebrated book.

Not so with Joyce Carol Oates. She has now arrived at a time when she is one of the most famous of living American writers, but her reputation can't be pin-pointed to a single decisive work. The phenomenon of her astonishing career, which has come into being without the support of any sort of mafia, tends in its rapidly enlarging entirety to overshadow the individual books that comprise it.

At thirty-four, she is already the author of five novels, four collections of short stories, a collection of literary essays, two volumes of poetry, and two plays (not yet published in book form, but both produced Off-Broadway). Even in the least of these there is a prodigality of talent that places her among the most remarkable writers of her generation, and, at their best, they reach a level of achievement that sets her impressively apart. *Marriages and Infidelities,* the newest seasonal addition to the canon, confirms what has already been evident for some years: In the landscape of the contemporary American short story Miss Oates stands out as a master, occupying a preeminent category of her own.

It was as a writer of stories that she began her career in the early 1960s, and she has continued to write stories ever since, not as a diversion or spin-off from the writing of novels, but as a central concern in her work—a fortunate recognition that the shorter form is peculiarly suited to her. There is a sense of tension, of nerves stretched to the breaking point, of "the pitch that is close to madness" in much of what she writes. Sustained too long, it would lose its emotional effectiveness and intellectual credibility. As it is, a story such as "The Dead," which tells with the utmost conviction of a young woman writer going gradually to pieces, is not only harrowing to read but unfaltering in its control, written as close to the edge as possible without crossing over it.

Joyce Carol Oates

Marriages and Infidelities is her fourth collection, twenty-four stories, drawn mainly from work of the past two years. The book runs to just under 500 pages; even so, some excellent stories of hers from this period still have been left uncollected—deferred, one assumes, for a later volume. The chosen stories, though differing widely in style and form—and there are some notable experiments in technique here, wholly new ways of telling a story—conform in most cases to the themes suggested in the title of the volume. They are stories of marriage and infidelity, set in the dispiriting American present, querulous, passionate, violent,

William Abrahams is editor of Prize Stories: The O. Henry Awards *and coauthor with Peter Stanksy of* The Unknown Orwell, *to be published in October.*

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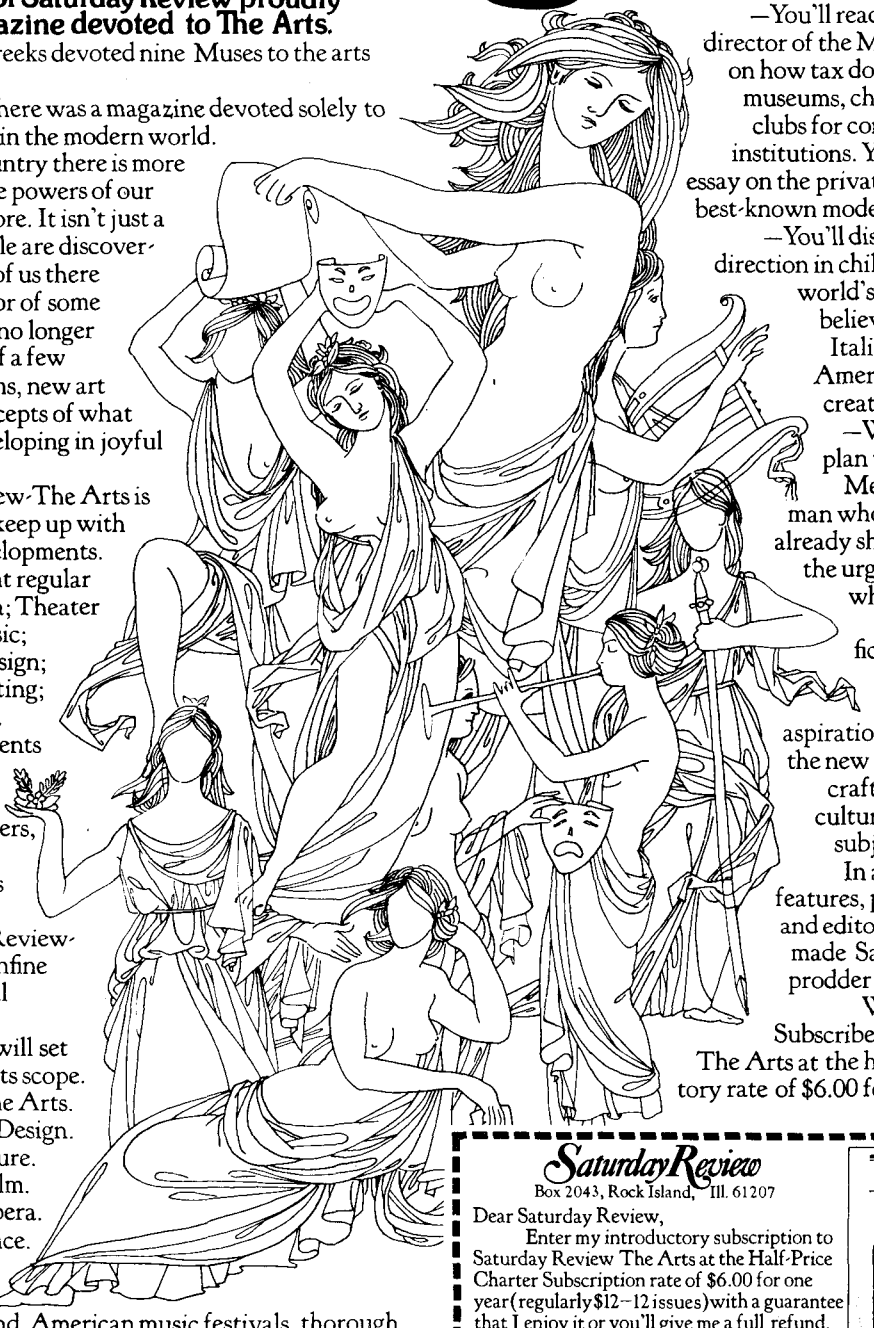

—You'll read John Hightower, former director of the Museum of Modern Art, on how tax dollars may revolutionize museums, changing them from private clubs for connoisseurs to vital public institutions. You'll see Claude Picasso's essay on the private collections of America's best-known modern artists.

—You'll discover a surprising new direction in children's fiction, what the world's most famous behavorist believes about poetry, how an Italian psychiatrist and an American neurologist view the creative process.

—What does Glenda Jackson plan to do next? What films are Melvin Van Peebles and the man who made *The Go-Between* already shooting? If you can't resist the urge to make your own movie, what is the first step to take?

—Russian poetry and fiction, a careful evaluation of choreographer George Balanchine, the aspirations of women film-makers, the new look of mainland Chinese crafts, the events at Iran's big cultural festival—these are all subjects covered in The Arts.

In addition, The Arts carries features, puzzles, reviews, contests and editorials of the kind that have made Saturday Review the brain-prodder it has always been.

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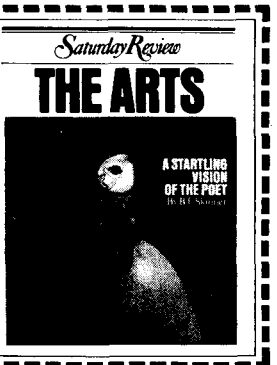

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numbed, where the feelings are alternately dulled and exacerbated, protesting and resigned. They are peopled with characters who are, as one of them describes himself, "extraordinary but not astonishing."

Rather oddly, Miss Oates has affixed as epigraph for the collection as a whole Dylan Thomas's splendid-sounding visionary sonnet "On the Marriage of a Virgin," perhaps perceiving in its romantic concluding lines some thematic resemblance to her own obsessive motif:

For a man sleeps where fire leapt down
and she learns through his arm
That other sun, the jealous coursing of
the unrivalled blood.

This is gorgeous, undoubtedly, and "the jealous coursing of the unrivalled blood" might just do for the heroines of D. H. Lawrence (from whom, one suspects, Thomas learned), but it won't do for Miss Oates or the adulterous women, those American middle-class wives, "extraordinary but not astonishing," about whom she writes. Miss Oates is, I hasten to add, as much a visionary as Thomas—those who label her a "Naturalist" misread her or don't read her at all—but she sees her subjects piercingly and writes about them plainly, in short sentences, accelerating phrases, and drab recognizable particulars that gain in conviction for their very freedom from rhetorical splendor. As against Thomas's "Waking alone in a multitude of loves," there is this characteristic passage from "The Dead":

Gordon tried to comfort her. But the bed was crowded with people. A din of people. A mob. Lovers were kissing her on every inch of her body and trying to suck up her tepid blood, prodding, poking, inspecting her like that doctor in Buffalo—up on the table, naked beneath an oversized white robe, her feet in the stirrups, being examined with a cold sharp metal device and then with the doctor's fingers in his slick rubber gloves—checking her ovaries, so casually—You are too young for menopause, *he had said. Was it the pills, then? The birth control pills? This kind of sterility is not necessarily unrelated to the Pill, the doctor had conceded, and his subtlety of language had enchanted Ilena . . . .*

Ilena, in her pill-sweetened descent from husband to lover to lover, even in the blankness of her final, incommunicable despair, is all too recognizably what she is—a casualty not only of marriage but of the decade that began in assassination and is ending in a seemingly never-ending war, whose strains and pressures find a counterpart in her own deterioration. She is the most deeply realized and truly felt of the characters Miss Oates has yet chosen to write about; or perhaps one should say, responding to the sense in her work of an irresistible compulsion, of the characters who have chosen her to write about them. Either way, the feat is extraordinary—and astonishing. □

Life as a Gland

BY ELIOT FREMONT-SMITH

THE BREAST. By Philip Roth. 78 pages. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $4.95.

In Philip Roth's new book, which is seventy-eight pages long, David Alan Kepesh tells what it is like—by no means all fun and games—to turn into a female breast. Or, rather, what it has been like *since* turning into a female breast. The actual event is glossed over; it occurred suddenly and without witnesses (though with definite, if perplexing, erotic warnings) during the wee hours of the morning of February 18, 1971, and still, fifteen months later, has the doctors of Lenox Hill Hospital stumped. Phrases such as "massive hormonal influx," "endocrinopathic catastrophe," and "hermaphroditic explosion of chromosomes" are about all they offer to explain this dramatic, nay, unique, metamorphosis of a formerly normal and healthy thirty-eight-year-old professor of comparative literature at the State University of New York at Stony Brook, Long Island.

Okay. So Kepesh—who is also Jewish, heterosexual, divorced (after five years of analysis), and a graduate of Stanford—is a breast. What kind of a breast? Here we get a somewhat fuller description, though hardly your really precise medical work-up. (For instance, is he a right or left breast? We are not told.) But we do learn that he is human, female, and of proper spongy consistency, that he weighs 155 pounds (down five from his former self) and measures six feet, and that he is "the general shape of a football, or a dirigible," and sports a five-inch nipple at one end. We also learn, though the details are vague, that there are flaps and ducts for breathing and excretion. His nipple is very sensitive to the touch, and he can hear and be heard, in a

Eliot Fremont-Smith is Book Review Editor of SR.

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Some Blunt Questions About The UN

- **Does the UN cost too much for what we get out of it?**

- **What is the UN doing about the air we breathe and the water we drink?**

- **Do American blacks have any stake in the UN South African negotiations?**

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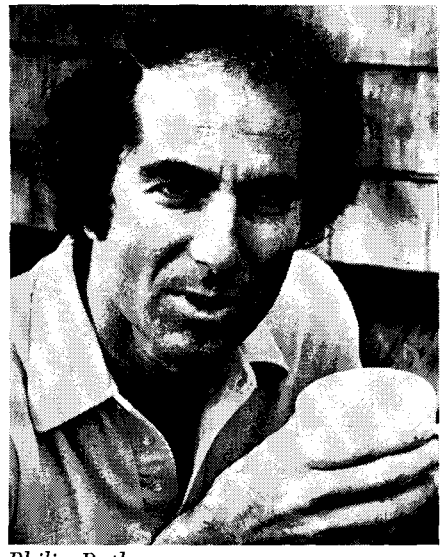
muffled sort of way, through its apertures.

This last is most fortunate and convenient, not only for Kepesh but also for Mr. Roth and, indeed, all of us, for without it there would be no book. It is through his nipple that Kepesh, sometime in May 1972 (the date of transformation plus fifteen months—one treasures every possible clue in this narration), is able to dictate to his girl friend and mistress, Claire Ovington (age twenty-five, Phi Beta Kappa, Cornell, now fourth-grade teacher at the Bank Street School in New York), his account, memoir, case-history.

Well. So. Those are the facts, here organized much more matter-of-factly than in the book, which tends to withhold essential data as if to keep one guessing, as if this situation *needed* any heightening of suspense! The rest is daily routine, psychoanalytic adjustment therapy, several crises, and a lot of very understandable rumination. For, though a mammary gland, David Alan Kepesh remains David Alan Kepesh in personality, character, sexual orientation, intellect, ambition, rhetoric, moral outlook, will to live, even donnish (now somewhat rueful) wit. Once he cries out, "Why *me*?" but his strength or curse is that he is "a citadel of sanity" and thus not only given to "relentless and morbid self-criticism" but also attuned to the "realities" of life. "I was a serious and intelligent person," he dictates to the world through Claire; "I am not concerned, I assure you, with the etiquette of being a breast."



Philip Roth

What is his daily routine? Trussed in a hammock, he is washed daily by a Lenox Hill Hospital nurse, which puts him into a kind of sexual frenzy until the female nurse is supplanted by a male nurse (as with Alexander Portnoy, the "homosexual taboo" remains intact). He is visited more or less regularly by Claire (who, when not taking dictation, supplies tactile erotic stimulation), by his exceptionally understanding widower-father, Abe Kepesh (of Kepesh's Hungarian Royale Hotel, South Fallsburg, the Catskills, New York), and by his faithful psychoanalyst, Dr. Klinger, who may also have administered—is still administering?—to Portnoy.

Most of the ruminations are carried on in exchanges with Klinger, who will brook no loitering on the edges of fantasy or self-pity. The ruminations cover just about everything you would imagine, from the nature of reality and cognition and identity, to the unfairnesses of fickle fate, to the intersections of sanity and art. At one point Kepesh claims he has gone mad, and (remember, he teaches comparative lit), in order to "out-Kafka Kafka" (remember, Kafka wrote *Metamorphosis*, about a man who turns into a cockroach), has *imagined* himself a breast. "No," says Klinger, "hormones are hormones and art is art."

Thinking himself mad is one of Kepesh's crises. Another is uncontrolled lust via his nipple. The rationale is not entirely unreasonable: "Why," he demands of Klinger, "shouldn't I have anything and everything I can think of *every single minute of the day* if that can transport me from this miserable hell?" But he comes to realize that this is infantile, that unbridled satisfaction could lead to "progressively strange practices and appetities" and resulting "disorientation," and that without self-control in these matters he would not only lose himself but Claire as well. And there are minor crises: being laughed at when his department chairman comes to visit (Kepesh had hoped to maintain some professional relationship with the university, like correcting papers); thinking he is being constantly televised (Klinger assures him that dignified secrecy about his condition has been maintained and that everything has been "handled with strict regard for your legally guaranteed right to privacy"); and, near the end, threatening to go public, get rich, make out with teenyboppers: "If the Beatles can fill Shea Stadium, so can I." But again Klinger dissuades him, explaining that he will never be taken on his own terms. Kepesh: 'You mean, I'll always be a joke." Klinger: "To many, yes. A joke. A grotesque. A charlatan. Of course."

And that, plus an incomprehensible parting quote from Rilke, plus anticipations throughout of virtually every question or comment or criticism or association that you or I might come up with, is the book. Besides Kafka, both Swift (Gulliver among the Brobdingnags) and Gogol ("The Nose") are mentioned. But there are a few chinks in the armor. The tone reminds one of, among others, Myra Breckinridge, and *she's* not mentioned. Nor, apparently, in May 1972, had Kepesh/Roth heard about Woody Allen's latest flick, now at the local nabes, in which a far more adventurous giant female breast cavorts about the countryside. And then there are the connections with Roth's other works, particularly his satires, *Portnoy's Complaint* (1969) and *Our Gang (Starring Tricky and His Friends)* (1971), in which the physically grotesque and impossible is also juxtaposed with the rhetoric of rationality.

The Breast seems an exercise, primarily one of self-containment, the creation of a perfect and hermetically protected closed system. (Klinger would note the masturbatory aspects, but these are only more explicit with Roth; they are common to many writers.) Beyond this, one recalls Roth's statement, about the time of *Letting Go* (1962), that in terms of interest, information, surprise, shock, reach of imagination, fact has preempted fiction. So it is possible that this exercise is indeed a serious one, an attempt to reclaim for fiction the property of imagination, to stake a claim in country that fact and reason and contemporary possibility have not yet occupied. Perhaps.

But in the meantime it must be said that Kepesh's anguish is really not very

FRASER YOUNG LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1523

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1523 will be found on page 92.

FTMLXRM KFT GFAW IQUJX-CM; XTPM F BCWFJ GFT KFT NCQJW QJ.

XUKFC NQPRW

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1522

If you are honest because you think that is the best policy, your honesty has already been corrupted.

Sidney Harris

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affecting, nor even, in any sustained way, very intriguing. And, though it is only an hour's read, *The Breast,* like Roth's previous satires, seems too long by half. Its satisfactions are mostly outside the book, in the not unpleasurable sensation of rising hackles and in speculations on what a most intelligent and gifted writer may be up to, now and next. □

SOLUTION OF THIS WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 2007)

GERMAINE GREER:
THE SMELL SELL

Re advertising, the most sinister aspect of the chatty, amoral style of the professional persuaders is that when they are forced to refer in a pronoun to the helpless, psychoanalyzed, dopey buyer of anything that is sold, that pronoun is usually *she.*

WIT TWISTER NO. 290

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

His fortune was – – – – – – – – to the sea

And – – – – – – – – with each ship's success or wreck.

One day, – – – – – – – – to catastrophe,

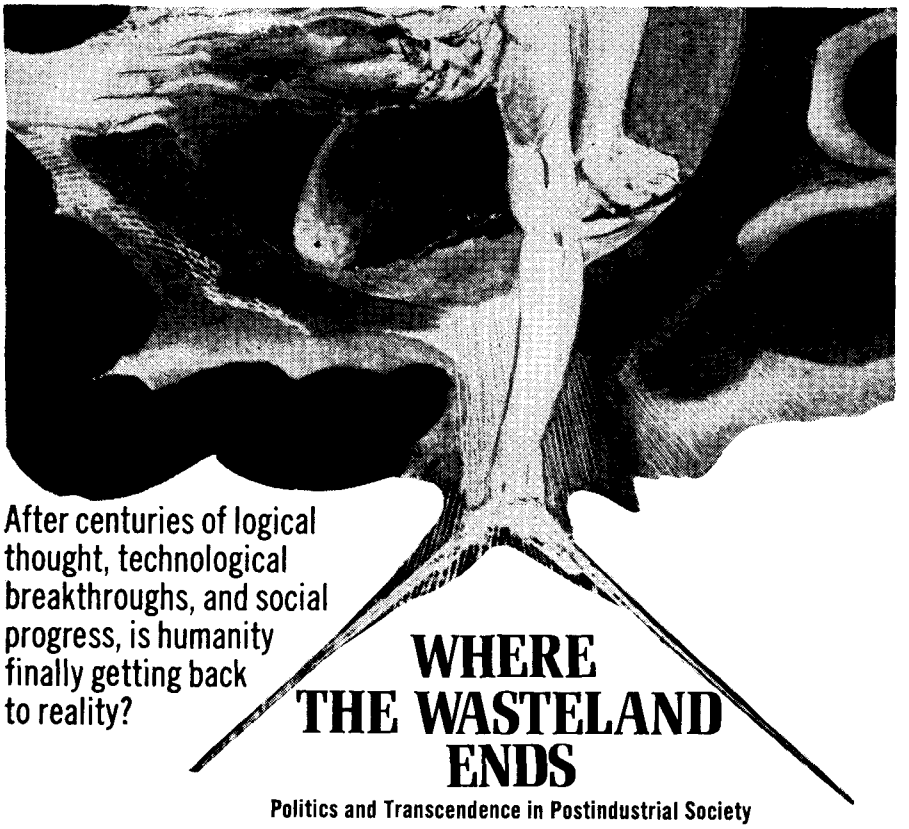
He staked his fortune on a drier deck,

Which he – – – – – – – – and shuffled, till he struck

The – – – – – – – – on the golden wheel of Luck.

A. S.

(Answer on page 92)



After centuries of logical thought, technological breakthroughs, and social progress, is humanity finally getting back to reality?

WHERE THE WASTELAND ENDS

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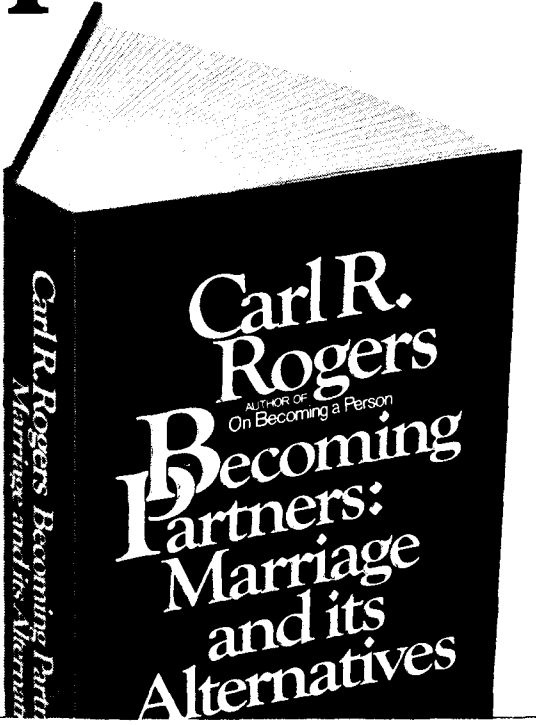

This startling investigation by the bestselling author of *On Becoming a Person* shows couples struggling in many different ways to break free from the constricting roles assigned to them by traditional society. The search has taken some into communes, some into a variety of third and fourth party arrangements—and all into the kind of experimentation that will fascinate anyone who is, or plans to, "become a partner." Just published; $7.95 at all bookstores now.

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Films

Swiss Miss

BY THOMAS MEEHAN

A couple of the critics, including Paul Zimmerman and Penelope Gilliatt, have called *La Salamandre,* a Swiss film by Alain Tanner, the best foreign movie of the year. And I'd tend pretty much to agree with them. But only because this year there have been so few foreign movies of any distinction at all. As they say at the Aqueduct race track, *La Salamandre* is running in cheap company.

Perhaps the most off-putting thing about the film is that, although it has moments of considerable charm and at least one knockout performance, it is so blatantly derivative of earlier and better movies. Mood, attitudes, and shot after shot have been shamelessly borrowed by Tanner from Antonioni, Fellini, or Truffaut, especially from Truffaut's *Jules et Jim.* In fact, *La Salamandre* comes off finally as a small-scale and far less appealing copy of *Jules et Jim.*

In French, with English subtitles, and filmed in grainy black-and-white, *La Salamandre* has to do with a tall, hound-faced Swiss journalist of twenty-eight or so who is assigned by a TV producer to write the script of a documentary about a young woman named Rosemonde who either had or had not attempted a couple of years earlier to kill her uncle with an army rifle. That is, Rosemonde claims that her uncle, who'd caught a bullet in the shoulder, had accidentally shot himself as he was cleaning the rifle, while her uncle claims that Rosemonde deliberately shot him with intent to murder. I can think of few subjects for a documentary that would be of less interest to an American TV producer, but Swiss TV producers evidently are of a different breed.

Anyway, the journalist, Pierre (Jean-Luc Bideau), is too busy with other assignments to write the script by himself, and so he calls in a friend, Paul (Jacques Denis), to collaborate. Plumpish, melancholy, mustachioed, and about thirty, Paul is a so-called serious writer (as opposed to a journalist) who lives with his poetess wife and small daughter in the country outside Geneva, supporting himself by painting houses when he isn't working away at the Great Swiss Novel. Or Play. We never do find out what he's supposed to be a serious writer of. Paul pedals into Geneva on his bicycle, and he and Pierre, while lounging about in Pierre's cluttered bachelor apartment, have a series of conversations about the TV script that seem to go on for about six hours. Our time, not theirs.

As one is close to getting up and walking out on *La Salamandre,* the picture comes abruptly to life when we get to meet Rosemonde, who is brilliantly played by a sad-eyed young actress named Bulle Ogier. With shortish, dirty-blonde hair framing the wan, sullen face of a gaminlike beauty whose looks have already begun to fade at the age of twenty-three, Miss Ogier reminds one enough of Jeanne Moreau to be maybe her younger and somewhat distant cousin. Rosemonde, we discover, works in a Geneva sausage factory, at a tedious assembly-line job that she despises. And later, when Pierre tracks her down and tape-records her version of the uncle/rifle story, we find out that Rosemonde despises not only her job but also everything and everybody else in her life.

As she talks, voice-over, we get to see a good deal of footage of Rosemonde moping about alone, looking petulant and bored, and Miss Ogier does perhaps the best job of on-screen moping since Monica Vitti in *L'Avventura,* from which, by the way, a number of the shots in *La Salamandre* have been lifted. The only thing that seems to snap Rosemonde out of her extraordinary lethargy is listening to acid-rock music, which sends her into a frenzy of head shaking. It's hard for us to tell, however, whether she's having an intense esthetic experience while listening to the music or is instead having a psychotic episode. In any event, Rosemonde appears to be more than slightly nutty, and she gets even crazier as the picture goes along.

Bulle Ogier stars in La Salamandre.

I scarcely need to tell you that both Pierre and Paul fall in love with Rosemonde and that she sort of falls in love with them, too. Or at least she ends up eventually sleeping with the two of them. One at a time. But this romantic triangle is never resolved, nor is the rest of the slim plot of *La Salamandre,* although we do ultimately learn that Rosemonde did indeed shoot her uncle. As the TV script never gets written and the movie drifts to an uncertain conclusion, Pierre goes off to work on a newspaper in Paris and Paul returns to his house-painting life in the country.

Meanwhile, having quit her job in the sausage factory, Rosemonde has gone to work as a clerk in a shoe store, a job from which she is fired when, flipping out during the pre-Christmas rush, she begins fondly to caress the feet and legs of her customers, men and women alike. Toward the end of the picture, Paul asks Rosemonde what it is that she wants out of life, and she replies, "I'd like people to get off my back." And this, one realizes, is what *La Salamandre* is all about—the yearning of a trapped creature to be free and not forever under the thumb of mean-tempered uncles, the police, bureaucrats, and sausage-factory foremen. And, I suppose, her lot is meant to symbolize the suppressed and repressed lives of all of us.

The final scene of the movie—in which, after having been fired from the shoe store, Rosemonde wanders alone through the crowded, pre-Christmas streets of Geneva, serene, happy, and smiling at all about her, with nobody on her back for a while—is touching and beautiful. But, like just about every other scene in the movie, it's more or less stolen—in this case—from the last scene of Fellini's *The Nights of Cabiria.*

Note: A couple of weeks ago, while talking about Woody Allen's *Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex,* I inadvertently credited Twentieth Century-Fox with having produced a 1964 disaster called *Sex and the Single Girl,* which, of course, was actually produced by Warner Brothers. My apologies to Twentieth Century-Fox, which has enough problems these days without having to take the blame for *Sex and the Single Girl.* □

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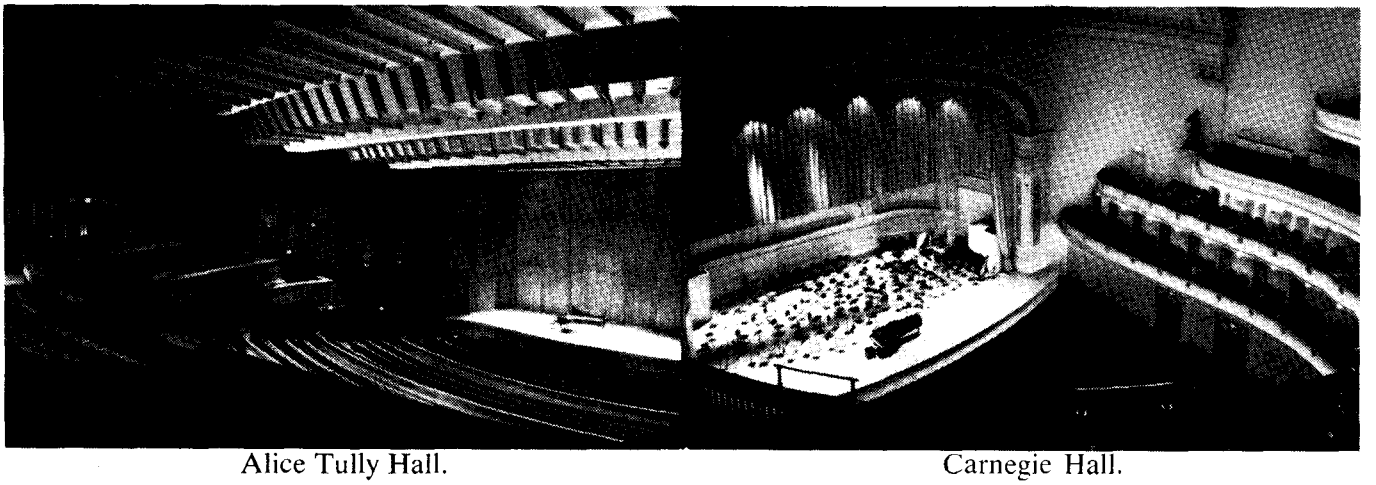

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A third open letter to readers of the Saturday Review about WORLD Magazine

It seems hardly possible that it was only a few months ago that I wrote in these pages of our hope to create a new magazine.

That magazine is now in existence. The first issue appeared on July 4, 1972. It is called WORLD. It is a bi-weekly.

Here are some of the men and women who are writing for it and helping to edit it:

Goodman Ace, one of the wittiest commentators in the country, writes a regular column called "Top of the World."

Hollis Alpert, our chief motion-picture critic, writes about important films produced in America and in leading movie centers throughout the world.

Cleveland Amory, who has rescued lint-picking from an unhappy fate as a pettifogging compound-noun and given it a connotation of good-natured literary surgery, writes a column under the title, "Curmudgeon-at-Large."

Hallowell Bowser, one of WORLD's senior editors, will make the selections for a major department, "Book Browsing."

John Ciardi, poet, critic, teacher, social historian, and double-bogey golfer, mounts a new personal platform called "As I Was Saying."

Robert Craft, music critic and author (his most recent book is "Stravinsky: Chronicle of a Friendship"), presides over the wide world of music and recordings.

Midge Decter, former managing editor of *Harper's* Magazine, is the new literary editor of WORLD and is especially concerned with book coverage and literary essays.

Buckminster Fuller, architect, designer, philosopher, poet, writes about Spaceship Earth and planetary planning in a regular column called "Geoview."

Roland Gelatt is international editor stationed in London and will report regularly from abroad and supervise the worldwide gathering of editorial material.

Katharine Kuh, the renowned art critic and historian, reports and assesses art and art developments wherever they occur—all the way from Chicago to Singapore.

Thomas Middleton contributes his famous two-way diagrammed puzzle, plus delightful new column on the uses of language.

Leo Rosten, whose felicitous use of the English language is wedded to an extraordinary breadth of knowledge, write a regular department, "Diversions."

Horace Sutton, who has revolution-ized travel journalism because of his ability to go beyond sight-seeing into the spirit and inner nature of varied places, ha: a department called "World on a String."

U Thant, former United Nations Secretary-General, has joined the Editoria Board of WORLD and will appear in the section, "Peace and Politics."

Richard L. Tobin, executive editor, has a regular beat, "Opinionation," in whicl he conducts a running conversation with leading newspaper editors around the world on important issues—visible and invisible.

Margaret R. Weiss has enlarged scop for her section on the Fine Art of Photography, and again, the entire world is within her range finder.

Most of us have worked together before as an editorial team.

We come together now in a new context. Our context is a magazine that tries to see the world as the astronauts saw

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it—a beautiful planetary life support system uniquely congenial to human life.

But that single life-support system is now running down—not because of any flaw or failure in the universal design, but because human intelligence has never been turned to the requirements of human survival.

So WORLD Magazine is concerned with war and peace, environmental sanity, overcrowding, depletion of natural resources and waste of human resources—and the need for world institutions and agencies to meet world problems.

But there is more to life than survival. There is everything that is meant by a full life—creative growth, natural rights, human freedom, cultural splendor, the possibilities of decent community, the unfettered development of the human mind.

And so WORLD also gives major emphasis to the creative arts—books, music, painting, photography, motion pictures, drama.

We may be serious but we are not solemn. Three of our departments specialize in the light touch. Cartoons abound throughout the magazine. The Middleton puzzle is a mind-breaker.

Having said this, we have to meet the key question continuously put to us:

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Music

"Carmen" and "Susannah"

BY IRVING KOLODIN

Now and then the best-known name in a cast for *Carmen* is Georges Bizet's, a condition not calculated to cause a run on the box office wherever it may be. It is to the credit of the New York City Opera that the season's first *Carmen* found people with money in their hands accosting those on their way into the State Theater of Lincoln Center with the plea, "Anybody got a ticket to sell?" This was on the Saturday night of the Labor Day weekend, with not even Beverly Sills as Micaela.

Certainly these prospective ticket buyers were not attracted by the evening's Carmen, Gwendolyn Killebrew. This is not, I hasten to add, any indictment of Miss Killebrew. It happens, simply, that she is one of the youngest singers of leading roles on the operatic scene, and word has not yet circulated that she could be one of the best. She is thus, as yet, subordinate to the appeal of Georges Bizet as a reason for going to *Carmen*. It is all an interesting demonstration of public faith in the City Opera.

A recent product of The Juilliard School, Miss Killebrew has a luscious mezzo-soprano sound and a more serious approach to her work than may sometimes be heard from Carmen. Before this is interpreted as a count against her, it should be added that the seriousness relates to musicality, vocal discipline, and character portrayal. These are certainly respects in which "seriousness" is to be valued whether the matter in hand is tragedy or comedy.

Barefooted, as this staging by Tito Capobianco decrees, also brown-skinned and round-faced, Miss Killebrew stresses the kind of physical concept that relies on a quick, appealing smile rather than on a slow, undulating walk. By contrast with the average, or femme fatale, Carmen, Miss Killebrew, for all her seriousness, manages to preserve an element of humor in her conception. The quick smile imparts a touch of lightness to her singing of the "Habanera" and "Seguidilla" and also to the "Chanson bohème," which enhances the dark sound. So far, her "Card Scene" is deficient in contrast, but she has time to develop this.

In a cast brilliantly conducted by Christopher Keene—who is young enough to believe that a dynamic contrast indicated by Bizet in the orchestral prelude should be respected and strong enough to insist on it even when it is a *piano*—there was a special credit for Patricia Craig. She too is young and possessed of the fresh sound as well as the good looks to qualify as an admirable Micaela. Michele Molese was the Jose, and Robert Hale, Escamillo.

However, a reacquaintance with Tito Capobianco's staging didn't increase esteem for it. This relates, primarily, to his inability to leave well enough alone. Capobianco has a fine sense of stage movement and ample powers of invention to keep the action fluid and the people believable. All these attributes are to the advantage of *Carmen*, as long as they build on the premise that a work meant to be sung should not be confused with a work meant to be staged.

However, when Capobianco assumes the right to invent action behind a major music episode, he is not merely overstepping his function but stepping on the function of others—the singers. A typical instance occurred in Act I, when he had people walking around before and during the duet of Don Jose and Micaela. A director who hasn't accepted the premise that there may be circumstances in which the best-known name in a production of *Carmen* may be Georges Bizet's hasn't accepted the premise that audiences come to hear operas sung and played, not stage-directed. I dare say that more people came away from this performance interested in the future of Gwendolyn Killebrew than in Tito Capobianco's.

Olin Blitch and Susannah Polk are not names as readily familiar to operagoers as those of Alfredo Germont or Violetta Valery, but they, too, were attended by a large audience in their season's reappearance with the New York City Opera. As an instance of the pace at which new names become established in the operatic world, it bears mention that they are not rising native performers, but the principal characters in Carlisle Floyd's *Susannah*.

The work had its professional introduction by the New York City Opera slightly more than fifteen years ago (it had been performed previously at Florida State University, of which Floyd is a faculty member). *Susannah* has not merely endured well but gone on to acquire several generations of performers and a broad enough popular appeal to keep audiences coming. It followed *Carmen* in the opening week of the New York City Opera's schedule and came close to equaling the audience for that long-time favorite.

Some of the cause could have been associated with the appearance of Maralin Niska as Susannah. In a variety of twentieth-century works ranging from Benjamin Britten's *Turn of the Screw* to Leos Janácek's *The Makropoulos Affair*, Miss Niska has acquired a reputation as a performer with as much intelligence as voice and a power of characterization equal to both. Susannah is far from a new role for her (she performed it when she first appeared in the New York State Theater with the Metropolitan National Company in 1965). But she continues to expand her conception and to find new dramatic possibilities in the musical paraphrase, against a Tennessee rural background, of the tale of Susannah and the elders.

Indeed, as the evening progressed, there was some question whether Miss Niska wasn't overstressing the dramatic at a cost to the musical. There were, in the last two scenes particularly, long stretches in which Miss Niska's articulations of the English words were altogether unintelligible—which is carrying an operatic tradition too far. William Chapman was excellent as the erring preacher, Olin Blitch, and Harry Theyard, as Susannah's vengeful brother, Sam, added to the good esteem earned in other roles. Julius Rudel's conducting was both relaxed and authoritative, which meant that it gave the performers all the latitude they required to serve Floyd well. These included, among the latest generation of *Susannah*'s interpreters, Barbara Shuttleworth as Mrs. Gleaton, Sandra Darling as Mrs. Hayes, Beverly Evans as Mrs. McLean, Deborah Kieffer as Mrs. Ott, and, among the men, Joaquin Romanquera as Little Bat McLean, Don Yule as Elder Ott, J. B. Davis as Elder McLean, Bernard Fitch as Elder Gleaton, and John Lankston as Elder Hayes. □

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Rhineland; Wineland

BY WILLIAM CLIFFORD

The Rhineland was northern Europe's first common market. Country of Charlemagne and Gutenberg, Goethe and Schweitzer, it has been exporting wine ever since the Roman occupation. Shakespeare was as familiar with Rhenish as with Malmsey and Sherris-sack. Before the British took to calling the German white wine Hock, after Hochheim, it suffered the undignified designation of Bagrag, a slur of Bacharach. Situated on the wrong bank of the Rhine, Bacharach has no great vineyards. But Hochheim has several wines of some stature, including the Königin Victoriaberg, named in honor of the English Queen Victoria the year after she took the waters at nearby Wiesbaden.

"We had a bit of supper, and every man drank his bottle of Rhenish with sugar," wine-loving James Boswell records, pinpointing the climatic problem that besets these northern vineyards. When the sun fails to ripen the grapes, sugar must be added to make an adequately alcoholic and palatable wine—although these days it is put into the fermenting vats, not the glass of sour wine. About two or three years in ten nature is kind, and a sweet vintage wine with a full bouquet and unmatched subtlety is produced. The last such vintage was in 1971.

Among the greatest of the 1971 wines are those from the small arc of slopes and terraces of the Rheingau. Here the river flows east to west for some twenty-five miles, interrupting its generally northward progress from Switzerland to Holland. The favored north bank not only faces the southern sun but also has the proper soil and gradient to produce great wine. From the railway that follows the river on either bank, one can see the vineyards at close range and the terraces and wooded hills in the distance. The trip takes about an hour each way, trains stop at all the important towns, and buses serve the smaller villages. There is also a ferry at Rudesheim that crosses from Rhine to Bingen at the mouth of the Nahe, a prime stream of the wine complex.

Mainz, a university and cathedral city, is a focal point of the wine trade of five main regions. It is reached by luxury express trains from all corners of Europe and by airplane direct from the Frankfurt airport. The alluring "white fleet of the Rhine," the passenger ships that cruise to Koblenz or up to Cologne, dock here. The ships are essentially quadruple-decker floating restaurants in which one should be prepared to sit, eat, and drink all the way, or at least to tolerate the growing pandemonium of the crowd that does.

Grapes are harvested above Rudesheim, a center of the wine industry on the Rhine.

Vineyards cling to steep slopes near Trier.

A superior place to sample good wines in Mainz is the restaurant of the Haus des deutschen Weines, whose remarkable list offers four hundred German wines, including a large selection of ordinary ones served by the glass. Other restaurants and hotels (Mainz has a Hilton) stock fine wines, and one sees the solitary diner with his large glass of wine almost as frequently as with his tankard of beer. Menus carry a sprinkling of French names, but the food is German, including good honest frankfurters (known as *Bockwurst*) *and* a local specialty of fresh farmhouse cheese soaked in oil, vinegar, and raw onions called *Handkäse mit Musik*.

Deluxe hotel accommodation in the midst of vineyards is offered at the Schloss Reinhartshausen, formerly the Erbach riverside mansion, which was inherited in 1945 by the Prince of Prussia, grandson of Kaiser Wilhelm II. House, gardens, surrounding vineyards, and superb cellar are all at the disposal of the public for a price. However, you are not likely to meet the present prince who, having married a Guinness and gone to England, now devotes his time more to brewing than to wine making.

Other German nobility and aristocracy abound in the Rheingau, and most have stayed on the job. All of them may be visited, or their cellars may be, with no more formality than a knock on the door during business hours and a polite request. You will be taken on a tour of the vineyard and offered a

William Clifford lives in England and frequently writes on wine.

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taste of the new wine from the barrel. If you show knowledge of what you are tasting (it helps to speak the language), several more new wines may be forthcoming. Bottles of older wine are not normally opened unless your visit has been prepared for. There is never any charge, nor does the proprietor generally want to sell you wine to take away.

It isn't necessary either to room in the castle or live in a first-class hotel in the Rheingau. Every town has plain, acceptable inns. Unless you rent a car, you might find it best to move from one inn to another and explore neighboring sites along the river and in the hills. One of your upland visits should be to Kloster Eberbach, an elaborate twelfth-century monastery above Hattenheim, which houses the cellars of the state-owned Steinberg vineyard. It was here, early in the nineteenth century, that the Duke of Nassau established a cellar of particularly fine wines for service at the meetings of his cabinet—and originated the term Cabinet, or Kabinett, wine.

The distinction was quickly copied at Schloss Johannisberg, whose wine is now the most famous of the Rheingau, if not of all Germany. This estate lies about a mile above the river, but it is an easy walk on a pleasant day. The neighboring Schloss Vollards is farther up the next hill—about two miles. Distances in the Rheingau are not great, but one is ill-advised to visit more than two of these great establishments in a day. The wine grows at a leisurely pace, and happy is the man who enjoys it at the same pace, taking time to absorb and digest. If one truly likes wine, one can spend a glorious week here. □

A NOTE TO THE READERS

Norman Cousins, our former associate, has launched a new magazine, *World*. Undoubtedly, a number of *SR* readers will also want to keep up with Mr. Cousins's new publishing venture. An announcement appears in this issue. We at *SR* offer Mr. Cousins and his associates our good wishes and congratulations.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1523

Anybody can make history; only a great man can write it.

Oscar Wilde

Answer to Wit Twister page 83: related, altered, redealt, treadle.

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(Continued on page 94)

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(Continued from page 93)

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CROTON-CRUGERS. N.Y. — River view. 1835 brick Georgian. 5 bedrooms, 4 fireplaces, orchard, barn. 50 minutes NYC. $96,000. 212-724-6179, 914-PE 9-6496.

For Sale—Furnished

ST-SIMON-SUR-MER, Quebec, Canada—Superb unusual modern year-round beautifully furnished 7-room villa with stone fireplace. 9 acres, 1,018 feet frontage on south shore of St. Lawrence River (22 miles wide). Sand, salt water, pure air, quietness. Close to good moose hunting and trout fishing. Claude Collette, 1190 Colbert Street, Apt. 206, Sainte-Foy, Quebec, 10, Canada.

For Rent—Furnished

SHARON, CONNECTICUT—Year-round house. 4 bedrooms, 2 baths, 2 fireplaces. 6 acres. 2 hours NYC. $350 per month plus heat and utilities. Available immediately. SR Box I-378.

AT HOME ABROAD, INC. offers a wide selection of *staffed villas for vacation rental in Europe and Caribbean.* Send for particulars: At Home Abroad, Inc., 136 East 57th Street, NYC, 10022. 212-HA 1-9165.

CHARMING CAPE COD house—3 bedrooms, 2 baths, beautifully equipped. Top location Cos Cob. Available October 1st. $450 per month plus utilities. Box I-620.

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CONNEMARA, WEST IRELAND. House on sea, furnished, 4 bedrooms, fine wild setting. For rent monthly basis October-May. $150 month. Suitable large family. 623 Greenhill, Madison, Connecticut 06443.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD—Small house in woods. $150 monthly. September-May. McDowell, Chilmark, Massachusetts 02535. 617-645-9666.

SANIBEL ISLAND, FLORIDA—Lovely, modern duplex. Can sleep 8. Central a/c. $600 per month. SR Box I-617.

GETAWAY ISLAND. Beautiful, unspoiled, Vieques, P.R. Spacious, elegant villa. $250 weekly. SR Box I-624. 212-595-6368.

VERMONT—SKI Bromley, Magic, Stratton. 4 bedrooms, 2 baths, large living room, fireplace. $700 monthly. Also available fall. Owen, 8028 Thornton Road, Towson, Maryland 21204. 301-825-0259.

GREAT BRITAIN—Stone house, Welsh coast. Authentic restoration and furnishings. 3 double bedrooms. Garage. October through July. $175 monthly. 914-947-1671.

For Winter Rental

FLORIDA GULF FRONT—Sanibel Island. 4-bedroom house with pool. Also 3-bedroom condominium. Two week minimum. SR Box I-629.

HOUSE/APARTMENT WANTED

For Winter Rental

COUPLE WITH CHILD wants to rent small house or apartment three weeks late winter. Southern Europe or North Africa preferred. Box I-623.

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Furnished/Unfurnished

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APARTMENT FOR SALE/RENT

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EXECUSPACE® will rent furnished and staffed offices at 645 Madison Avenue, NYC. 212-753-7050.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

ONE OF THE MOST UNUSUAL AND SPECTACULAR homes in San Diego County, located approximately 4 miles southwest of Rancho Santa Fe, is now available because the owner has moved to the East. This new contemporary designed residence contains approximately 3,900 square feet on 4 different levels, consisting of a recreation room which is located on the lower level along with a full bath, a fireplace and a kitchenette, a main floor consisting of a living room with 22 foot ceilings, a dining room with stained glass windows and an adjoining patio and kitchen with every modern convenience, a master bedroom on its own private floor with a spacious bath, dressing room, fireplace, and two balconies from which one can see the ocean to the west and the mountains to the south and east. Finally, on the top floor there are 2 bedrooms and a bath along with 2 studies which could be converted into 2 bedrooms.

THE POOL is surrounded by real and imitation boulders and has every imaginable facility including high and low diving boards, waterfalls, slides, outdoor barbecue, wet bar, and snack bar as well as two unusual cavern-like dressing rooms (the owner has invested over $100,000 in this area alone).

A RECESSED LIGHTED TENNIS COURT with dressing rooms is located a short distance from the house and to the south are stables large enough for boarding three horses but which are readily expandable.

THERE IS ALSO A SMALL HOUSE consisting of 2 bedrooms and a bath, which could be either servants' quarters or a guest house with certain renovations.

THERE ARE 17 ACRES which would be difficult to surpass in beauty and strategic location because of the magnificent view of the ocean and the mountains, along with a rolling green lawn and beautiful gardens with towering eucalyptus trees. This is a truly unforgettable estate in which the owner's investment is $585,000. The asking price is $495,000. Liberal financing is available.

ROBERT K. SMITH, Realtor, 7911 Herschel Avenue, La Jolla, California 92037. 714-459-4471.

VERMONT REAL ESTATE. *All types. Free Catalogue.* Eben Brown, Broker, South Royalton, Vermont 05068.

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NORTHERN VERMONT REAL ESTATE. Brooks H. Barron, Kent Mitchell, Realtors, Hyde Park, Vermont 05655. 802-888-4287/2433.

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INTERESTED IN OWNING A FRANCHISE?—Business of your own, or full- or part-time money-making opportunities? Find out what's available. Send name for FREE 5-month subscription to Salesman's Opportunity Magazine, Dept. 1048, 1460 Hancock Center, Chicago 62611.

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IDEAL FOR FIRST TIME CAMPERS: Appel Farm Arts & Music Center for Children, Elmer 24, New Jersey 08318.

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WHALER'S INNE. Mystic, Connecticut—Inviting, homey seatown hostelry, walking distance to famed Mystic Seaport marine museum. Doubles $14-$24; 4 persons, $20-$24. Reserve by mail or phone.

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VACATIONS

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JEWEL BOX ELEGANCE. Lighthouse Inn, 52-room mansion showplace of the shore at New London, Connecticut. 2½ hours from Gotham. Superb food. E.P. Doubles $15 up. Brochure S.

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1780 LOG HOUSE — Superbly restored, furnished, equipped, charming Appalachian setting year round. Choppingdale Tree Farms, Deerfield, Virginia 24432.

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STUDIES ABROAD

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AFRICAN ADVENTURE—New York/Timbuctu, the fabulous Sahara capitol. 17 days all inclusive, $595 land portion. Ouagadougou Express through Africa's most remote lands. 19 days all inclusive, $695 land portion. Write for brochures. African Explorers, Dept. SR, Professional Building, Route 9, Parlin, N.J. 08859.

LOOKING FOR AN INTERPERSONAL, cross-cultural experience that provides professional and personal rewards? If you're between the ages of 24 and 45, speak a second language, and would enjoy helping a group of U.S. students explore one of 30 countries during summer 1973, consider Experiment leadership. Expenses plus honorarium; no recruiting responsibility. Write: Leadership, The Experiment in International Living, West Hill, Putney, Vermont 05346.

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TONGA—ACROSS THE DATELINE. Tomorrow we'll share with you the lovely yesteryear of Polynesia. MA'AFU CRUISES, Box 132, Nuku'alofa, Tonga. From $20 daily, inclusive.

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AUTO BABYSITTERS—INDOOR parking. Rates LOWER than long-term outdoor airport/pier parking. Pickup/delivery. Branches throughout NYC. Savoy Garage, 827 Sterling Place, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11216. 212-493-9800.

THIS AD + $7.00 per person, double occupancy entitles you to real value New York. Next time try CENTURY-PARAMOUNT HOTEL, 235 West 46th Street, convenient theatres and everything; 650 rooms, with bath, TV, air conditioning. Single-$10.00. Don't delay, reserve now. This is a "sleeper" in every sense.

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NEPAL-EVEREST trek—November 14th. $2,623.
KASHMIR-KOLAHOI trek. Tiger hunt, view only. Ex-Maharaja's guests. April 21st. $2,850 base. CAPERS 400 CLUB, 960 Larrabee, Los Angeles, 90069.

WORLDWIDE FREIGHTER GUIDE — $1.75. Rates, schedules. 700 passenger carrying Freighters. TravLtips, 40-21Z Bell, Bayside, N.Y. 11361.

SAILING VACATION ABOARD popular sailing ship MAVERICK in the Virgin Islands. $215 all inclusive. Free folder WESTINDIAMAN CRUISES, 95 Idlebrook Lane, Box S, Matawan, N.J. 07747. Phone 201-566-6416.

HOTEL TUDOR. New York at back-home prices. Singles from $12, doubles from $15. On N.Y.'s fashionable East Side. Near UN, theatres, Empire State, Radio City and famous 5th Avenue shops. Comfortable rooms with TV, phones, air conditioning. Cocktail lounge and English Pub. Write for brochure. 304 East 42nd Street, New York, 10017. 212-YU 6-8800.

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SHOOT THE RAPIDS of the Colorado River and jeep the back country. A quality experience in Utah's Canyonlands National Park. Free brochure. Tag-A-Long Tours, Box 1206H, Moab, Utah 84532.

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Kingsley Double-Crostic

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Janet Elliott Cameron

No. 2007

DEFINITIONS

A. Goat antelope of Southeast Asia

B. He cut down a tree sacred to Demeter and was punished with a hunger that caused him to devour himself! (Greek mythology)

C. Lawyer and political leader, Speaker of the House

D. Severe

E. Sign used to indicate the omission of one or more letters in a word

F. Persian rug, characterized by hand-tied knots and floral and animal patterns

G. Sickly (2 wds.)

H. Poem by Robert Browning (2 wds.)

I. Ruler or manager

J. Bird of Asia and northwestern America with brown plumage and a pinkish wash on the wings and rump (2 wds.)

K. French army officer, confessed forging evidence that convicted Alfred Dreyfus

WORDS

170 178 63 143 198

32 99 97 21 114 40 91 8 172 35 188

186 3 45 156 194 76 115

17 142 7 26 116 73

46 117 18 136 94 160 70 74 41 154

9 25 153 72 15 98 144

12 119 37 95 27 173 199 43 182 155

75 5 16 133 165 120 38 152 185 92

13 39 28 149 191 44

118 189 10 139 36 22 93 33 202

96 19 14 6 1 129 29 148 200

DEFINITIONS

L. Something handy for a district attorney

M. Acicular crystals that occur in bundles in the cells of many plants

N. Drunkard

O. Annoy

P. Son of Polymela & Hermes (Iliad)

Q. Flatter (colloq., comp.)

R. Baron von _____, German adventurer, soldier, and teller of tales

S. Capable

T. French novelist: Zayde (2 wds.)

U. Forward curvature of the spine

V. Either a bird or a walking contrivance

W. Mounted courier

X. Modern (comp.)

Y. British term of respect

WORDS

2 147 100 90 11 20 23 134 30 77

113 42 31 141 24 4 159 193

59 64 52 138 132 121 86

87 187 78 71 180

105 122 150 161 49 157 67

68 108 58 177 125 79 137

47 190 123 104 60 127 88 196 135 66 164

203 65 101 84 140 175 61 169 107

179 183 162 197 54 112 126 34 130

55 48 109 80 102 85 69 195

176 171 168 146 184

81 201 124 50 111 56 166 181 128

131 163 89 174 110 82 106 145 158

51 57 103 151 83 167 192 62

DIRECTIONS

Don't let the definitions scare you. If you can guess five or six of these WORDS correctly, you should be able to solve the Double-Crostic . . . When you've guessed a WORD, fill in the dashes, and also write each letter in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When all the squares are filled in, you will have a quotation from a published work. Dark squares indicate the ends of words. If there is no dark square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . You should be able to see words and phrases begin to form in the diagram on the basis of having just a few letters. Enter the letters you can guess into the diagram and the blanks in the defined WORDS, and you'll find yourself working from WORDS to diagram and back, solving the puzzle . . . The initial letters of the defined WORDS spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation was taken. This acrostic feature can be very helpful to the solver.

				1 K	2 L		3 C	4 M	5 H	6 K	7 D	8 B	9 F	10 J	11 L	12 G	13 I
	14 K	15 F	16 H		17 D	18 E	19 K	20 L		21 B	22 J	23 L	24 M	25 F	26 D	27 G	28 I
	29 K	30 L	31 M	32 B	33 J	34 T		35 B	36 J		37 G	38 H	39 I		40 B	41 E	42 M
43 G	44 I	45 C		46 E	47 R	48 U	49 P	50 W	51 Y		52 N	53 Q	54 T	55 U	56 W		57 Y
58 Q		59 N	60 R	61 S		62 Y	63 A	64 N	65 S	66 R	67 P	68 Q	69 U	70 E	71 O	72 F	73 D
	74 E	75 H	76 C	77 L	78 O	79 Q	80 U	81 W	82 X	83 Y		84 S	85 U		86 N	87 O	88 R
89 X		90 L	91 B	92 H	93 J		94 E	95 G	96 K	97 B		98 F	99 B	100 L		101 S	102 U
103 Y	104 R	105 P	106 X		107 S	108 Q		109 U	110 X	111 W	112 T	113 M		114 B	115 C		116 D
	117 E	118 J	119 G	120 H	121 N	122 P	123 R		124 W	125 Q		126 T	127 R	128 W		129 K	130 T
131 X	132 N	133 H	134 L	135 R	136 E		137 Q	138 N	139 J	140 S	141 M	142 D	143 A	144 F	145 X	146 V	147 L
148 K	149 I	150 P		151 Y	152 H	153 F	154 E	155 G		156 C	157 P	158 X	159 M	160 E		161 P	162 T
	163 X	164 R	165 H	166 W	167 Y	168 V	169 S	170 A		171 V	172 B	173 G	174 X		175 S	176 V	
177 Q	178 A	179 T	180 O		181 W	182 G	183 T	184 V		185 H	186 C	187 O	188 B	189 J	190 R	191 I	
192 Y	193 M		194 C	195 U	196 R	197 T	198 A	199 G	200 K		201 W	202 J	203 S				

Solution of this week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 83 of this issue.

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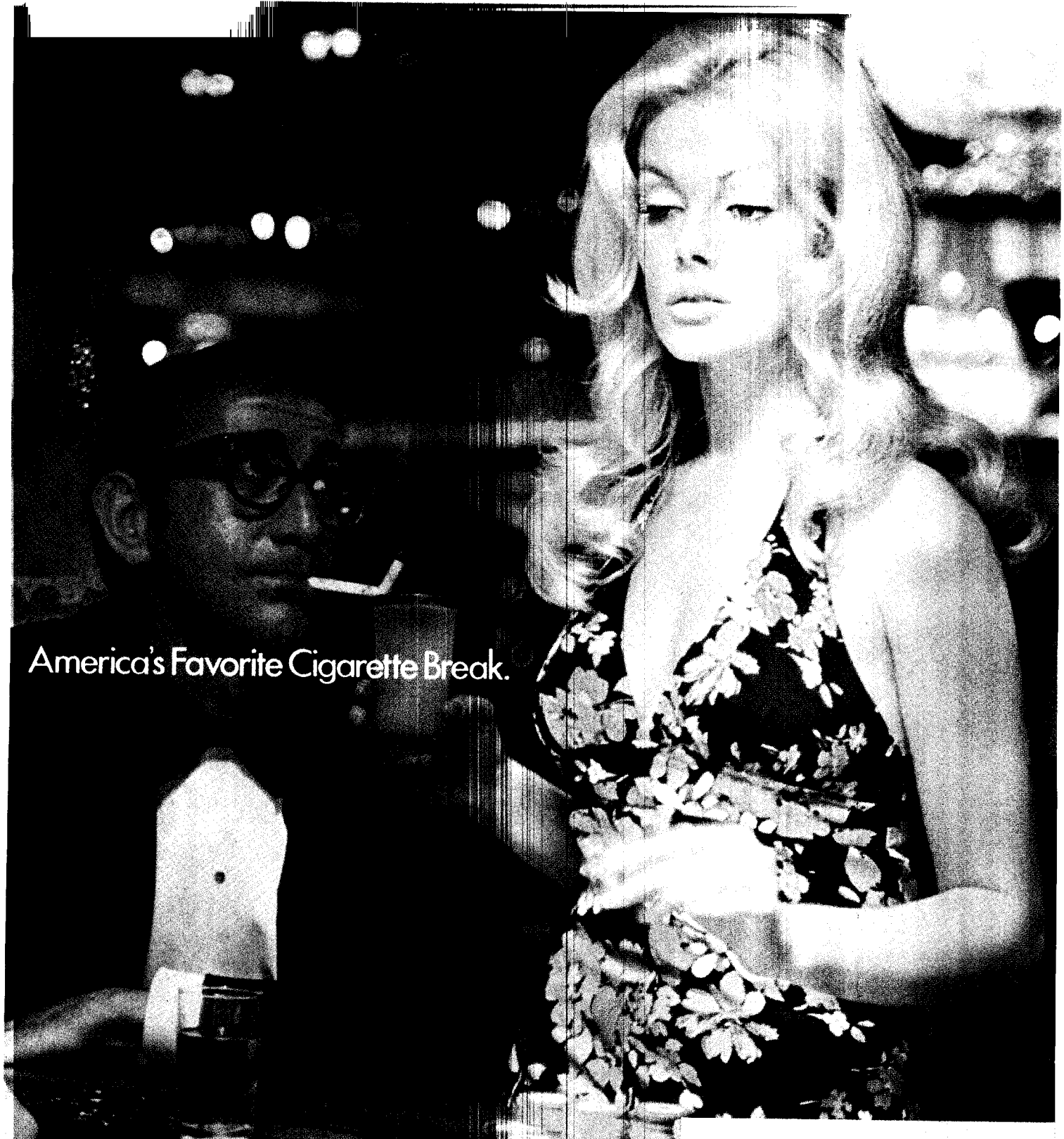
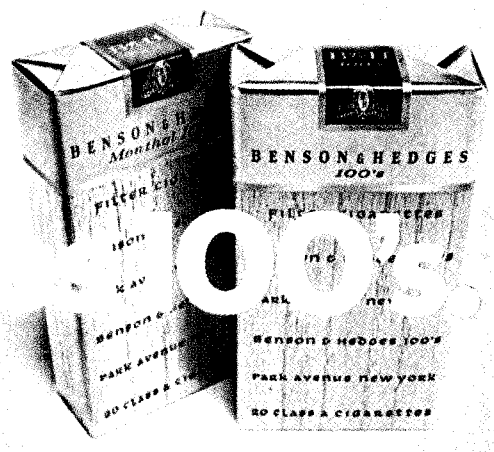


Benson & Hedges 100's



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av. per cigarette.

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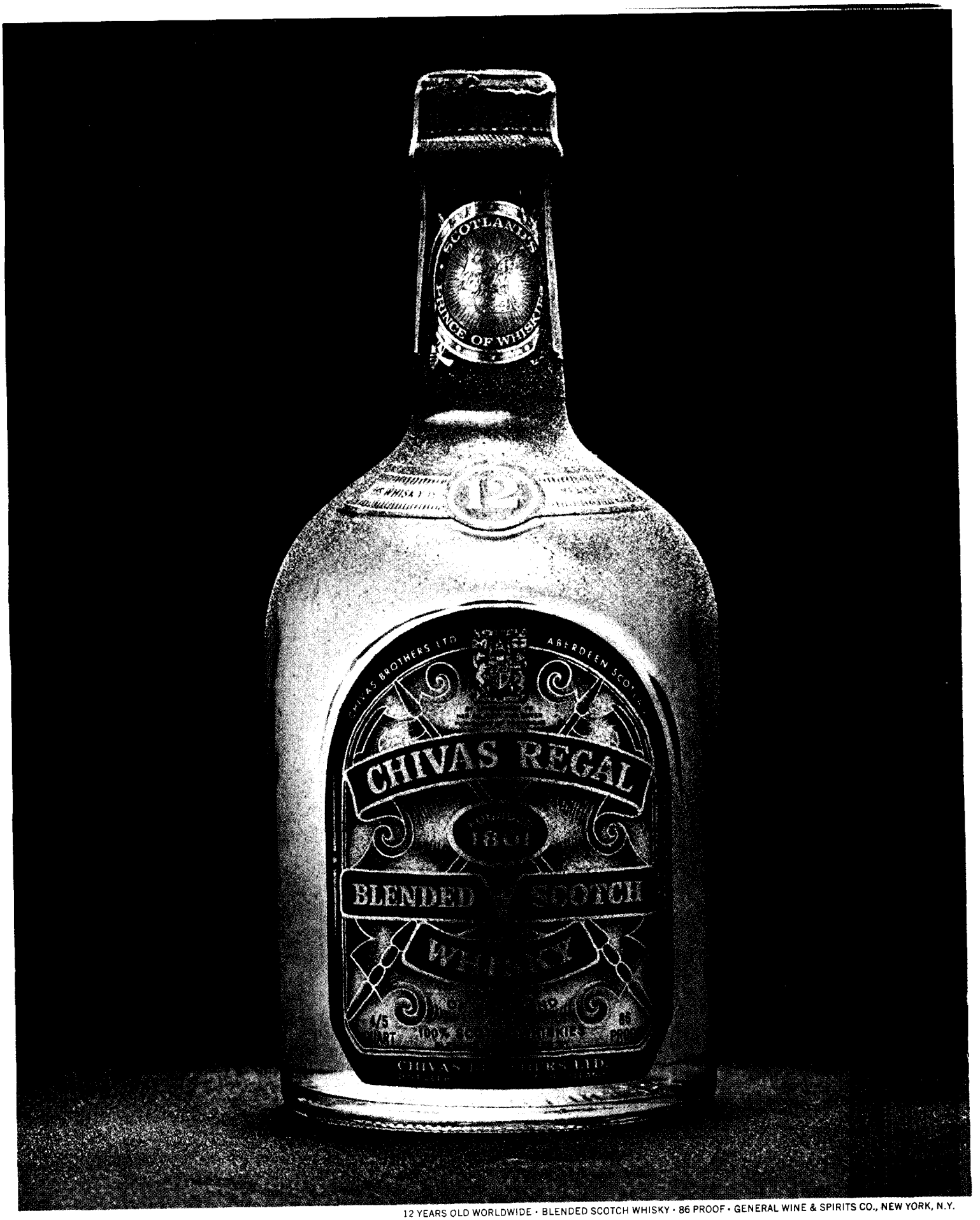

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